

SAD V

life-style **HELL!**

OUR SPECIAL LOS ANGELES ISSUE

THE PEOPLE L.A. LOVES TO HATE

CANDY SPELLING EQUALS IVANA TRUMP
The Complete New York-to-L.A.
Translation Guide

JOAN COLLINS IS A CONTAGIOUS DISEASE

RONALD REAGAN IN RETIREMENT
How to Tell the Difference

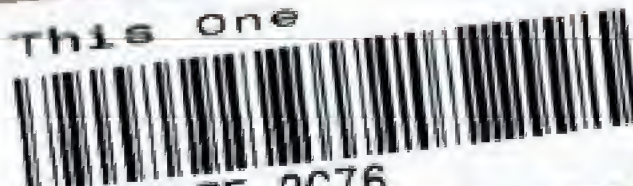
*Tracy Ullman
as That
Southern California Girl*

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Tracey Ullman photographed by Neil Selkirk. Outfit: Azzedine Alaïa. Jacket: Suchi Asano for Einsteins. Shoes: Manolo Blahnik. Jewelry: Paul Monroe for Einsteins. Watch: Rolex. Skateboard: Soho Skateboards, etc. Wig: Wigs by Hanna. Hair and makeup: Rolando Beauchamp and Debi M. for Bumble + Bumble, NYC. Stylist: Barbara Frank. Hollywood sign: H. Armstrong Roberts.

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**FRATELLI
ROSSETTI**

an aide to Michael Dukakis, explaining that the candidate does not kiss infants for photo-op purposes



YIKES! SEPTEMBER! ANXIETY SEASON AGAIN! NO MORE LEISURELY FRIDAY LUNCH HOURS DRIFTING INTO EARLY weekends, no more bobbing up Monday mornings sunburned and an hour late. No more dumb, delightful arguments over the correct proportions of gin and lime juice in a gimlet. No more of the purely ritualistic *Rhode-Island-casts-its-21-votes-for-the-next-president-of-the-United-States* politics that were such a fine, easy-listening irrelevance all summer long. *No.* It is time to buy new pencil cases, to label the subject dividers, to fill out and file hundreds—hell, *thousands*—of

three-by-five note cards, to button the top button, to listen to the debates, to make apologies for Lloyd Bentsen, to read the big books, to pretend to have read the big books, to overstuff the briefcase, to yearn for a new apartment, fret about the raise, lose patience, work harder, fidget, stew, anguish, roil. And it wouldn't be anxiety season without several big-name criminal trials getting under the public spectacle of encing *serious* stress, of viled looking *really* Harry! Love *and* greed! *Plus* (at the perfect, inconvenient moment for George Bush) the Oliver North prosecution! At the summer's long-running quasi-celebrity trial—the prosecution of Mario Biaggi and his constituents from Wedtech (no love, just greed)—the best episodes involved the lawyers. “Your



way, trials that offer us famous people experiencing the celebrated and re-anxious. Bess! Leona! Harry! Love *and* greed! *Plus* (at the perfect, inconvenient moment for George Bush) the Oliver North prosecution! At the summer's long-running quasi-celebrity trial—the prosecution of Mario Biaggi and his constituents from Wedtech (no love, just greed)—the best episodes involved the lawyers. “Your Honor,” Rudolph Giuliani's boy Edward Little suddenly blurted, sounding pouty, “I heard Mr. McGovern [the defense counsel] laughing, and I turned and looked at him and *twice* he threw me the finger—he showed me his middle finger...”

“Another example of Mr.

Little's paranoia, Your Honor,” the defense attorney replied, Eddie Haskell-ishly. “*I am not hallucinating*,” insisted the prosecutor, whose ultimate boss was, of course, Ed Meese. *EXPERTS*

AGREE! MEESE IS A PIG was the T-shirt slogan worn by the messenger who showed up one day at the Justice Department in Washington. The fellow was not permitted inside. Later Meese, virtual *seconds* before he resigned, purported to take the whole T-shirt episode — *you are not hallucinating* — good-



“We don't do babies.”



Yikes! September! Anxiety season

naturedly. "I take it as the joke I hope it was meant to be," the then attorney general said. (*This, for instance, is a hallucination: two days later, the messenger's bullet-riddled body was found in a vacant lot in suburban Maryland, an FBI insignia crudely tattooed on his buttocks.*)

Not everybody takes things as the jokes they were meant to be. In Chicago police stormed into the Art Institute, ripped a student's painting down from the wall and took the picture away. The painting, which was not, apparently, an official portrait, depicts late Chicago mayor Harold Washington dressed — *you are not hallucinating* — in women's underwear.

At approximately the same moment that these young men in Washington and Chicago were being denied their right to free expression, a young man in Los Angeles was being deprived by police of his right to give flowers and 26-inch-long swords to pop starlets. This fellow showed up at a courtroom to demonstrate his affection for Tiffany, the teenage singer (it being L.A., Tiffany was in court to pursue a career-connected lawsuit against her manager mother), and got arrested because in Los Angeles it is illegal to carry a

knife or sword with a fixed blade longer than four inches into a court building. Nice little *short* knives are no problem.

While the rest of America was being force-fed Roger Rabbit-mania, the Reverend Donald Wildmon, the religious nut and would-be censor in Tupelo, Mississippi, became obsessed with another cartoon character. In a weekly episode on CBS, Wildmon says, *Mighty Mouse snorted cocaine*. CBS says Wildmon was hallucinating — that Mighty Mouse was, in fact, merely sniffing a bouquet of flowers.

Could this be another of those sixties flashbacks that American culture has been experiencing lately? Take Eugene McCarthy. McCarthy is running for president as the candidate — *you are not hallucinating* — of the Consumer Party, a 4,000-member organization consisting entirely of Pennsylvanians. McCarthy said he was the "neo" candidate. Neo *what?*, the reporters asked. "Just plain *neo*," the long since incoherent McCarthy replied.

At the Miss California pageant, meanwhile, the time warp was circa 1971: on-stage at the final ceremonies, Miss Santa Cruz pulled a banner from her bra (PAGEANTS HURT ALL WOMEN) as a femi-

nist protest. She claimed to have plotted her moment for 18 months. "I wanted to go behind the scenes of pageants and expose the lies they promote," she said. Which lies, for instance? Well, she said, for one, the lie that "women like to duct-tape their breasts." What? You mean they *don't*?

And in New York the flashback was Black Panther-esque, circa 1970. "I don't care about no facts," said Tawana Brawley's lawyer Alton Maddox, according to a former aide to Al Sharpton, as the Brawley case entered its fourteenth year of dominating the news. I don't care about no facts. I don't care about no facts. I don't care about no facts! This is how rousing chants are born. According to Sharpton, he and his fellow crusaders for justice were invited to watch the 91-second Mike Tyson fight in person, but they declined. Had Sharpton gone to see the fight in Atlantic City — a place where, by the way, he would have fit right in, fashion-wise and general-demeanor-wise — he could have registered at the special area designated by the management for his kind. The sign at the table at the Trump Plaza — *you are not hallucinating* — said simply CELEBRITIES. ☛

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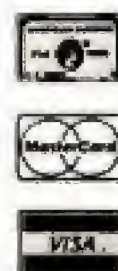
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Pole sitters by Etienne Weigner/
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Issue 8-17-87.

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Wearable art by Martha Cooper, Issue 3/2/87.

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TIME TO FINNISH



From the SPY mailroom: Forget what you see and hear elsewhere — the inspiration for this LOS ANGELES-obsessed issue of SPY came from a letter we received last spring. "I have now been to CALIFORNIA, so I'm not just posturing," it read.



"I saw the mellow-ness and I saw the hysteria." Excited, we decided to investigate for ourselves. The letter, incidentally, was

written by Jason de Menil, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, whose appearance yet again in these pages puts him ahead, if only for part of this sentence, of the legendary Halbfingers (passim, but see especially Letters, November 1987) in total career mentions.

The recent batch of mail does not speak well for the emotional stability of the nation. Nothing *really* sick, thank God, but... For example, out of the mail folder falls a small white piece of notepaper with the tiny handwritten message "Dear Editors, Me too. Francis Kohler, San Francisco, CALIFORNIA." That's all. Mystifying and, frankly, a little disconcerting. The optimist in us says, *This paper has become separated from something else. Find that something else and all will be clear.* The dour realist in us thinks otherwise, and starts double-locking the doors during the day.

An anonymous postcard reads, "Beware: Too much advertising destroys a magazine's integrity." This one—we're sorry—we have turned over to the police.

Another postcard (plain, white, from John T. Maddux of Manhattan) begins, "(According to the person at SPY I was talking to), Why didn't I 'ask Donald Trump' (!) Very funny. Was that necessary? I asked a question in sincere good faith and received a gratuitous rebuff...." Again, one might reason that this card is a continuation of another one that was misdirected or never received. But there's still something unsettling about the fragment. "Was that necessary?" It sounds very much as though Mr. Maddux has already answered that question for himself. Oh, we know the logic: *We did something to Mr. Maddux. What we did to Mr. Maddux was not necessary. Now we will die.* (Sadly, there is nothing encouraging in the rest of his message, which consists of a vague threat to

THE FINAL WORD IN VODKA

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reconsider his decision to subscribe and, finally, bits of dialogue from *A Star Is Born*.) Did we mention that our doors are locked?

But maybe we're getting paranoid. Certainly we might want to seek professional counseling when we start reading mayhem between the lines of a seemingly innocent letter, written in flowing script on lovely pink-and-blue flowered stationery, from Fairfield, Ohio (*Fairfield*—that's down the road from Anytown, USA, isn't it?). And yet mayhem is exactly what we detect in Charlotte De Jager's message. Ms. De Jager speculates about whether *Good Morning America*'s Joan Lunden will "dispose of"—her expression—cohost Charlie Gibson, or whether ABC will "dispose of" (yes, hers again) Lunden in favor of Mary Hart. "Also," she concludes cheerfully, the script still flowing, the stationery still pink-and-blue and flowered, "what is the status of the vicious Dan Rather?" We'll try to find out, but *please* leave the viciousness and the disposing of to us—in anyone else, it just makes us nervous.

So does Brooklyn's David Chen. "To Whom It May Concern," he writes to SPY, "I am pleading *not guilty* to this parking violation on the following grounds..." It must have been a slow day, because we got involved. We learned that the appropriate branch of the city's bureaucracy to contact was the Borough Engineer's Office of the Department of Traffic, and we tracked that office to the fourth floor of this very (Puck) building. Bounding downstairs, we became enmeshed in a tangle of request forms and maddening details that very nearly put this entire issue in jeopardy and for weeks claimed most of our waking hours. At long last, we unearthed the final computer printout on the subject and, vowing never to park on the south side of West 20th Street, vindicated Mr. Chen.

By the way, *this* is a proper letter to the editor: "Dear SPY: Kudos on [INSERT NAME OF ARTICLE HERE]. Keep up the good work. Yours, [YOUR NAME HERE]." Okay?

SPY's photos of the superfamous guests at Donald Trump's superfabulous book party (Party Poop, March) had a profound effect on Susan Self (real name) of LOS ANGELES. "Would anyone in their right mind aim a camera at half

DEAR EDITORS **A** final addition to your Canadian observations ["The Canadians Among Us," by Richard Stengel, January/February].

Canadian airline passengers cheer the pilot for landing his aircraft. Don't ask me why. I once spent eight hours with a planeload of Canadians to Honolulu. The flight was long and uneventful—no turbulence or potential hijackings. But when the tires hit the landing field, this 747 erupted into spontaneous applause.

David Hill

Brooklyn

Look, Canadians just aren't ready to feel blasé about air travel. They still think of airplanes as Giant Metal Birds.

DEAR EDITORS **L**et me get this straight: An American girl goes to Italy to become a model ["Arrivederci, Sleazeball," by Antony Shugaar, March].

She makes the acquaintance of various rich and (presumably) famous Italian playboys, one of whom becomes quite a pest. He spreads a vicious slander about her, and for that reason, and because he's a sleazeball, and maybe because of general frustrations with her own life and her dead-end career, she decides he deserves to die. She shoots him. And all of this is somehow exceedingly droll; it's related in an arch, flippant manner as if everyone will see the humor in it.

Well, I guess I'm just a hick from Indiana, because I don't get it.

Larry Eubank

Jeffersonville, Indiana

DEAR EDITORS **R**eading SPY brings forth in me feelings of revulsion and pleasure. I am continually pleased by your excellent performance in exposing to the world the peculiarly vulgar, unethical egomaniacs who compose the "upper" reaches of the seething pit we know as New York Society. Yet I must resist the nausea that wells within me as I question my sanity for having already lived for seven years in Manhattan with no clear exit in sight. I hope SPY is bringing that same unpleasant feeling to others in New York City.

Pascal N. Levensohn

New York

DEAR EDITORS **M**uch as I enjoyed Bruce Handy's "Egos A-Go-Go" (April), I couldn't help noticing that it owed... a little something (like, say, specific quotes, its basic idea) to Michèle Bennett's "Without Flair" (March). Somehow this seems more the stuff of satire than the stuff of, well, SPY ("People Who Need People," by Mark Lasswell, April).

Leslie K. Miles

Boston, Massachusetts

We checked and, boy, are we embarrassed: both pieces undeniably mention former journalist, Trump memoirist and would-be Hollywood producer Tony Schwartz. It's right there, in black and white. And only a month apart. We don't know how it happened.

DEAR EDITORS **Q**: Why is Robin Williams considered a "modern" comedian and Ann Magnuson a

"postmodern" one ["A Spy Guide to Postmodern Everything," by Bruce Handy, April]?

A: Robin Williams is funny.

Postmodern Joke #2

There is a fly in myyourherhisitsourtheir soup. Backstroke. Ha.

Sincerely (despite the '70s connotation),

Paul Leo

Brooklyn

DEAR EDITORS **I** made the mistake of purchasing your April "Nice Issue." Without a doubt, you publish the most immature and asinine piece of journalistic garbage available.

I am referring specifically to your article "People Who Need People." Your section on Robert Stern is the height of professional irresponsibility. To base an entire article on quotes by disgruntled former employees and jealous peers who are too chicken-shit to allow the use of their names is both disgraceful and libelous.

I have known Robert Stern for the past 15 years (working for him for 5). He is one of the most talented architects in the world today, an excellent teacher and critic, a gentleman and a good friend.

Edmund H. Stoecklein

New York

You're absolutely right. We should have based the article on quotes from his good friends instead.

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these women if they weren't aware of the bucks involved?" she inquires delicately. It's a dirty job, Susan, but somebody (in this case, Marina Garnier and Ron Galella) has to do it.

Ian R. Beste, a South Pasadena, CALIFORNIA, man who phones New York-based satirical magazines and asks whoever answers, "Did you really call Donald Trump a weenie?" has subscribed solely because of another SPY epithet for Trump—*cheeseball*. Writes Mr. Beste, "The mental image of Donald Trump wrapped up and on sale at a Hickory Farms store was irresistible."

"Enough about Donald Trump!" writes the CALIFORNIA Coalition of People Magazine Readers and Believers of San Francisco. "We CALIFORNIANS are more concerned with... Leona Helmsley. We want to hear the real dirt.... What really happens to those who do wrong by Leona?" Don't you know? They're disposed of by Charlotte De Jager of Fairfield, Ohio.

A "concerned reader" wonders why *The New York Times Magazine* ran a photo of Shirley MacLaine taken by Audrey Topping with its story on Colorado cults (May 1, 1988). "With all the photographers in New York," asks Concerned, "and with all the stock pictures that must be available of Shirley MacLaine after so many decades, why would *The New York Times* choose this mess? Could it have anything to do with [occasional photographer] Audrey Topping's relation to [director of editorial development] Seymour Topping?" You mean the fact that they've been married since 1949? Naaah.

Finally, this month's Divine Inspiration Award (chosen at random from all current mail suggesting Leona Helmsley and Liberace for "Separated at Birth?") goes to C. J. Mellor of Brooklyn. A copy of our March 1987 issue is in the mail to you, C.J.!

C O R R E C T I O N

In the tournament chart accompanying "A Hard Day's Night," by John Brodie and Bob Mack (July/August), the photographs of Steve Rubell and Carl Bernstein were mistakenly transposed by our printer—our former printer.

DEAR EDITORS I must bring to your attention the fact that you are trying to sell subscriptions to your magazine with *false advertising*.

While reading the May issue of SPY, I came across one of those inserts in the middle of the magazine with the subscription solicitations and response cards. You state, "As a SPY subscriber, you will also: receive your copy of the magazine *days earlier* than nonsubscribers!" This simply isn't so!

You can only imagine my chagrin and embarrassment when I strolled by a newsstand in Boston and saw *for the first time, on a newsstand, not in my own mailbox*, the "Nice Issue" of SPY with Donald Trump (in part) on the cover. In addition, I then was confronted by co-workers who asked me, "Did you see the 'Nice Issue'....," assuming that as a subscriber I had received the issue *days earlier*. In fact, I did not glimpse the Short-Fingered Vulgarian in my own mailbox for an additional two weeks!

Christine Corcoran
Boston, Massachusetts

It may be a question of the postal system not being able to keep pace with the speedy truckers who deliver copies to our wholesalers. Or it may not. We've established a bipartisan independent commission to investigate the matter, and we'll take steps to ensure that you're never embarrassed before your co-workers again.

DEAR EDITORS **W**e never know when we will receive your postmodernist wisdom here in California (surely the state most in need of it). Our bookstores never know when these precious bundles will arrive. We may not receive the...well, the mere word *magazine* doesn't do your publication justice...the *Truth* until perhaps the third week of the cover month. By then it all seems kind of stale, after Liz Smith has already quoted the nastiest parts in her daily column.

Is there any way to wing the gospel to us a little closer to the actual publication date? (We have tried to subscribe, but the card we sent two months ago has borne no fruit.) Can we help you pummel or at least blackmail your distributors? Please, please aid us.

Riika Youngblood
San Carlos, California

Well, look at it this way: in the SPY universe, the fact that you're out in California means you'll probably end up getting issues before Ms. Corcoran does in Boston.



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DEAR EDITORS I was just thinking the other day how much you folks would love to receive a letter from an English reader of your magazine—and then I thought, *What the hell, I'll send it anyway.*

SPY seems to go down great over here, and I say "Pshaw!" to anyone who contends that it's merely a carbon of the British fortnightly *Private Eye*. I'll even come and do this in person, if you can put up the airfare on your end. This shouldn't be a problem for you—your economy has succeeded in putting up everything else. (As you can see, satire is dead in England.)

One quibble, though (equal to three "beefs" at the current rate of exchange)—why does the magazine take over a month to appear on these shores? The last issue hasn't even been sighted off the coast yet....Gee, we can get cruise missiles quicker than that. All the newsstands are stocking them.

That piece on junk-mailing lists ["Dear _____, You May Have Already Won...," by Roy Harley, November 1987] was masterful.

Mike Barfield

London, England

London! Whenever your SPY arrives, it's before Ms. Corcoran's or Ms. Youngblood's.

DEAR EDITORS Look, even if we did want to live in Manhattan once upon a time, that doesn't mean we would want to now. Six years ago when I realized I couldn't afford Manhattan on my designer salary (at least not any section that my father would set foot in—to quote him, "Linda, if you move to the East Village I will *never* come to visit!!"), I decided to move to the Long Island City-Astoria border. To save face I coined the term *Eastern Manhattan*.

To get to the point, John Brodie and Rachel Urquhart ["Is There Arugula on Staten Island?" April] obviously don't know the right places to be. Out of the 13 items mentioned, it took me all of 5 minutes to find at least 11 of them. All right, so there are no bookstores in Queens.

Elapsed time: 37 minutes—okay, you win by 10 minutes, but I probably paid one-tenth of what you did. And where else can you be friends with your neighbors, let alone know who they are?

Linda Stern

Long Island City

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DEAR EDITORS Just a few questions about the outer-borough articles ["Is There Life on Outer Boroughs?," April]: Why is there a bar code on your cover? Do you plan to sell SPY in supermarkets? What did you have to offer Donald Trump to pose for your cover? On a more personal note, will having taken classes with Prince Edward get me a *Times* wedding announcement (in the "people who sat next to very famous people once" category)? And finally, at first I thought your Wedding Survey was a joke but *it's for real... isn't it?*

Elizabeth Crane

Oakland, California

1. The bar code is there to elicit letters asking about the bar code. 2. Yes, exclusively. 3. We gave him some crackers. 4. It depends on where Prince Edward went to prep school. 5. Yes, it's real, and we don't want to talk about it.

DEAR EDITORS Is there to be no statute of limitations on youthful folly?

Your roster of common felons who have been spared their desserts of a lifetime's public obloquy ["Return of the Living Career-Dead," June] leads off with Jacob Epstein. Ten years or so ago he wrote the novel *Wild Oats*.

You say that he borrowed the plot and a number of passages from Martin Amis's *The Rachel Papers*. I have read *Wild Oats* and *The Rachel Papers*, and their plots have nothing tangible in common except for protagonists who happen to be on the threshold of life's throes, a coincidence that may or may not permit the inference that both were borrowed from Goethe.

Jacob Epstein did not steal a plot; he appropriated several phrases owned by Amis as a gift from his resident muse. I shall not dismiss this as a small trespass; it is, as an instance, measurably more serious than any transgression of Gerry Studds, whose place on your roster of undeservedly absolved miscreants all but terminally disqualifies you for complaints about Eric Breindel's excesses in the gay-bashing line.

It is your privilege to count Jacob Epstein among those sinners who have cheated decency of its due ration of vengeance. But I am at a loss to know how anyone is to be described as unpunished when his name is treated as so entirely a thing that it can be fished up from the murk of the long ago on short and cursory



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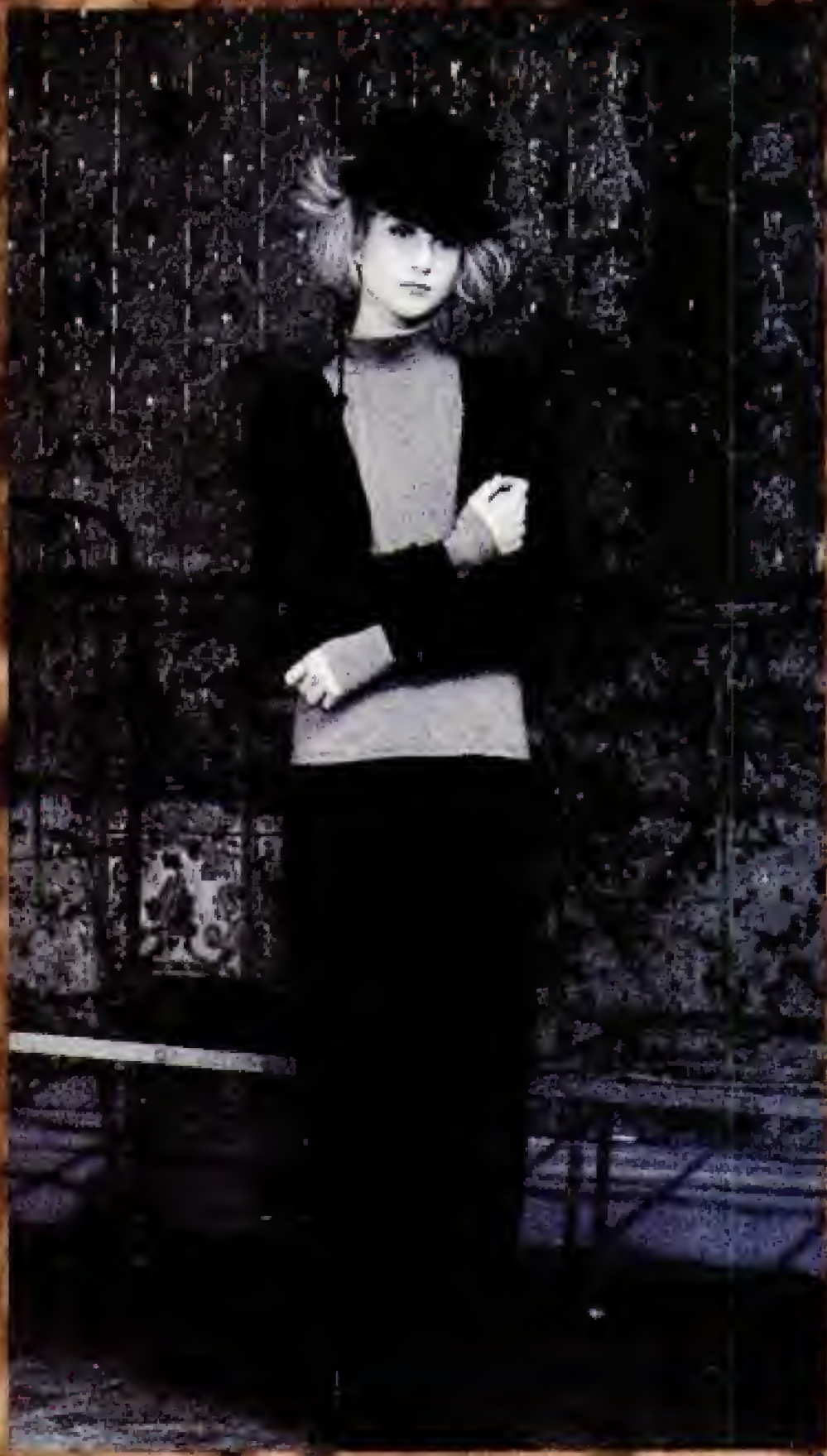
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A CANNIBAL IN MANHATTAN Tama Janowitz



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notice and served forth to illustrate a thesis and then in caricature.

Perhaps your reference to his parents is meant to imply that their prominence and presumed power explain the recovery that so much offends you. Nothing could be less the case. My fondness for his mother and father is the most negligible of the elements in my affection for his person and admiration for his talent. His coming through was just as completely his own doing.

He took his blows and shut his mouth and bore travails far heavier than their occasion merited; and if he is in Hollywood today and no more egregiously overpaid than its customs ordain, it is thanks to friends who offered him the chance to test himself because they had known him in their college classes, couldn't care less who his parents were and had founded their confidence in his parts on knowing his true nature and reading *Wild Oats*.

I should with more heart cry you some of the same mercy for Eric Breindel ["When Bad Things Happen to Ambitious People," by Bruce Handy, June] if I could recall the smallest indication that his personal comeuppance had taught him the tolerance for others whose sins are meagerer than his own that he makes his living by withholding.

Murray Kempton

New York

We may have exaggerated the extent of Epstein's plagiarism, but his appearance in our little catalog of remarkable recent comebacks, which also included those of Congressman Studds, G.I. Joe and Dwight Gooden, wasn't intended to suggest that Epstein was "undeservedly absolved." Come to think of it, we didn't even mean to suggest that Breindel was undeservedly absolved — only, as you seem to agree, that his subsequent public mean-spiritedness as editorial editor of the *New York Post* is weirdly unbecoming.

DEAR EDITORS I find it amazing that André Soltner of dubious Lutèce fame even had his name printed, much less as No. 1, in SPY's All-Star Chefs cards [by Jennifer Conlin, May]. His favorite garnish may be carrots (is that what we ate for \$875?), but his presentation of chocolate mousse demanded a pooper-scooper instead of a spoon.

D. Shepherd

Toms River, New Jersey

P.S. And you thought you only had complaints from the Canadians.

ON WRITING. FISHING. SELLING.



I thought of the White as being my river: In all my visits, I never once met another man along its banks. Of course, no one can own a river, but anyone who reached the White was free to think of it as his. I had risked its rapids and fished its secret places, and because of this I felt I had earned the right to call it my own.

Then I saw him—and when I did, all the joy went out of me.

He was standing on The Rock, at the lip of the ledge, looking upstream at me. My first reaction was surprise and then annoyance at the thought of having to share The Rock with another angler. It wasn't until I ran the canoe up into the landing place that the intruder moved. He walked toward me, slow as if in a dream, and as he came closer I saw that he was very old.

Never thought you'd read an article on something like this, did you? But good writing has a way of holding you without your noticing it.

I secured the canoe's painter and followed the man to where his gear lay on the ledge. He had a brittle canerod with a primitive reel wound with frayed, fabric line. At the end was a galvanized hook.

He cast to where the red, muddy water pillowed over a submerged boulder. A Muddler could always find a brown lurking behind that rock, and I wondered how really intimate the old man might be with my stream. A fish struck on the second cast, and the old-timer whooped like a boy. I then saw that he was shuffling dangerously near to the lip of the ledge. He tottered there, like an old tree waiting to fall, his stiff, unsteady legs quivering like bowstrings. I was sure he was going

to tumble in and I got behind him, ready to grab him.

But he survived the battle and reeled in a 14-inch brown, fat, bright and shiny.

"Nice one," I said, admiring his catch.

"He's a runt," the old man said. He winked at me. "Let's put him back and see if we can't get his big brother."

I thought he was joking—even on the White, a 14-incher is something to brag about.



"Arnie—that's my boy—he's retired two years now and living in Arizona," the old man said. "Wants I should come live with him and his wife. Got an extra room for me and everything. Says I'm getting so I can't remember to put my pants on in the morning." The old-timer plucked a shred of tobacco from his lip and flicked it at the river. "Arizona! Now ain't that a helluva place for a woodtick like me to end up?"

I felt as if I should say something, but there was nothing to say. At the end of all the words nothing would have changed: The old man was going to Arizona.

Our readers love this kind of article. In fact, they can't get enough of it. So we give them more editorial than anyone in the field.

"I wanted to see the White just one more time," he told me. "Wanted to come back in here and visit my memories."

I looked upstream then, trying to see the river as the old man was seeing it. I could see the brook trout leaping upstream through the chute, and Indians poised with their spears, waiting for the run of northerns. I heard the White rumbling from a mile away through the woods, while a young man in knee-high leather boots and a crisp campaign hat raced a thaw-swollen river in a birchbark canoe. It was as if I were looking at a river I didn't know, a stream as unfamiliar as the far side of the moon. It was still the White River but now it was not mine; for at least a while longer it belonged to the old man at my side.

From "The Ledge", by Jack Kulpa.
Sports Afield, 2/87

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October 1987

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November 87

KENNEDY BASHING

"In the age of Everythingscam and Whatevergate, how, after 18 years, can the Chappaquiddick cover-up remain so airtight? Good question."

January/February 1988

HEREDITARY STARDOM

"The children of celebrities—they're everywhere, glutting the tabloids, jamming the talk shows, choking the rivers of American fame . . ."

March 1988

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"They're always jotting, jotting, jotting, seemingly intent on committing to paper every facet of their existence . . ."

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DEAR EDITORS I am compelled to point out a gaffe. In your May Datebook you took a shot at Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College for hiring Mel Tormé—you likened him to its previous choice, Vic Damone. In a magazine that usually fingers just the right people in just the right way, this is an uncomfortable error. No question: like Vic Damone, Mel Tormé is a cheesy little toad. Unlike Vic Damone, he is one of the finest singers of jazz alive, as any jazz critic would concede, and I'm sure BCBC feels fortunate to have him perform.

J. Michael Higgins

Brooklyn

Point taken. But our cheap shot was at Mel of the reprehensible stage manner and general gooeyness. Our Mel.

DEAR EDITORS I think you got the wrong rodent ["Rats 'R' Us," May]. Joyce Carol Oates isn't the selfishly tenacious, ratty sort; in fact, she's one of the least selfish of writers. You should have saved her for your rabbit issue. Sorry for the stick; go have a carrot.

Robert Wechsler

Highland Park, New Jersey

DEAR EDITORS Having just read your recent article on exclusivity ["The Fewer, the Merrier," by George Kalogerakis, May], I am moved to respond. (Please print my letter.) The name of the game in New York is prestige through artificially manipulated supply and demand. (I'd give anything to have my letter published in SPY.) Clubs, restaurants and schools can substitute quality for exclusivity. (All my friends read SPY, and boy, would they be impressed.)

But the amazing thing is that people buy it. (SPY is the best.) But not me. (Honest, I'm a close personal friend of Angus's.) I'll never grovel at any institution's feet. (Me, me, me—pick me.) I'd rather search out the genuine quality in life than genuflect before the trendy.

Sincerely (or whatever it takes),

T. W. Grand

Fishers Island

Okay, we'll print your letter. But—and we're not just saying this to make you feel bad—we printed all the really exclusive letters several issues ago.

DEAR EDITORS J. Hunsecker's incessant attacks on the good name of Shirley Lord [The Times, April, June, July/August, October and December 1987; March, May and June 1988] lead me to believe that his own "significant other" has not been doing his or her job to help move his name from the bottom of the page into the upper reaches of journalistic stardom where Mr. Rosenthal resides. He is jealous, admit it. He's even gone so far as to abbreviate his name, just like Rosenthal.

As for whether Ms. Lord knew Mr. Rosenthal before her book *Golden Hill* was released...if Hunsecker had done his research, he would have found another review of her book in the Times. The one he quoted was in the Sunday Times Book Review. That was the *bad* one, written by a mercenary reviewer acting out of spite. The *real* review (that is, the *good* one) was rushed into print later that week in the daily paper. Isn't it obvious that only a book of exceptional literary worth would receive such treatment? How many of Hunsecker's books have been reviewed twice in the same week?

By the way, how are his kids doing? Ms. Lord's son, Virginia Woolf scholar Mark Hussey, has written two reviews for the Book Review. Have Hunsecker's?

Rob Murphy


New York

Mr. Hunsecker has no children, but he does have a younger sister who, he is ashamed to admit, is a bosomy dirty-book writer. Speaking, as we often are, of bosomy dirty-book writers, the second, "good" review you mention isn't all that good: Richard F. Shepard manages to laud Ms. Lord's "grasp" of her subject and note that she "handles language and characters clearly, if predictably..." Sounds more like damage control.

DEAR EDITORS You make the dubious claim that at some unspecified time Richard M. Nixon was a smarter presidential candidate than his Democratic opponent [Great Expectations, June]—the same Nixon who was overshadowed by the doltish Prussian, Kissinger; Nixon, the cardboard Red baiter bedded with Chou En-lai after a lifetime of lies, sponsor of Agnew and Rebozo—that's smart? Meretricious, maybe. McGovern should sue you. Poor Humphrey.

Robert C. Sommer

New York

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black top hat and a tan trench coat, is talking on a rotary telephone. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a warm, orange-toned wall.

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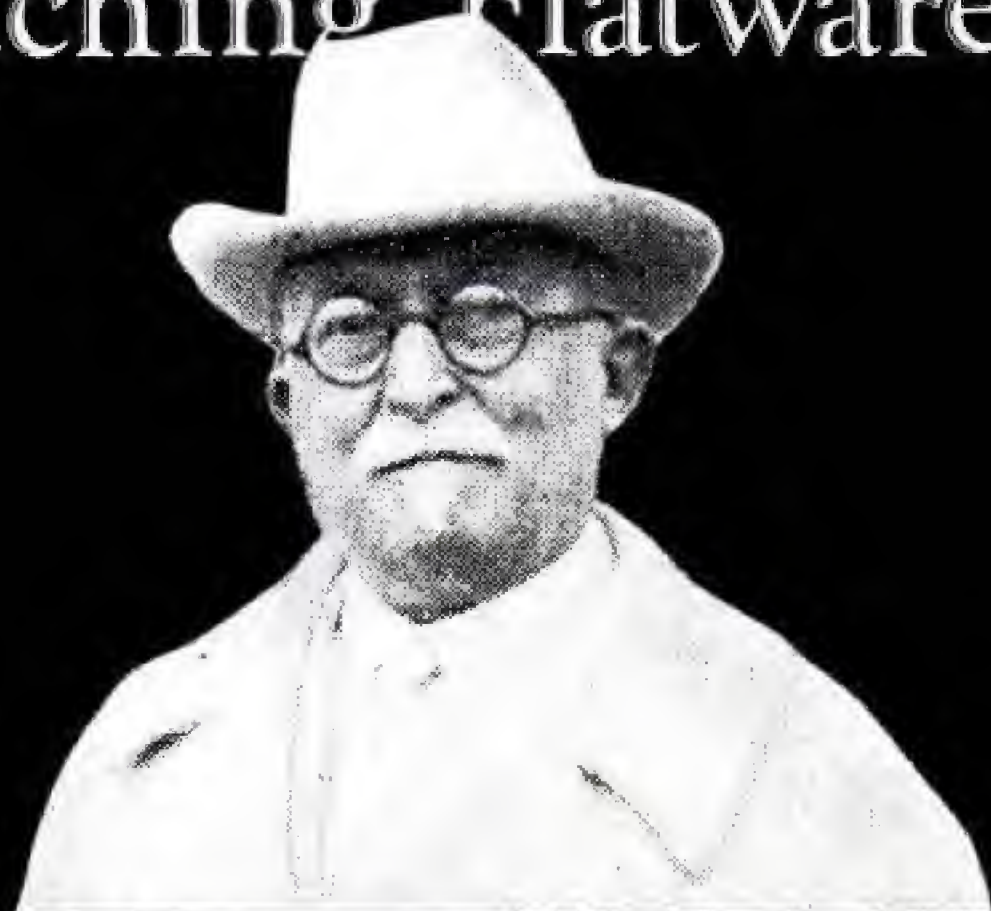


Blackglama (Judy Garland) from the Ads portfolio, 1985. 38 x 38 inches.

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DEAR EDITORS **A** promotion! From para-intellectual to intellectual [Review of Reviewers, by Michèle Bennett, June] in a matter of mere months!

The last time anyone was so perceptive about my abilities, it was Mina S. Rogers, principal of the Washington D. Smyser Elementary School in Chicago, who double-promoted me right from 3B to 4B, just like that. This changed my life in a number of ways, not the least of which was that I thereby became classmates with Sandra Zimmerman, giving her the opportunity to reject me even before she moved to California, and jading forever my attitude toward women.

Anyway, thank you, I think, and by way of reciprocating I will say that I would find your column enjoyable even if you never quoted me and I didn't agree with you about Roger Ebert.

*Ralph Novak
New York*

DEAR EDITORS **T**his is for your collection of Japanese sweat-shirts with English slogans ["Again Craziness! For We Are Flipping the Japanese a Second Hippopotamus," by Steven Melzer, April]: POSHBOY: AUTHENTIC ATHLETIC CLOTHING IN WHICH TO ANSWER THE CALL OF SPORTS. SUITABLE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS WHO APPRECIATE NATURAL FABRICS.

Actually, they're mostly made in Korea.

*Adam Drewnowski
Ann Arbor, Michigan*

DEAR EDITORS **J**eez, I can't believe you guys. Two articles on Japanspeak and you still haven't gotten to my favorite product of all time—that's right, Queer-Aid Chocolate.

Purchased in Tokyo about four years ago, Queer-Aids are chocolate Band-Aids, wrapped in authentic wax paper. Their tin Band-Aid container contains such unforgettable lines as THIS IS HONEY'S SWEET STAFF, THIS CHOCOLATE IS NOT MEDICATED SWEETS, DON'T THROW AWAY A CAN IN A TRASH BASKET and my favorite, SAFETY CHOCO.

I don't know if they're still made, but if they're not, I'm sure something even better has replaced them.

*Jeffrey Gold
Hollywood, California*

THIS SEPTEMBER IN

Interview

Sam Shepard photographed by Herb Ritts.

SHEPARD HEARD

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DEAR EDITORS **G**osh, I can't think of any other magazine that treats me so personally. Last year you mentioned my school in "Colleges of the Dumb Rich" [by Bruce Handy, May 1987] then last summer Lynn Snowden's "Busty Like Me" [August 1987] gave me something to Xerox and shove in people's faces when they asked why I was getting a breast reduction. And when WASPs were featured ["WASPmania," by Michael Thomas, August 1987], I enjoyed the poke at my heritage. Thank you for keeping your subscribers (busty WASPs who go to expensive schools) in mind.

I cannot begin to express my joy and celebration at the sight of Issaquah, Washington, in the Letters column. When I was 16, I played Bilbo Baggins at Issaquah's Village Theatre. For that, Issaquah holds a really special place in my heart. Gosh, what can I say but thank you for making my subscription such a personal experience.

Jennifer Simonds

Sarah Lawrence College

Bronxville, New York

DEAR EDITORS **A**fter living in New Jersey, that "sophisticated," "cosmopolitan" state, my husband and I were sentenced to live in Issaquah, the Town Time Forgot! Driving down the one street of this one-salmon town is like watching a Walt Disney movie in slow-mo. Talk about mental illness. Get us out of here!!

Trixie Devine

Issaquah, Washington

DEAR EDITORS **I**n response to Michael Korolenko's letter [From the SPY Mailroom, January/February], I have never been in Issaquah, but I once bought a two-month trial membership at a Seattle health club, the proceeds of which benefited the Issaquah Parachute Center.

Tory Dunn

Seattle, Washington

This running discussion of Issaquah — where it is, what it means to live there — has got way out of hand, and we regret our role in giving it such prominence in the magazine. We'll drop it if you people will. Deal?

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number. ☛

THE VERY NEXT DAY...

PETER WILKINSON'S INVESTIGATION OF the zany Chapter 11 trend sweeping New York ("Doing Business Broke," December 1987) brought to light some 15 businesses—ranging from El Internacional, the now defunct tapas dive, to the *Intrepid* Sea-Air-Space Museum—whose admirable stiff-upper-lipness had not allowed mere bankruptcy to interfere with normal day-to-day operations. Of the 15, 11 of them soldier on all these months later.

But at least one of the subjects is showing signs of strain (and was even when the article appeared, as readers may remember): Paul Guez, the ex-president of Sasson Jeans. Guez's recent activities prove that, given a little imagination, you don't have to find bankruptcy proceedings tedious. "You can't arrest me," he told SPY last year, but in May the police did just that after he threatened Judge Burton R. Lifland, who had presided over his case. The threats were communicated to the judge through a lawyer acquaintance of Guez's.

When Guez was arrested, he had several thousand dollars and a cocaine grinder in his pocket, even though his bank account and company assets had been frozen and he later claimed to be so broke that he couldn't hire a lawyer.

The harassment-of-the-judge case never went to trial, and Guez was freed on bail with the understanding that he would check into a drug treatment center in Santa Monica (where he resides at the moment) and stay away from New York.

Few who have dealt with Guez have been spared what Creditors Committee attorney Michael Guss (of Kaye, Scholer, Fierman, Hays & Handler) terms "colorful exchanges." After SPY's article appeared, Guez tried to track down author Wilkinson, first here at The Puck Building, then at home, finally reaching him by phone at a friend's house; Guez, according to Wilkinson, was gruff and unpleasant. He has also attempted to defame, both publicly and privately, the law firm that handled the creditors in the Sasson Chapter 11 proceedings.

And despite Guez's attempts to get an injunction, Sasson Jeans's assets have been sold off. The trademark now belongs to Stanwich Partners Inc., a Stamford, Connecticut-based clothing-licensing concern. ▶

"EITHER THIS WALLPAPER GOES,
OR I DO." —Oscar Wilde's last words

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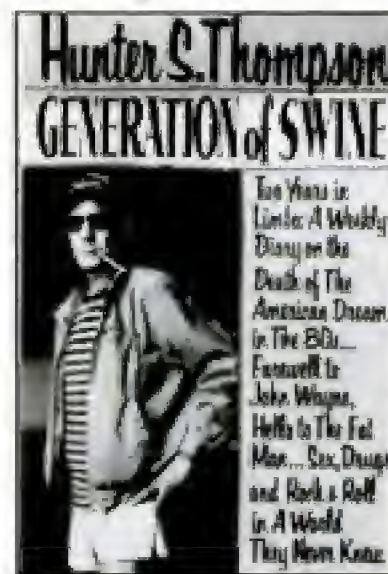


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Sips



◀ It's Fredericks of Alcatraz: No need for a stud when you have so many of your own. Ask about this bullet-proof bustier at your local precinct.

▶ If Coco could see him now—At this rate Joseph Barrett could be the next spokesman for a major cosmetic company. The bare belly and leather jacket give him that sensitive, yet manly, look.



◀ When put to the test, this woman proves she has the biggest mouth south of 14th Street.

▶ If you were wearing a flower tie, you'd hide too, as this man does at a Dom Ruinart Rosé Champagne party at Le Zinc.



& Spills

Photography by Todd Eberle.



▲ Was it the rings on her fingers, or the rings in her ears? Could've been that widow's peak. But there was something about this woman that held these men-about-downtown captive at a Dom Ruinart Rosé Champagne party.

▶ Rachel London's neighbors must be furious! She had to pick 600 innocent roses from gardens all over the city to make just one flower fur. Forget about cold storage. You need a greenhouse for this one.



▲ Q: What can be learned from this picture taken during a Rachel London fashion show at the Dom Ruinart party?

A: That bag ladies who mismatch clothing aren't crazy. New York designers do it all the time to the delight of fashion pros and fashion fanatics alike.

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the only loafers we see in the
White House be ours.”**

—Kenneth Cole

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Lee

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Naked City

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



O. HERSHISER



M. DAVIS



C. FELKER

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski
with Deborah Michel

THE WALK OF FAME, MODEST REPUTE AND A NOT INCONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF OBSCURITY

"To be honored with a star in Hollywood's Walk of Fame, the world's most famous sidewalk," a publicist has written in the introduction of the vast Walk of Fame press kit, "is a tribute as coveted and sought after as any of the entertainment industry's equally prestigious awards. . . . It recognizes a lifelong contribution of both public and peer appreciation."

That was certainly the way we had always thought of it. But when we looked at the list of the 1,868 entertainers commemorated in terrazzo by the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, sinister doings seemed afoot. Nobodies were immortalized, while famous people—really famous people—had been passed over.

Consider Monte Blue, an actor who appeared in more than 200 films, including *The Birth of a Nation*. Is he one of the top 1,868 entertainers of the twentieth century? *The Walk of Fame* says he is. Fine.

Now consider Binnie Barnes. Binnie was very convincing as a nun in *The Trouble With Angels* and its sequel, *Where Angels Go . . . Trouble Follows!* But should Binnie make the pantheon? *The Walk of Fame* says yes.

Yes, too, to Marie Doro. To Alice Brady. To Madeleine

AT THE ALL-STAR BREAK, with the Yankees in second place and the Los Angeles Dodgers in first, New Yorkers can console themselves with the knowledge that while the Yankees are owned by a petulant dissembler and (until recently) managed by a party animal, the Dodgers are a *whole team* full of petulant, dissembling party animals—albeit not of **GEORGE STEINBRENNER**-ian or **BILLY MARTIN**-esque magnitude. Earlier this season the Dodgers had a Friday-night game scheduled up the coast in San Francisco. When it was rained out, the Giants proposed rescheduling for the following Monday night. *No way*, the boys from L.A. whined, *we'll play in the afternoon or not at all*. About half the Dodgers had tickets to a Bruce Springsteen concert back in L.A. Monday night—or so they claimed. But according to All-Star pitcher **OREL HERSHISER**, he was the only Dodger at the Springsteen show.

A BEAUTIFUL NEW FRIENDSHIP has been forged between jumbo-size zillionaire **MARVIN DAVIS** (former owner of both Twentieth Century Fox and The Beverly Hills Hotel) and *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* Page 2 columnist **MITCHELL FINK**. Fink has consistently taken Davis to task for his bulk, joking in one recent column that during an evacuation of Davis's Century City office building, "the LAPD didn't evacuate [Davis's floor] because it would have meant calling in another entire SWAT team just to get Davis out." Rattled, Davis called his publicist, spokesman-for-the-difficult **LEE SOLTERS**, and had him arrange a meeting with Fink, at which Davis recited his considerable distress at Fink's jests. Fink started taking notes—whereupon Davis blew up and declared the entire discussion off the record. When Fink declined to go along with this retroactivity, Davis offered a deal: if Fink promised to make no mention of their meeting and to stop publishing fat jokes, Davis would act as a regular source and cicerone for him. So far, the two obviously Davis-fed items have not seemed worth the price of silence: a fascinating report that "Marvin Davis still

wants to buy the Dallas Cowboys" and another that Davis watched a Lakers game with **BARBRA STREISAND**'s ex-boyfriend turned producer **JON PETERS** and **CLINT EASTWOOD**'s mistress turned actress-director **SONDRA LOCKE**, at **DAVID JANSSEN**'s widow's house.

IT'S HARD TO KNOW what to say about the goings-on at *Manhattan, inc.*, but start by wondering why coffee-and-publishing suzerain **JERRY FINKELSTEIN** would offer widely loathed publisher **HERB LIPSON** somewhere in the neighborhood of \$15 million for a magazine slipping into obscurity so fast that its perennially boyish editor, **CLAY FELKER**, was having long conversations with his former boss, **MORT ZUCKERMAN**, about returning to *U.S. News & World Report* as its editor or, alternatively, teaming up with Mort to buy *The Washington Dossier*, a dull society rag, and turning it into a D.C. version of *Manhattan, inc.*—where, in the end, Clay stayed, and where he considered hiring ex-wunderkind **LEW D'VORKIN** (whom *Zuckerman* had flown down to Washington to talk about a job), even going so far as to telephone **NORMAN "MR. NANCY FRIDAY" PEARLSTINE** at *The Wall Street Journal*, since Norm had just fired D'Vorkin as the *Journal*'s page-one editor; and although there were nasty rumors about the reason, it was just that D'Vorkin had been a little fun-loving about his expense account, so Clay could safely think about adding D'Vorkin to the remarkable collection of cast-off editors who decorate *Manhattan, inc.* (figurines such as purged *Life* editor **JUDY DANIELS** and ex-*Newsweek* editor **TERRY McDONELL** and purged *Times Magazine* editor **ED KLEIN**, who had been using an office to confect his very objective story about *Times* deputy publisher **ARTHUR "PINCH" SULZBERGER JR.**), but Felker knew that if D'Vorkin came in above executive editor **PETER KAPLAN** on the masthead, Kaplan might bolt for the *New York Post* to work for his old pal **JANE AMSTERDAM**, who, of course, was the founding editrix of *Manhattan, inc.*, which Lipson, as we went to press, was still trying to peddle.

IN SEARCH OF: FAT



You want to know, we want to know: *what becomes of liposuctioned fat?* Last year more than 100,000 Americans had fat sucked from their bodies through tiny tubes. Plastic surgeons remove 10 to 25 cubic centimeters of fat from the average face, 100 to 800 cc from the average stomach, and 150 to 400 cc from the average buttocks. This means the United States has, very roughly, 27 million cc of surplus fat—about 51,000 pounds—to play with each year. Are we using it wisely?

As it turns out, the gelatinous, Crisco-like goo winds up in three places. Two-thirds of all lipectomies are performed in hospitals; that fat is sent to a pathology laboratory, where technicians examine it for irregularities. Hospital fat might then be incinerated or autoclaved—steamed at high pressure—and thus end up, atomized, in our lungs.

The other third of liposuctioned fat is removed in physicians' offices. While some doctors may ditch the fat with their regular garbage (Dogs and raccoons, come on down!), the more scrupulous place

the fat in "red bags," commonly used for infectious wastes. The bags are disposed of by private sanitation services, and, according to alarmed garbage-men, some end up in our landfills and waterways.

Some fat is actually used to contour small physical deformities. Plastic surgeons don't flesh out Mary Tyler Moore with excess Shelley Winters (fat can be safely donated only from one identical twin to another—though this procedure has yet to be performed), but they might well take 300 cc of fat from your buttocks and squirt 5 cc of it under your eyes to fill the bags and smooth the wrinkles.

Using fat to enlarge your breasts is not recommended, because one-third of all recycled fat cells die and congeal into unsightly lumps. The most successful second homes for liposuctioned fat are the cheeks, the nose, frown lines and depressed scars.

But only a very small percentage of the 51,000 pounds goes back into people's bodies. This means that each year about 50,000 pounds of cast-off American fat are going to waste. —John Brodie

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Carroll. To Dom DeLuise. To Virginia Cherrill and Flora Finch. To Helen Gabagan (who did go on to marry Melvyn Douglas and become a congresswoman accused of being a Communist by Richard Nixon). To John Hodiak, Paul Williams, Anna Q. Nilsson, Chuck Connors, Ruth Roland, Ruth Roman and Marguerite de la Motte. Marguerite de la Motte!

But you have to start saying no sometime. Why not start with Oscar-winning actresses? The Walk of Fame evidently doesn't have space for Meryl Streep, Diane Keaton, Sally Field, Faye Dunaway, Sissy Spacek, Liza Minnelli, Julie Christie, Barbra Streisand, Ellen Burstyn, Maureen Stapleton, Cher, Geraldine Page, Glenda Jackson and Sophia Loren.

Clearly, the Walk of Fame committee has gone beneath the surface trappings of success and genuine talent to honor the sort of third-rate dinner-theater understudy overlooked by most award-granting entities. What's more, the committee's decisions manifest a remarkable capacity for nice distinctions. Consider these choices: The Walk has enshrined Shirley MacLaine but not Warren Beatty, Jessica Tandy but not Hume Cronyn, and Joanne Woodward but not Paul Newman. It has recognized Rock Hudson but not Jim Nabors. It has taken Eddie Fisher, Debbie Reynolds and Elizabeth Taylor but not Richard Burton or (more understandably) Jordan Christopher.

Carrie Fisher has not been chosen, nor Mark Hamill, but Harrison Ford is there, along with Glenn Ford, John Ford and Tennessee Ernie Ford. The Walk has taken John Derek but not Bo, and Linda Evans but not Ursula Andress. It has named John Farrow but not Mia, Henry Fonda but not Jane or Peter, John and Walter Huston but not Anjelica, and it has banned all Bridges and Redgraves.

The Walk has honored Ted Knight but not Mary Tyler Moore, Jamie Farr but not Alan Alda, Dick Van Patten but not Dick Van Dyke. George "Superman" Reeves is in, but Christopher "Superman" Reeve is out, as is Steve "Hercules" Reeves. Lord Laurence Olivier is in, but

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ENEMIES



Drexel Burnham CEO Fred Joseph encourages his Beverly Hills colleague Mike Milken to use his own best judgment regarding the federal investigation.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THE SPY LIST

Ginger Baker
Aaron Copland
Agnes de Mille
Douglas Edwards
Graham Greene
Huntington Hartford
Harper Lee
Zeppo Marx
John Mitchell
Les Paul
J. B. Priestley
Roy Rogers
Dean Rusk
Stephen Spender
Edward Teller
Virgil Thomson
Robert Wagner Sr.
Harold Wilson
Sam Yorty

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Sir John Gielgud is out; Sir Alec Guinness is in, but Sir Ralph Richardson is out. George Takei is in, but not Toshiro Mifune. Ricardo Montalban and Leo Carrillo are in; Cheech and Chong are not. Stepin Fetchit is honored but not Sidney Poitier.

The Walk selected Bugs Bunny and Mickey Mouse but excluded Donald and Daffy Duck. Lassie and Rin Tin Tin are part of the charmed circle, not so poor Flipper. The Walk has Elton John but not The Beatles. The Walk recognizes Michael Jackson and The Jacksons separately, but Groucho is the only honored Marx. The Walk has chosen Dustin Farnum but not Dustin Hoffman, Jack Oakie but not Jack Nicholson, Robert Q. Lewis but not Robert Redford, and George Fennemann but not George C. Scott.

Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman are in. But at least Bonzo and Nancy Davis Reagan are not.

LIVE FROM LOS ANGELES: THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE'S COURT

Case No. C677875, Superior Court United Artists Pictures Inc. v. Sam Kinison, Stranger In Town, et al.

United Artists is alleging that Kinison, the obscenely large, largely obscene comic, has reneged on a contract to perform as "the actor in the lead role" of a motion picture called Atuk. (According to a press release, Kinison was to play "an eskimo out of sync with his tribe. Whether he's hunting or fishing or erecting igloos, Atuk's mind is always on something else. . . .") UA says it agreed to pay Kinison \$350,000, plus 5 percent of the net profits, to appear in the picture. UA also says Kinison had approval rights over the script but that once he gave approval, he was obligated to perform because the entire project had been geared to him. UA further says that Kinison and his associates gave approval on a number of occasions between July 1987 and January 1988. Thereafter, UA says indignantly, Kinison wanted to change the script, maintained that he had no obligation to star in the film and contended that he was actually the movie's producer. UA is suing ▶

CAN I HELP IT IF I LIVE IN MALIBU?

Living on the beach in Malibu is a movie star cliché of the first order. And residents of Malibu are forever trying to distinguish themselves from the hordes of other overtanned celebrities on the block. To the Malibu stars, living there has nothing to do, of course, with the pure fashionableness of the address. It has to do with, you know, the things

that really count, like the ocean, and the air, and the light, and getting mellow. The real things that real people care about. The things that make life worth living. SPY has collected and cataloged the stars' own odes to these things, these humble virtues beloved even by the entertainment world's most glamorous citizens. Herewith, a guide.

I. The HEY, IT'S TOUGH TO BE AN INTELLECTUAL IN HOLLYWOOD Defense

"It's so quiet. Malibu is such a great place to think."

—Malibu Apologist Rod Steiger, *People* magazine, August 1, 1983

"I love the privacy. To me, it's a very private, tranquil place—and I need that."

—Malibu Apologist John Frankenheimer, *Architectural Digest*, February 1983

II. The HEY, WE'RE NOT YOUR TYPICAL HOLLYWOOD CROWD Defense

"We're not Hollywood people. We don't need to go to parties and all that stuff. We're homebodies."

—Malibu Apologist Bruce Jenner, *Redbook*, March 1984

"It's the privacy (I love). Malibu people are unimpressed with celebrities. Nobody shoves an autograph book in your face."

—Malibu Apologist Jack Lemmon, *People*, August 1, 1983

III. The HEY, I LIKE LIVING ON THE EDGE Defense

"People on Winding Way are still living a bit in the old frontier spirit. You do things most urban dwellers don't even think about. You look at weather reports, you check storm warnings."

—Malibu Apologist Stacy Keach, *Harper's*, April 1984

"{I love} the constant challenge, the real danger. It's frontier living 40 minutes from the office."

—Malibu Apologist Dick Clark, *People*, August 1, 1983

IV. The HEY, I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I HAD A DEPRIVED CHILDHOOD Defense

"Where I grew up, the wind blew from the Russian steppes, across the North Sea, and in through our front door. I yearned to live in a place where the sun shines all the time, where I could walk the beach and be warm."

—Malibu Apologist-producer Barry Spikings, *Architectural Digest*, May 1984

"Maybe it has something to do with growing up in landlocked Tennessee. All I know is I just love this ocean and that blue, blue sky."

—Malibu Apologist Dinah Shore, *Architectural Digest*, December 1987

"I never used to walk or ride a bike. I never breathed deeply before."

—Malibu Apologist Barbra Streisand, *Ladies' Home Journal*, November 1976

V. The HEY, WE DID IT FOR THE KIDS Defense

"It's a very solid community. I raised a family there." —Malibu Apologist Kathryn Altman, wife of director Robert Altman, *Harper's*, April 1984

"Our children literally open the door and are on miles of safe beach with sand to run in, not traffic. There are great public schools and fine, accessible private schools."

—Malibu Apologist Ali MacGraw, *Ladies' Home Journal*, November 1977

"There's no way I could raise children in Beverly Hills, where values are so incredibly bad."

—Malibu Apologist Goldie Hawn, *People*, March 6, 1978

VI. The HEY, I FEEL, LIKE, REALLY IN TUNE WITH THE ELEMENTS HERE Defense

"I love it here. You are very much in touch with the earth, with the natural things that happen."

—Malibu Apologist Barbra Streisand, *Ladies' Home Journal*, November 1976

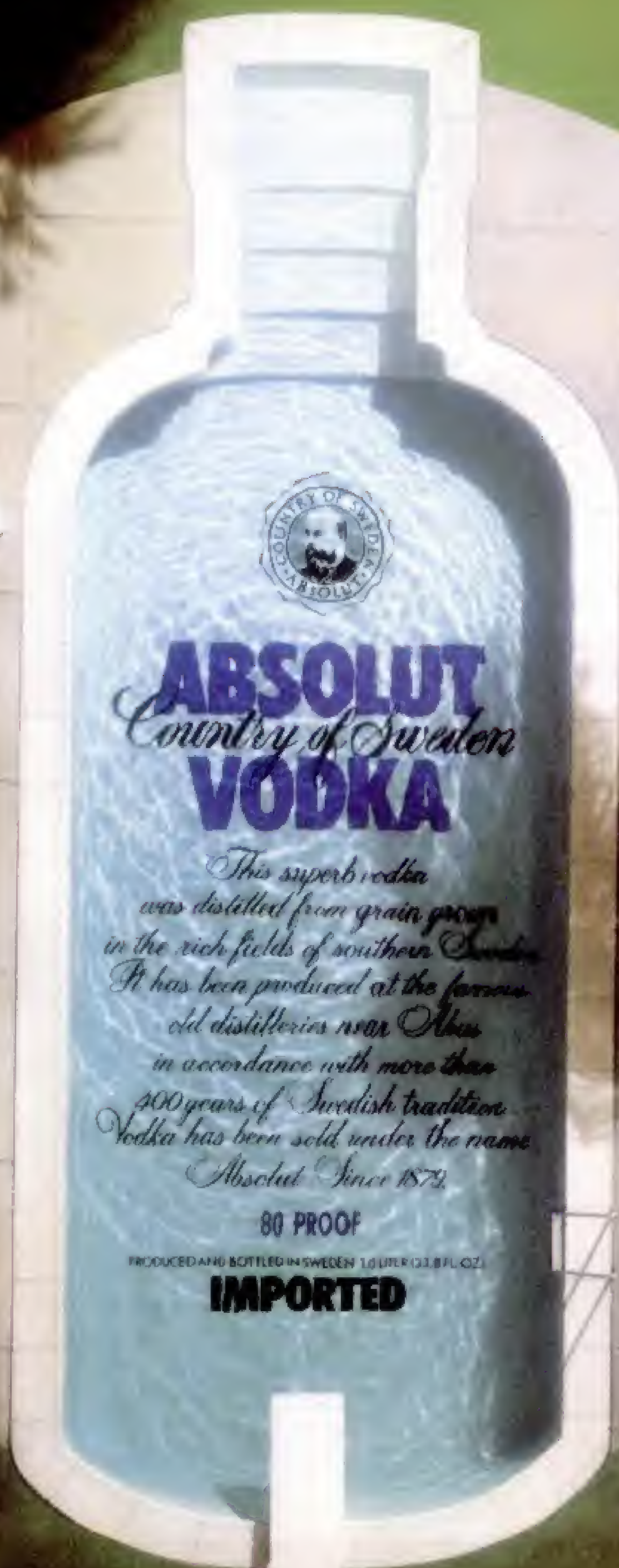
"You see the ocean and the birds and say 'Abhh!'"

—Malibu Apologist Michael Landon, *People*, August 1, 1983

"There's something about the earth here. I just feel I'm home."

—Malibu Apologist—struggling actor Robert Walker Jr., *Los Angeles Times*, April 3, 1987

—Howard Kaplan



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was distilled from grain grown
in the rich fields of southern Sweden.
It has been produced at the famous
old distilleries near Åhus
in accordance with more than
400 years of Swedish tradition.
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Absolut Since 1879.*

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SEPTEMBER DATEBOOK

Enchanting and
Alarming Events
Upcoming

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

for the \$4.6 million in preproduction expenses it allegedly lost, as well as at least \$1 million in punitive damages.

Case No. C674026, Superior Court Fog Corporation, dba Budget Rent-A-Car La Cienega, dba Luxury Line v. James A. Johnson Jr., aka Moses Johnson, aka Rick James. James, the author of the 1981 funk classic "Super Freak," the discoverer of black person manque Teena Marie, and the genius behind Eddie Murphy's 1985 novelty hit, "Party All the Time," has been sued by a car-rental company. The company alleged that between June 5 and October 14, 1987, James agreed "to successively rent a variety of automobiles, for which he agreed to pay... the aggregate sum of \$57,958.70," which he charged against his Diners Club card. The company claimed that James at some point told Diners Club to make no more payments, and they sued him for the full sum plus interest and damages. James's lawyer now says the suit was filed in error and has been disposed of. Fog's lawyer refused to comment.

Case No. 88 02975, District Court Mickey Rourke v. Euro-Frames Inc., G. Ratti, et al. Rourke, the stubble-faced Method actor, alleges that Euro-Frames used his photograph without permission to advertise the company's Persol sunglasses. "Rourke has achieved overwhelming success in the entertainment industry," the complaint alleges. "By reason of Rourke's painstaking efforts to build public recognition of his name, photograph and likeness, he has developed a proprietary (sic) interest in his public personality. . . . Unless this Court restrains Defendants from further unauthorized use of Rourke's photograph and likeness, Rourke will suffer irreparable injuries." Rourke seeks at least \$5 million in damages from each of the defendants.

Case No. C684596, Superior Court Sanctuary Music Inc. et al. v. Poison; Bret Michael Sychak, aka Bret Michaels; Bruce Anthony Johannesson, aka ▶

- 1 Deadline for participating in the Museum of American Folk Art's "Memories of Childhood" international crib-quilt contest. The winning quilts will be exhibited at the 1989 Great American Quilt Festival 2. For further developments in the international quilt festival field, check this space each month.
- 3-5 Hermosa Beach (near L.A.) Fiesta de las Artes; Pier and Hermosa Avenues. Crafts. Magicians. And, we'll venture, mimes.
- 4 For most of us, September is synonymous with large-scale bird migration.



Today in Central Park, generous Urban Rangers will be helping people sort out those confusing fall warblers. Meet at the Loeb Boathouse, 10:00 a.m.

4 Los Angeles turns 207. On this date in 1781, 44 village settlers from Mexico looked at one another, shrugged and said (simultaneously), "Bueno, me parece un sitio aceptable para sembrar

una cultura del automóvil y telenovelas mediocres" ("Well, seems a good enough place to plant the seeds for a car culture and bad television").

5 Labor Day.

8 Today the criminal trial of Bess Myerson is scheduled to begin, followed by Harry and Leona Helmsley's next week. Police install sawhorses along Centre Street to hold back thousands of New Yorkers rushing to enlist for jury duty.

15 "Impresario: Malcolm McLaren and the British New Wave" opens at The New Museum of Contemporary Art. A "sort of visual biography" of the clothing designer-rock producer-hustler who brought us, on the one hand, the Sex Pistols, but, on the other, Adam Ant. (The Sex Pistols, incidentally, played their last concert in San Francisco—a city just up the coast from Los Angeles.)

XVI Opening ceremonies of the XXIVth Summer Olympiad in Seoul, widespread social upheaval permitting. Team to watch: the United States, confident from having run roughshod over Cameroon and the Ivory Coast in the Eastern bloc-free 1984 Games in Los Angeles. NBC, by the way, is threatening 179 1/2 hours of Bryant Gumbel-laden Olympics coverage over the next two and a half weeks.

16-18 The Harvest Festival & Christmas Crafts Market doesn't reach Los Angeles proper for another month, but you can catch it now out in Riverside. Exhibitors be warned: you must be in nineteenth-century costume.

17 Constitution Day—as in the 201st anniversary of the signing. Gosh. The Bicentennial seems like yesterday.

21 No Olympics

coverage, 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Pay bills, do laundry, return phone calls.

23 Future national holiday: Bruce Springsteen turns 39. Did anyone in the audience mention this at his Human Rights Now! concert the day before yesterday at the Los Angeles Coliseum?

25 Battle of the New York Walking Tours. The Museum of the City of New York fires the first shot with "Whitman's New York: Soho to Brooklyn," a forced march beginning at 11:00 a.m. The New-York Historical Society counters, at 2:00 p.m., with "The Upper East Side—Grace and Grandeur." It could get ugly.

XXX The Olympics, alas, peak too early. Two days of competition remain, but after today's synchronized-swimming finals, does anyone, even in Los Angeles, really care? ▶

How To Tell Rap Groups apart:



RUN-DMC



BEASTIE BOYS



FAT BOYS

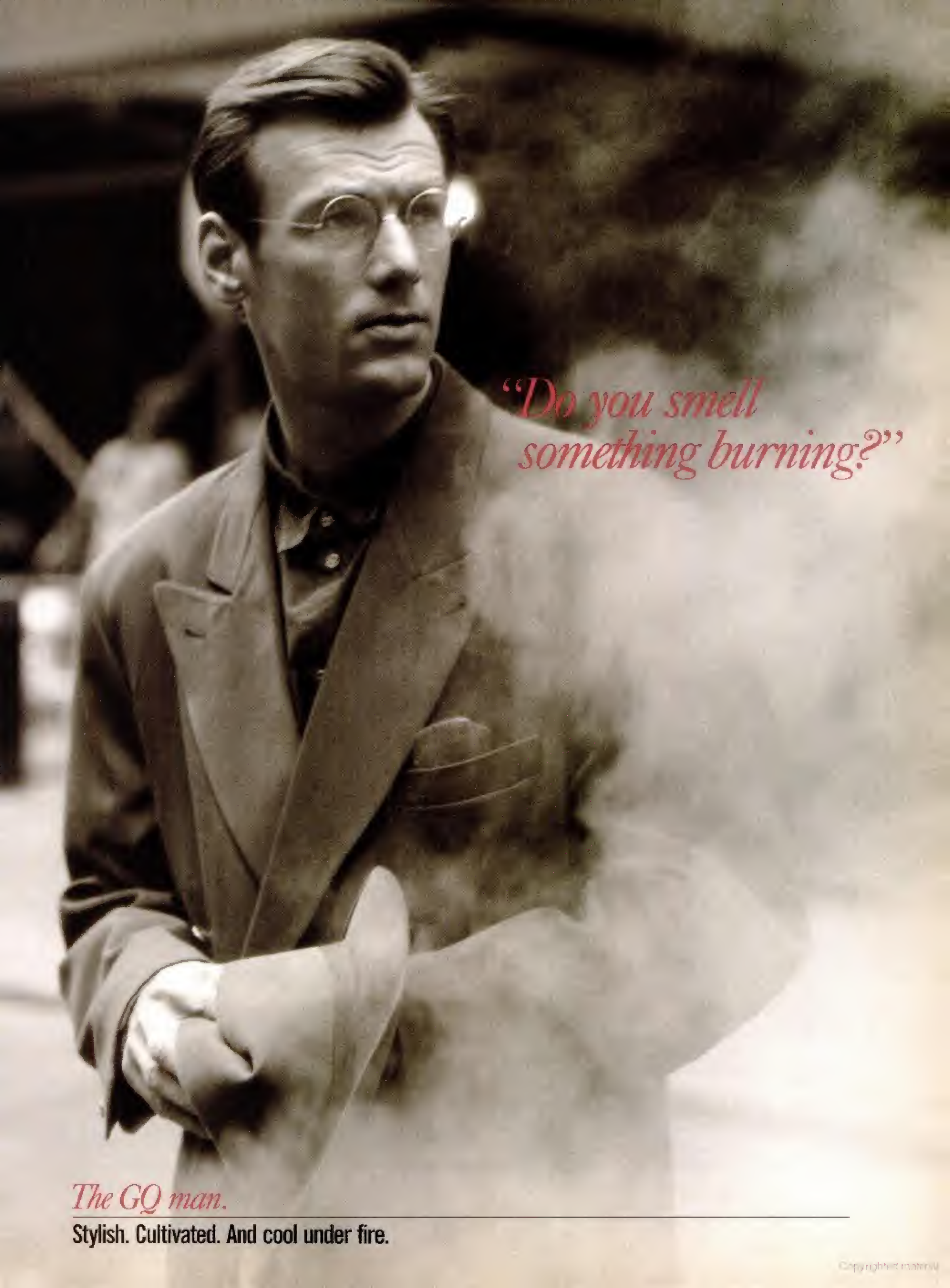


LL COOL J



PUBLIC ENEMY

e l a n

A black and white photograph of a man with short, dark hair and round glasses. He is wearing a light-colored suit jacket over a dark shirt. He is looking off to the right with a serious expression. The background is filled with thick, white smoke or steam, suggesting a fire. The overall tone is dramatic and sophisticated.

*‘Do you smell
something burning?’*

The GQ man.

Stylish. Cultivated. And cool under fire.

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

C.C. De Ville; Robert Harry Kuykendall, aka Bobby Dall; Richard Alan Ream, aka Rikki Rocket; et al.

Sanctuary is suing the heavy-metal group Poison, which it used to manage, for breach of contract. Sanctuary alleges that it persuaded the group to release the single "Talk Dirty to Me" rather than "Look What the Cat Dragged In" from its Look What the Cat Dragged In debut album, which went double platinum. Sanctuary alleges that by virtue of this and other shrewd acts, it "guided the Group from the brink of obscurity to the midst of fame and fortune in less than six months." But, Sanctuary says, "the fame and fortune... began to go to their collective heads.... The personalities of the Group members were made more noticeably volatile, in part, due to the drugs and alcohol which they began to ingest with increasing frequency. For example, in or around October 1987, two members of the Group, in the presence of notable members of the music industry community, physically assaulted a woman in a public place." Sanctuary says Poison wrongfully tried to terminate its management agreement in March and has since refused to pay the required 20 percent commission. Sanctuary also claims that group members have defamed it to "influential people in the entertainment industry" by saying that Sanctuary embezzled money from Poison and forged group members' names on life insurance policies taken out on their lives with Sanctuary as the beneficiary. Sanctuary seeks over \$127-million in damages.

NOTES ON THE ROLLING LIFESTYLE

In 1987, 107,414 cars were stolen in Los Angeles County (just 3,000 fewer than were stolen in the entire state of New York). Of last year's stolen cars, 96,455 were recovered—an 89.8 percent recovery rate, slightly above the state recovery rate of 87.3 percent and well above the national recovery rate of 64 percent. (Police acknowledge, however, that a "significant number" of the vehicles recovered had been stripped of major parts.)



THE SPY TRIP TIP:

The Exotic Dancers' Hall of Fame



Two hours from the Hollywood studios is the capital of another glamorous entertainment industry. Here, in the Mojave Desert, in Helendale, is preserved the heritage of stripteasing and exotic dancing—once-vital arts now endangered by the ubiquitous homogeneity of Chippendales-style mall acts.

At the end of a rutted dirt driveway, an elaborate wrought-iron arch announces the entrance to Exotic World, while a pack of fat, tiny dogs snarl a greeting. Jennie "the Bazoom Girl" Lee, a 55-year-old retired stripper, is the proprietor and curator. Since tours are By Appointment Only, you're sure to meet Lee herself, a former *Sheik* magazine cover girl who appeared with Mamie Van Doren in the 1963 classic *Three Nuts in Search of a Bolt* (Van Doren apparently had some difficulty getting in opposite directions, as required by the script) and still poses for "over-40" skin magazines such as *Prime*. Her museum serves as an educational clearinghouse for historic G-strings and strip films, undress-able stripper dolls and breast-shaped novelty items. A photo gallery honors large-breasted Golden Age ecdysiasts such as Morganna and Honey Bruce. Lee laments surgically enhanced modern bustlines. "Chesty Morgan," she says solemnly. "She was real."

At Exotic World, Lee teaches a new generation to strip as well as to dance exotically; the distinction is that in the latter, the performer actually removes no clothing. (Lee bristles when visitors use the terms interchangeably.)

Inside the museum the mood is Vegas: fake Greek statues, bright red shag carpeting, a concrete lion in a blond wig, and oil portraits of Jennie Lee from the Italian-American cocktail-lounge school. Autographed glossies of non-sexist celebrities Marlo Thomas and Ed Asner (Lee's high school classmate) as well as Mickey Rooney (who had an affair with the stripper Tempest Storm, according to Storm's autobiography, *The Lady Is a Vamp*) lend big-name credibility to the exhibits.

"Strippers are as American as cowboys and Indians," Lee says. The nationalism runs deep: the Bazoom Girl is very active in local Republican politics, as is her neighbor, horseman turned fast-food pitchman Roy Rogers (his museum is a short drive away). As we say goodbye, Lee, lounging on Jayne Mansfield's old heart-shaped couch, autographs a recent color glossy of herself, topless, hugging a two-foot-long stuffed banana: "You're the tops. Bust Wishes..." As always, she dots the i in Jennie with a star.

—Jack Barth and Ian Michaels

Tours by appointment, (619) 948-1153; \$10 admission includes souvenir books. For information, send SASE to 29053 Wild Road, Helendale, California 92342.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Monthly Research Bulletin on the Latest Findings in Psycho-anagramology

LOS ANGELES
LONG LEASES

SANTA MONICA
SATANIC MOAN

BEVERLY HILLS
SHRIVEL BELLY

HOLLYWOOD
LOWLY HOOD

TOM BRADLEY
TORY BEDLAM

THOMAS BRADLEY
HOMELY BASTARD

OTIS CHANDLER
...AS IN "CHORTLED"
HID NO CARTELS
HOARD CLIENTS
NOSTRIL ACHED
LEND CHARIOT

—Andy Aaron

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"The tone is quick, deft, precise, the plot as seductive as gossip.... What we end up with is a real life."
—Anne Tyler on Alice Adams's *Listening to Billie*

"Cause for celebration!"

—Adams on Tyler's *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant*

"This is a wonderful book...funny, wise and written with effortless elegance."

—Paul Theroux on Jan Morris's *Destinations*

"The best book of train travel ever written."

—Morris on Theroux's *The Old Patagonian Express*

"A fascinating work of history.... This book is invaluable."

—William L. Shirer on William Manchester's *The Glory and the Dream*

"A master storyteller."

—Manchester on Shirer's *20th Century Journey*

—Howard Kaplan



Only in L.A. is partying a sport.
And polo a lounge.





FASHION TIPS FOR FALL

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

The most frequently stolen automobiles were the Toyota Celica (3,547 taken from model years 1979-88 and 1,949 taken from 1969-78), the Toyota Corolla (2,517 pre-'79s and 2,122 later models) and the Datsun 210 (2,440 taken). Toyotas made up 20 of the 40 most popular car models among Los Angeles thieves.

Thefts of personal trucks rose 34 percent in 1986 and an additional 15.8 percent in 1987. Last year the thieves' favorite makes and years were post-1979 Toyotas (6,579), 1969-78 Fords (2,348), post-1979 Nissans (1,711) and 1969-78 Datsuns (1,382).

In Beverly Hills the most popular car to steal is, of course, a Mercedes.

MORE NOTES FROM AN EXCESSIVELY MOBILE CULTURE

Traffic Violator School Program

In Los Angeles driving is taken very, very seriously. Drivers who commit even one moving violation, one simple failure to heed a signal, observe the speed limit or bear in the direction everybody else is bearing can pay a stiff fine and accept points on their driving record, which can raise their (already high) insurance rates. Or they can go to traffic school.

At traffic school, drivers get an eight-hour reeducation in the importance of observing safe and responsible behavior while operating a powerful steel hulk at high speed. Listed below are some of the licensed and no doubt highly responsible outlets of the Traffic Violator School Program of the State of California Department of Motor Vehicles (names of celebrities who've been educated at these schools are in parentheses).

► **LETTUCE AMUSE U LAFF 'N LEARN TRAFFIC SCHOOL** (Joyce Dewitt, Three's Company)

► **Laffs "R" Us 7 Days** (Jerry Seinfeld, comedian)

► **LifeSavers entertains—U dayGnite Mor LaffinSnax Traffic Safety Education Traffic School** (Quinn Cummings, precocious Goodbye Girl star)

► **LESS STRESS 4U/HUMOR2/**

Visitors to Los Angeles should be aware that the city is the site of major gang warfare. There are two principal gangs, the Bloods and the Crips, which are divided into "sets" that also fight among themselves. There are approximately 80 Blood sets and 140 Crip sets—26,000 gang members in all.

Given the gangs' tendency to rain gunfire upon each other without warning—205 people were killed in 1987 alone—visitors (male or female) unacquainted with the folkways and traditions of the city may wish to take steps to protect themselves from being mistaken for combatants. Here are some fashion dos and don'ts:

1) Caps. Avoid wearing golf caps with a crossed-golf-club emblem. The symbol resembles the crossed-arm hand signal that has become a common neighborhood sign; the 111's and the Rolling 60s, among others, use it to identify themselves—and they will accost strangers sporting their insignia. Also, wear baseball and golf caps with visors facing forward; a cap turned at a rakish angle may indicate that you are a crack dealer or a murderer.

2) Hair. Wear your hair in a well-groomed and nondescript style, since gang members aspire to intimidate with spiky braids or hair cut fearsomely short. If you wear pigtails, avoid using rubber bands that are blue (a Crip color), red (Bloods) or green (the color of money, a sign that you may be holding crack; smart dealers, of course, try to keep a low profile—so there is a slim chance that by look-

ing nondescript you will be mistaken for a smart dealer. But you can't worry about that). If you have cornrows, don't have eleven rows, or six, or three: each of these identifies you with a gang or set. Come to think of it, so do most numbers under ten—it's probably best to avoid cornrows altogether.

3) Shirts. Wear tailored shirts and V-neck undershirts. Gang members favor plaid, Pendleton-ish shirts in blue, brown, black or red and like to wear two layers of white crew-neck T-shirts. Keep your shirt neatly tucked in. Gang members wear theirs loose, perhaps to facilitate access to their weapons.

4) Pants. Wear tight pants and, as with hair, let neatness be your byword. Gang members like to wear bib overalls with the bib down, or oversize, preshrunk Levi's 501 jeans, or khaki work pants (a style borrowed from the haberdashery found in juvenile homes). They are fond of wearing baggy pants low on the hips over wildly patterned boxer shorts, which they pull up above the top of the pants. This style also requires a hem of up to eight inches, with the fabric visibly tacked down with staples. If you too are enamored of this look, keep your belt buckle in front, not off to the side—a gang tip-off. Avoid buckles with lettering, particularly if you share initials with a gang.

5) Footwear. Avoid wearing British Knights tennis shoes. The initials BK on the shoes signify "Blood Killer" to a Blood. Try not to wear corduroy house slippers out-of-doors, as they are also popular with the gangs. Stick to thin shoelaces; thick ones signify gang affiliation.

6) Jewelry. Gang members favor heavy gold or silver nugget rings, rings that go over two fingers, heavy gold neck chains, large diamonds worn in one ear and heavy gold-rope earrings. Men in particular should avoid this look.

7) Accessories. Just this once, leave your square-dance bandanna at home. If you must wear one, don't hang it from your back pocket: hankies "hanging heavy" indicate a particularly strong attachment to your (putative) gang. Unless you plan on wearing a three-piece suit all the time—*Hey, I'm a businessman!*—leave your beeper behind too, or you will be mistaken for a crack dealer (although many dealers, availing themselves of technological advances, now carry cellular phones).

And, finally, if you have been considering having teardrops tattooed on your face, hold off until you get back home. Gang members who have been in prison sport the ink tears; some have a drop added every time they shoot someone.

—Jamie Malanowski and Deborah Michel

WHAT IF SIGMUND FREUD HAD BEEN A FORMER FASHION MODEL

1895 Freud dubs new patient "Frau K." due to inability to remember other letters in her name.

1898 Freud rejects theory of the unconscious, claiming its implications seem redundant.

1901 Freud disappoints group of Viennese intellectuals when his promise to show his "book" reveals photos of Freud pouting vacantly.

1912 Jung and Adler break away from Freud when Freud overemphasizes the importance of terry.

1913 Scholars reveal that *Dora: An Analysis of a Case of Hysteria* is actually about a bookie at Zoli.

1914 Freud's impassioned speech to Vienna Psychoanalytical Society finds members murmuring, "Who is Coco?"
—Henry Alford



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Naked City

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

SNAX/FUNFILMS (Cicely Tyson, from *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*; Art Matrano, *Uncle Rico* from *Joanie Loves Chachi*)
Comedians Plus Learn From Us Traffic School (David Rappaport, the midget on the TV show *The Wizard*; Conrad Bain, dad on *Diff'rent Strokes*; Anson Williams (under his real name, Heimlick), Patsy on *Happy Days*)
Original Singles Traffic School (Scott Baio)
Funny Traffic School (Lee Curreri, Bruno in movie and TV show *Fame*)

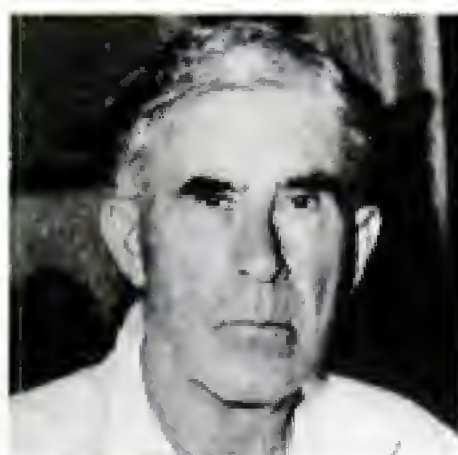
WE'VE LEARNED TO SOLVE OUR DIFFERENCES BY SHOPPING

According to records on file at Los Angeles Police Department headquarters, there were 81 days without reported murders during 1987 (compared, you may recall from our July/August issue, with only five homicide-free days in New York).

According to the Beverly Hills Police Department, there were 365 murderless days in 1987. ☛



Johnny Carson...



and novelist Zane Grey?



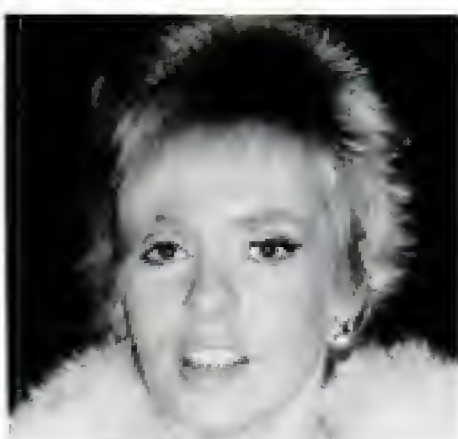
Director Hal Needham...



and Rev. Jim Jones?



Brigitte Nielsen...



and Joey Heatherton?

FULL HOUSE

Life-style for Sale

The real estate equivalent of prêt-à-porter is *turn-key*. The term refers to a house that requires only that the new owner, quite literally, turn the key, open the door and behold the furnished-from-top-to-bottom elegance of somebody else's taste. The turn-key entrepreneur might buy a modest Bel Air house for, say, \$3 million, then spend six months and \$1-million filling it with furniture and supertasteful Erté prints and jamming the nightstands with alarm clocks, remote controls and a Bible (optional). The whole package will then be sold to a superimportant rich person for \$7 million.

Robert Cheroske and Associates, a West Coast real estate firm, specializes in this type of decorator-in-a-drum retrofitting. "We are creating a world that is perfect," says Cheroske, sounding a bit like B. F. Skinner, if Skinner had been a movie executive. "We call it more like a *life-style*. Our clients are buying a life-style." Among those clients are Ernest and Tova Borgnine, Burt Reynolds and Tom Jones. Herewith, an annotated list of life-style ingredients with which Cheroske could make over a typical house.

- ▶ A master bedroom with an etched-glass-enclosed sitting area—with wet bar—that hangs over the downstairs area ("so you can watch your guests without them watching you"); a hydraulic TV that rises up out of a table at the push of a button; a stainless-steel bed with mirrored canopy
- ▶ A "Hers" master bathroom with bar; a marble indoor Jacuzzi; a sun deck and outdoor Jacuzzi; indoor and outdoor "masseur tables"; color-coordinated soap; a Kohler Habitat Room capable of producing steam, sauna, rain, warm wind and sunshine; a Wolff Series II tanning bed; a dressing room with electronically controlled conveyor-belt hangers; a television; a stereo; a built-in writing table; a gold-plated toothbrush
- ▶ A "His" master bathroom housed inside a two-story glass tower, with a full gymnasium, complete with arm machine, roman chair, turbo bike, "butterfly" machine (or "pec-deck"); a writing desk; a big-screen TV; a stereo; stainless-steel-and-chrome cabinets; an outdoor stone Jacuzzi; a chrome or stainless-steel toothbrush (to "go with" the cabinets)
- ▶ Two kitchens (one for the caterers), equipped with color-coordinated table linens, paper napkins, napkin rings, silverware, crystal, china, place mats
- ▶ Garage with a Rolls-Royce Corniche II convertible, a Lincoln stretch limo and a Mercedes-Benz 560 SL
- ▶ An outdoor air-conditioning system in which tiny water jets are shot out from under the roof, lowering the temperature 30 degrees within eleven feet of the house and discouraging insect life — Rachel Urquhart

ROCK 'N' WRESTLING!

HITS—Contest
DEMY—Cartoon
AL (CC)

"Pippi Longstocking," a girl who moves into a house with only a horse, a monkey and a cat—the last of which catches a lot of hoods. First of two

in.
UADRON: 60 min.
ED: 60 min.
60 min.
2 hrs.

the *Wilderness Family*.
 scenery highlights this
 at seeks to relocate in
 Logan.

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60 min.

2 hrs.

4" con Mariluz Real y

ussion

(Y: BEGINNINGS TO

n.

VICE: 2 hrs.

2 hrs.

Thing." (Japanese; 1964)

aters and some fine special ef-

close up

Proposed Movie
 of the Month

8 PM **SPY**



MOORE

WANTED: MISS AMERICA

It was a challenge to go from calendar pinup to post office pinup, but Bess Myerson managed it. Her inexorable rise (the humble Bronx origins, the Miss America title, the powerful roles in New York City government) and tragic fall (the indictment for influence peddling, the bizarre behavior, the arrest for stealing nail polish in Pennsylvania) are tracked faithfully in this wrenching portrait of a troubled soul. Mary Tyler Moore stars as the woman whose emotional stability just couldn't keep pace with her heady success—but whose resilience (she survived being linked romantically to Ed Koch) suggests she may rise again. Carl "Andy" Capasso: Dennis Franz. Mrs. Capasso: Joey Heatherton. Mayor Koch: Al Lewis. (2 hrs.)

	6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30
2 The	CBS News	News	Wheel of Fortune	Downtown	
	CBS News	Agronsky & Co.	News Magazine	Downtown	
	NBC News	Strictly Business	Throb	Facts	
ng...	Small Wonder	8 IR			

PROGRAMME
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say goodbye to clogged pores
and ingrown hairs.*

GEL
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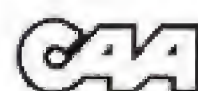
PROGRAMME
HOMME

LANCÔME
PARIS

TEN PERCENT OF EVERYTHING EVERYBODY MAKES

Who's Who Inside the House That Ovitiz Built

The roster of Hollywood's extraordinarily powerful Creative Artists Agency—its agents and clients—is one of the most talked about, closely held, never-before-published, constantly changing top secret documents in the filmmaking industry. CAA did not want it published. So, here is what we came up with. You can look at it. *But you've got to promise you won't show it to anyone.* As you glance over the list of clients—a list, please note, that includes Robert Redford and Barbra Streisand and Bill Murray and Tom Cruise and Sylvester Stallone and John Hughes and Paul Newman—bear in mind that CAA receives 10 percent of the income of every one of these people.



Creative Artists Agency, Inc.
1888 Century Park East Los Angeles, California 90067

STAFF

The Agents

Johanna Baldwin,
Marty Baum,¹
Jane Berliner,
Glenn Bickel,
Nan Blitman,
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Eric Carlson,
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Armyan Bernstein,
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Alan Parker,



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Walon Green,
Gordon Greisman,
Trevor Griffiths,
Larry Gross,
Andrew Guerdar,
Dan Guntzelman and
Steve Marshall,
Richard Gurman,
Beth Gutcheon,
Charlie Haas,

continued on page 52

Footnotes

1. CAA partner 2. Although not an agent, is Mike Ovitiz's right-hand man for business planning 3. Not an agent but is longtime general counsel to CAA 4. Also serves as Ovitiz's assistant 5. Partner and president of CAA 6. Not an agent but is prominent CAA legal associate 7. Clients whom CAA represents in more than one capacity are listed here only once, in the category for which they are best known



...AND STILL MORE PROOF THAT CAA RUNS HOLLYWOOD

Who's Who, Part Two

Bob Harling,
Hal Harris,
Susan Harris,
Jim Hart,
Patrick Hasburgh,
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Julie Hickson,
R. Lance Hill,
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Jeremy Iacone,
Neal Israel,
Georgia Jeffries,
Sue Jett,
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Rex McGee,
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Nigel McKeand,
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John Wells,
Gina Wendkos,
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Jane Curtin,
Valerie Curtin,
Jamie Lee Curtis,
Willem Dafoe,
Ted Danson,
Rebecca DeMornay,
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Bo Derek,
Bruce Dern,
Danny De Vito,
Matt Dillon,
Kirk Douglas,
Michael Douglas,
Robert Downey Jr.,
Sam Elliott,
Emilio Estevez,

Farrah Fawcett,
Barbara Feldon,
Sally Field,
Jane Fonda,
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Zach Galligan,
Teri Garr,
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Amy Gross,
Gene Hackman,
Goldie Hawn,
Mariel Hemingway,
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Kevin Meaney,
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Lori Singer,
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Sylvester Stallone,
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Eric Stoltz,
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Lea Thompson,
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John Wildman,
Robin Williams,
Debra Winger,
James Woods,
Sean Young
Performers
Gregory Abbott,
AC/DC,
The Adventurers,
Herb Alpert,
America,
Harry Anderson,
Jimmy Barnes,
Big Pig,
Michael Bolton,
Jackson Browne,
The Call,
George Carlin,
Peter Cetera,
Eric Clapton,
Cock Robin,
Crosby, Stills and Nash,
Cruzados,
Martha Davis,
Neil Diamond,
Dio,
D'Molls,
Dream Academy,
John Eddie,
Fire Town,
Fleetwood Mac,
Flesh for LuLu,
John Fogerty,
Hall & Oates,
Herbie Hancock,
Deborah Harry,
Corey Hart,
Hipsway,
Bruce Hornsby
and the Range,
House of Freaks,
Hunters & Collectors,
Hurrah!,
*Michael Jackson,
Magic Johnson,
Kings of the Sun,
The Kinks,
KISS,
Loverboy,
Madonna,
Christine McVie,
John Cougar Mellencamp,

Midnight Oil,
Joni Mitchell,
Graham Nash,
Roy Orbison,
Northern Pikes,
Graham Parker,
Dolly Parton,
Joe Piscopo,
Iggy Pop,
*Prince,
Dan Reed Network,
Paul Reiser,
Robbie Robertson,
Scritti Politti,
Sheila E.,
Patty Smyth,
Rick Springfield,
Starship,
Jermaine Stewart,
Rod Stewart,
Stephen Stills,
Supertramp,
'til Tuesday,
Danny Wilson,
ZZ Top
Composers?
Wally Bardarou,
Jellybean Benitez,
Tony Berg,
Carter Burwell,
Michel Colombier,
Michael Convertino,
Brian Eno,
Harold Faltermeyer,
Bryan Ferry,
Berlin Game,
*Philip Glass,
Herbie Hancock,
Mark Isham,
Joe Jackson,
Jimmy Jam
and Terry Lewis,
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Steve Levine,
David Mansfield,
Johnny Marr,
William Ovis,
Dean Pitchford,
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Lalo Schiffrin,
Joseph Vitarelli,
Narada Michael Waldon

Footnotes

8. Represented independently by Rick Nicita. 9. Though some composers are not primarily known as such, this is the capacity in which CAA represents them.

TRACY CHAPMAN



"Tracy Chapman...a precious discovery."
—Steve Sutherland/Melody Maker

"...one of the year's most promising debuts."
—Jon Pareles/The New York Times

"...the year's most celebrated debut..."
—Robert Hilburn/Los Angeles Times

" 1 9 8 8 ' S B E S T N E W A R T I S T "

—Rolling Stone

Make a discovery.
Listen to *Tracy Chapman*, the debut album.
Featuring the single and video "Fast Car"
plus "Talkin' Bout A Revolution" and
"Baby Can I Hold You."

Produced by David Kershenbaum for SBK Record Productions, Inc.

Important new music...
on Elektra cassettes, compact discs and records.



CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

a SPY's Horoscope for Skeptics
nother look at the horoscopes of familiar people on momentous days of their lives.

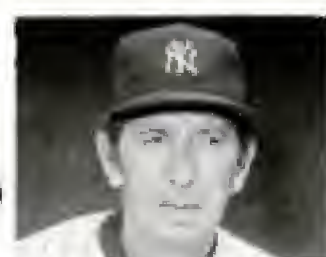
Subject: BILLY MARTIN

Sign: Taurus (b. 5/16/28)

Date: June 23, 1988

Notable Activity: Got fired for the fifth time from job as Yankee manager

Horoscopes: "You... seem to imagine that partners or associates do not approve or understand. But their opinions are of no importance, for it is only your own long-term happiness that matters now."—Patric Walker, *New York Post*; "Doing sales work can be lucrative; your gift for gab works well."—Joyce Jillson, *Daily News*



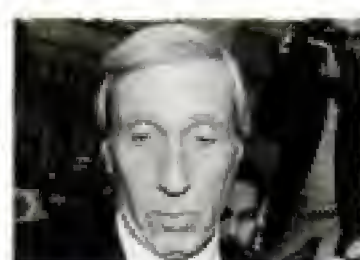
Subject: IVAN BOESKY

Sign: Pisces (b. 3/6/37)

Date: March 23, 1988

Notable Activity: Began serving a 36-month jail sentence

Horoscope: "You may well adopt a new and superficially less glamorous mode of getting around: you may find you are walking or bicycling. Anyway, you enjoy a simpler, plainer, and in fact more realistic approach to neighborhood concerns. Your community opens its arms and hugs you, in a way you haven't previously experienced here."—Jane Gaskell, *Town & Country*



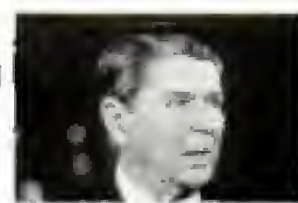
Subject: RONALD REAGAN

Sign: Aquarius (b. 2/6/11)

Date: May 31, 1988

Notable Activity: Fell asleep while listening to speech at Moscow summit

Horoscope: "More rest would be good."—Joyce Jillson, *Daily News*



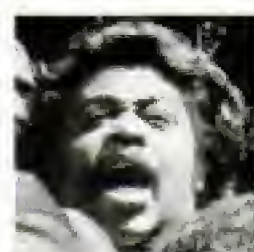
Subject: REV. AL SHARPTON

Sign: Libra (b. 10/3/54)

Date: June 14, 1988

Notable Activity: Suffered credibility reverses as former aide Perry McKinnon declared that Sharpton's allegations regarding Tawana Brawley were "nothing but a pack of lies"

Horoscope: "Expect disruptions in plans and sleepless nights. Your professional qualifications will be put to the test."—Laurie Brady, *Star*



—George Mannes



Naked City

"MR. STALLONE ON THE LINE..."

bollywood's tangled web of telecommunication yields a curious Zeitgeist all its own. The present moment's hierarchy of notoriety and bankability translates neatly into who takes whose calls and how quickly. Using only American Society of Magazine Editors-sanctioned journalistic techniques, SPY attempted to gauge just how hot the man responsible for *Rambo III* still is. A cross section of producers, agents, politicians and fellow actors was called; the moment each was informed, "I have Mr. Stallone on the line," we punched our timer and logged—to the second—how quickly meetings were interrupted, other lines put on hold and transfers to car phones accomplished, as people's people fell over one another to connect our man to theirs.

For any experiment to be scientifically valid, there must be a control group, so we made the same phone call to comparable professionals within the industry with one variation: a change in the superstar for whom we were purportedly placing the call. When the folks who make the magic realized they had the man who sang "It's Nice to Go Trav'ling" in *This Is Elvis* on the line, the cat who put the *rat* in Rat Pack—yes, *Joey Bishop*—the results were...uh, different.

	SLY STALLONE	JOEY BISHOP
AGENTS	Lucy Aceto, William Morris agent. Call-back time (despite her being home ill): 0:28:03	Sue Mengers, William Morris superagent. Call-back time: 0:38:15 (asked, "Can you tell me who he is?")
PRODUCERS	Don Simpson, producer (<i>Beverly Hills Cop</i> , <i>Top Gun</i>). Call-back time: 0:02:00	Joe Papp, Public Theater producer. Call-back time (as SPY went to press): 89 days
FELLOW STARS	Carrie Fisher, actress. Call-back time: immediately	Bob Hope, TV-special entrepreneur. Call-back time: 0:02:01
STATESMEN	Sonny Bono, mayor of Palm Springs. Call-back time: 0:01:05	Ed Koch, mayor of New York. Call-back time (after a City Hall underling said, "The mayor does want to speak to him"): 0:01:45
RENAISSANCE MEN	Michael Mann, executive producer (<i>Miami Vice</i> , <i>Crime Story</i>). Call-back time: 0:48:50	Bobby Zarem, preternaturally energetic publicist. Call-back time (as SPY went to press): 89 days
TALK SHOW HOSTS	Geraldo Rivera, greasy, gap-toothed host of <i>Geraldo</i> . Call-back time: 0:01:15	Regis Philbin, host of <i>The Morning Show</i> . Call-back time: 19:08:30
TALKING HEADS	Charles Redman, State Department spokesman. Call-back time: 1:16:55	Ted Koppel, <i>Nightline</i> anchor. Call-back time (as SPY went to press): 89 days
TOTAL CALL-BACK TIME	2 hours, 38 minutes, 8 seconds	267 days, 19 hours, 50 minutes, 31 seconds

—John Brodie

OLD GRAND-DAD



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKY

ME AND MY GRAND-DAD

*It could
only happen
in
Hollywood!*



...when
**LANA
TURNER**
shared a lover with
AVA GARDNER!

The
knew
Ladie
to de
and



handsome bartender
how to make Pink
but what's a guy
when he walks in
ds two ladies in

By B. J. DUCHARD

SUPPOSE YOU COULD FIND a blind date to Gardner for a blind date to question? In the first place, why that gorgeous Gardner gal would ever to find her a man?

Hold on, though. You just don't find. Across the nation, from coast to coast, unusual for a guy to dig up an ex-buddy. Leave it to movieland to go. There it's all reversed -- the glamorous girl friends with a handsome hunk of

DEFINITELY NOT US.

Is this the way you see entertainment magazines?

It's no surprise.

The stock-in-trade of entertainment magazines has always been a little gossip, a smattering of smut and a dose of sex.

Historically, they have not been the repository of American haute culture.

This rather questionable genre of magazine is definitely not US.

Oh, we deal with entertainers, alright. But in a very different fashion.

We talk to them. We listen to them. We get to understand them.

What they are not as stars, but as fellow human beings.

We don't spread rumors, we don't deal in sexual innuendo.

What we do, we do with some style, with some sophistication, with some wit.

Ask yourself: Is your idea of US based upon a first hand reading of it? Or is it the result of an old cliché? If it's the latter, we know an easy way to fix it.

US

DEFINITELY A DIFFERENT KIND OF ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE.

MASON'S: EVERYTHING YOU HATE ABOUT L.A. IN A NUTSHELL

- It's another fake Nell's.
- It's in Brentwood.
- It's designed to look like Ralph Lauren's store. (The soap in the men's bathroom is dispensed from mallard decoys.)
- The fireplace is gas-fired.
- The menu offers stir-fried eggplant with broccoli and tofu, as well as potatoes prepared *seven different ways*.
- It proudly caters, its publicist says, to "the big stars, the old guard." The major, major figures who have already stopped by since the club's opening this spring include Milton Berle, Ringo Starr, Robbie Robertson, Ronald Perelman, Ali MacGraw and Ali MacGraw's mother.
- The pianist plays selections from *Godspell*.
- The top of the grand piano is covered with garishly modern silver-framed photographs of

movie stars and of the club's investors—the latter group consisting of 84 major, major figures who put up a total of \$1.2 million to bring Morgan Mason and John Mason's (no relation) scheme to life.

- Morgan Mason is Pamela and James Mason's son, used to work for Ronald Reagan, has long, flowing hair, drives a gray Ferrari and says he has five films "in development."
- John Mason is a lawyer who represents Morgan Mason's wife, the singer Belinda Carlisle, as well as Olivia Newton-John, Brian Wilson and Barry Manilow, all of whom he persuaded to invest in the restaurant.

Most of the other important investors fall into one of two comprehensive, L.A.-Celebrity-defining categories, although some could be placed in either column.

SLIMEBALLS

David Begelman: convicted thief, *Mannequin* producer

Norman Brokaw: William Morris head, Fawn Hall flack

Mike Curb: former Republican lieutenant governor of California

Eugene Landy: psychologist accused of unethically maintaining a Svengali-like hold over Brian Wilson

Marvin Mitchelson: palimony entrepreneur being investigated for allegedly forcing female clients to engage in sexual acts

Lou Pitt: Arnold Schwarzenegger's agent

Ray Stark: producer and David Puttnam nemesis

Burt Sugarman: producer of *Children of a Lesser God*, *Extremities*

HAS-BEENS

Bob Eubanks: *Newlywed Game* host

Mark Goodson: *Family Feud* producer

Fred Hayman: Giorgio founder

Robin Leach: all-too-easily-mimicked host of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*

Barry Manilow: jingle writer

Ed McMahon: pillow-shaped *Star Search* host

Olivia Newton-John: boutique owner

Al Ruddy: *Smokey and the Bandit* producer

Brian Wilson: aging Beach Boy; appears as a schoolteacher on *The New Leave It to Beaver*

Hugh Wilson: *Police Academy* director — Deborah Michel

THE SPY SUNTAN CALIBRATOR

How Tan Is Too Tan—and Where Do You Rank?



NOT TAN

Pee-wee Herman
Madonna
Phoebe Legere
screenwriter
Keith Richards
average New Yorker

TAN ENOUGH

average Los Angeleno
movie-studio senior vice president
Don Johnson
Johnny Carson

TOO TAN

Five Towns orthodontist
Elizabeth Taylor
Grant Tinker
picket-line-walking screenwriter
valet-parking attendant
wife of Five Towns orthodontist
Ali MacGraw
Dick Van Patten
George Hamilton

ASPY CLIP 'N' SAVE



CHARIVARI

"I must be getting old,
I just don't get it."

CHARIVARI

What is expected of New York is the unexpected.
Comme des Garçons Homme Plus; Claude Montana Women's Collection

BLOCKBUSTER REVELATION: HOLLYWOOD NOT SO GLAMOROUS AFTER ALL

It was an L.A. kind of morning. Bright, clean, sea-scrubbed sunlight flooded our art deco Santa Monica hotel room. It was the first day of the rest of our lives, and, although we didn't know it at the time, the rest of our lives would include standing within three feet of Morgan Fairchild.

We could have only hoped.

A half-hour drive east on Wilshire Boulevard found us on the outskirts of Beverly Hills, pulling up in front of the offices of ★★Hollywood On Location★★, a tourist service that promises on any given weekday to "pinpoint exactly where and when the Stars will be filming all that day and night until the following dawn." Our goal: to drive all over southern California wasting as much gas and visiting as many locations as possible, to see plenty of Stars, to gain a tourist's-eye view of the *real* Hollywood. "At the sites just stay out of camera view and be 'quiet' when called for," advised the ★★Hollywood On Location★★ brochure. "You'll be surprised how close and friendly most Stars are, as you politely ask them to take a picture...."

We bounded up the stairs to find a shabby suite of empty offices tended by a handsome elderly woman — one who probably didn't plan on ending up precisely *here* when she arrived in Los Angeles 40 years ago.

"What's on the menu?" we cheerfully asked. "Anything good?"

"Wa-al," she croaked with a kindly, absentminded smile, "how often are you gonna find Danny De Vito and Arnold Schwarzenegger playing twins?"

Not often enough, we thought, laying down our \$29 fee. The woman handed us a thick sheaf of papers and explained the ★★Hollywood On Location★★ system: a master sheet listed the day's L.A.-area shoots and included titles, stars and the kinds of scenes to be filmed — *Fugitives*, for instance, starring Nick Nolte and Martin Short, which was marked down that day as shooting exteriors in a vacant lot, with the added attraction of "Car drives into hole." Altogether, 21 features, TV movies and series were listed. There were maps. It looked easy. More important, it looked star-studded.

An hour and 15 minutes later we arrived at our first location. It was the corner of Sepulveda Boulevard and 98th Street, near LAX, where we were led to believe we'd find an "Actor walking on edge of road" for *Twins*, the De Vito-Schwarzenegger vehicle. What we found was an empty, starless sidewalk in front of an ugly green building — a quintessential L.A. scene, but not what we had expected. A mistake? We rechecked the master list: the hours given for this location were 7:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m.; the hours for most of the other locations were no more precise. The old lady hadn't told us that we might have to wait around for the better portion of a day before something happened. Ordinary cars with anonymous drivers roared by, oblivious both to our disappointment and to the fact that a major celebrity would at some point today be walking on this very sidewalk. At some point, but not now.

It wasn't a total loss, however. On the way over we'd seen a nun driving a Cadillac. The rest of our day went like this:

Location: Bradley International Terminal, Los Angeles International Airport

Movie: *TWINS*

Promised stars: Schwarzenegger, De Vito

What we found: Servicemen and Asian tourists

What we found after roaming around the terminal for a half hour: A red Ford truck parked at the curb, on its dashboard a sign announcing it as an official vehicle of the *Twins* production company — a physical manifestation of the moviemaking industry, a truck that Danny De Vito or Arnold Schwarzenegger might have actually brushed up against. Nearby stood a beefy, bored-looking man in a Twentieth Century Fox T-shirt. Our hearts pounded.

"Are you with the movie?" we asked.

"Yes," he responded, his face betraying no emotion, his eyes not meeting ours. He was Ernest De Pew, construction coordinator. Another, friendlier man walked up — Chris Burian-Mohr, art director.

"When's Arnold getting here?" we asked.

"I don't know," said Chris. "They told me one o'clock" (it was 11:30). He pointed out his crew to us — two men were changing an

ARRIVALS sign over a door to read DEPARTURES — and explained the shot: "It's Arnold walking out the door and going into a shuttle bus." Suddenly the phlegmatic Ernest perked up.

"Wow, *look at that*," he blurted. We spun around. A car was being towed away.

Reflections: We decided not to wait for Arnold.

Location: 4615 Roma Court, Venice

Movie: *LOVERBOY*

Promised stars: Kate Jackson, Patrick Dempsey, Kirstie Alley, Vic Tayback

What we found: Outside on street corner, a food wagon serving sandwiches and burritos to Mexican construction workers who didn't belong to a powerful movie-industry crafts union

What we found when we looked more closely: A stylish white stucco building with its front door open. Inside, non-Mexican workers who did belong to a powerful movie-industry crafts union were painting the walls and moving furniture.

"Is this the *Loverboy* set?" we called out.

"Yes," said a painter who didn't look up from his work. "They're shooting here tomorrow."

"Can we come inside anyway?"

"No."

Reflections: *Thank God we weren't traveling with children.*

Location: 462 Sherman Canal, Venice

Movie: *STREET OF DREAMS* (made-for-TV)

Promised stars: Morgan Fairchild, Ben Masters, John Hillerman

What we found: Lights, a camera, casually dressed people standing around smoking cigarettes and holding walkie-talkies. "Rolling...speed...marker!" shouted an uncelebrated member of the Hollywood creative community. "Action!"

In front of the camera, Ben Masters — a star, *of sorts* — pulled an actor dressed as a workman out of a pickup truck.

"I didn't call for a repairman," said Masters threateningly. *Oh boy*, we thought, *a fight scene.*

But the other actor acted incredulous. "What are you going to do? Kill me? Over a birthday gift?" Masters's face fell, a study



*I'll be crushed if I don't get picked
by Laurent-Perrier.*

You'll be crushed if you do.



Grand Siècle Champagne

From Laurent-Perrier

(continued)

in chagrin, as the repairman continued: "Your aunt wanted it to be a surprise." From the broad nature of the performances we guessed this was meant to be a scene of comic misunderstanding.

What would turn out to be the day's closest brush with stardom: As the crew set up for the next shot a voice called out from the house, "Phone call for Miss Fairchild!"

A bleached, permed, mustachioed woman in a pair of black walking shorts, whom we had taken for somebody's personal assistant, looked up and trotted into the house. Was that...? *It was.* Morgan Fairchild, a woman whose televised image will be beaming past Alpha Centauri well into the next century, had been standing right next to us.

An encounter with an important member of the Hollywood creative community: Sobered, we met *Street of Dreams*'s screenwriter, a thickset man named Bill Stratton, who was also the supervising producer. We figured he was what Hollywood calls a hyphenate, but he called himself a hybrid and looked more like a San Pedro beach bum than like a Monroe Stahr. He chain-smoked Kools and explained the plot of *Street of Dreams* to us: it's a mystery story about a private eye who investigates the case of a missing movie script and nearly ruins his life by falling for a beautiful but evil woman.

"Hey," Bill said finally, "I think we've all been there." We nodded, although we hadn't, in fact, been anywhere near there—except vicariously via hundreds of like-minded TV shows.

Location: Ocean Avenue at San Vicente Boulevard, Santa Monica

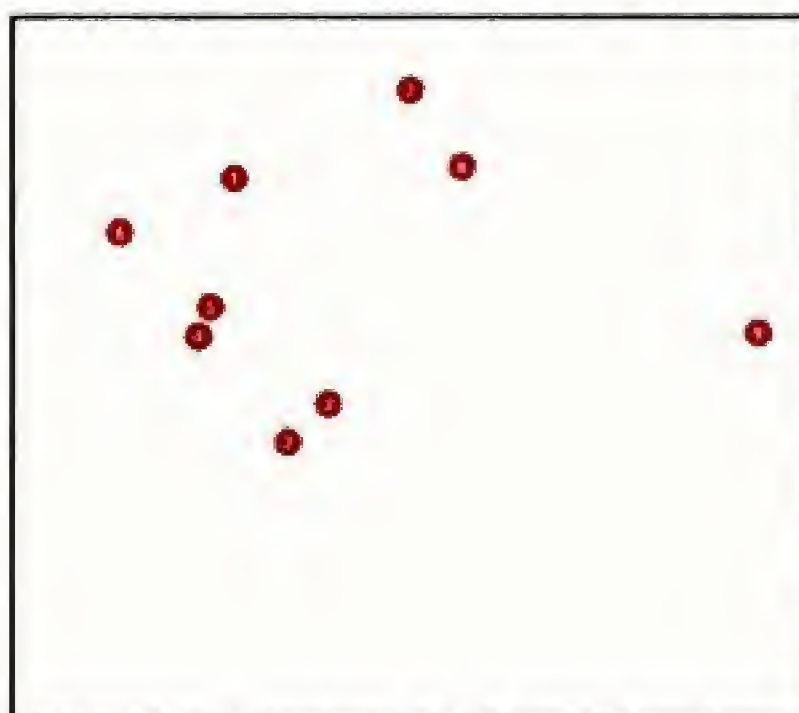
Movie: *LOVERBOY*

Promised stars: Kate Jackson et al.

Promised added attraction: "Car stunts"

What we found: A huge film crew lounging around in a pretty, palm-tree-lined park by the beach

An encounter with an unimportant member of the Hollywood creative community: We headed straight for a group of people sitting on canvas chairs—stars, we hoped. One man was dressed in a police costume. "Are you in the movie?" we asked. No, he



- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 • Hollywood | 5 Street of Dreams |
| 2 • On Location • | 6 Loverboy II |
| 3 • Sunset I | 7 Beverly Hills Brats |
| 4 • Sunset II | 8 The Hunchback of UCLA |
| | 9 Tequila Sunrise |

said, he was a real cop, assigned to the set. He stretched his arms behind his head and smiled, tilting his face toward the sun; clearly, his tan had been worked on. He told us that the cast was out shooting car shots, driving all over Santa Monica. "You'll never find them," he said.

How a grip we met explained *Loverboy*'s plot: "A young boy gets kicked out of school and his parents won't give him any money, so he becomes a gigolo..."

How the grip's explanation was interrupted by a sour-faced publicist: "If you want to talk about the film, you can call me."

Location: Santa Monica Boulevard at Highland Avenue, Hollywood

Movie: *BEVERLY HILLS BRATS*

Promised stars: Martin Sheen, Ramon Sheen, Terry Moore, Burt Young

Promised added attraction: "Fake car"

What we found: A handsome art deco office building and a fast-food joint

What we found when we looked more closely: Pastrami tacos

Location: Lucerne Boulevard at Wilshire Boulevard, Hollywood

Movie: *THE HUNCHBACK OF UCLA*

Promised stars: Tom Skerritt, Cindy Williams, Corey Parker, Melora Hardin

What we found: A group of walkie-talkie-laden movie crew members lounging on the lawn in front of a mission-style Catholic school. What's *The Hunchback of UCLA* all about?, we wanted to know.

"It's about a crazy guy who kills coeds," said a potbellied middle-aged man in shorts.

"But it's a comedy, right?"

He didn't say anything.

"Are you a production assistant?" we asked, changing the subject.

"Yeah," he said warily, after a pause. "I'm a production assistant." We hadn't meant to imply that he seemed kind of old for the job, but it appeared he'd taken it that way.

Our second-closest brush with stardom: In a hallway we saw Jessica Harper—a star, but unbilled. Her decidedly pained facial expression gave us to believe that something was causing her discomfort, even shame, and we chose not to ask about her involvement with this particular picture.

The legacy of Keaton, Chaplin, Sturges and Wilder: The actors and director started rehearsing a scene involving some intricate slapstick comedy. Corey Parker—a star, we gathered, in the *Tiger Beat* sense—led the hunchback up a staircase; the hunchback wore ill-fitting clothes and mismatched shoes, the apotheosis of wackiness. The twosome passed a donnishly dressed actor, who, at the bottom of the stairs, bumped into a pair of pert, UCLA-esque coeds. His briefcase spilled open, revealing a lacy black bra and a nudie magazine. The coeds looked bemused. That was the scene. The cast rehearsed it a couple more times—to get the opening of the briefcase just right.

"They've got the worst gags in this movie," a stylist told us.

Location: Slauson Avenue at the San Gabriel River overpass, Pico Rivera

Movie: *TEQUILA SUNRISE*

Promised stars: Mel Gibson, Kurt Russell, Michelle Pfeiffer, Raul Julia

Promised added attractions: "Boat drives by, foot chase"

What we found: A dry culvert

A final, haunting image: We were in a part of Los Angeles County even natives consider ugly. The sun sank below a horizon bristling with fast-food signs and refinery pipes—its last, feeble light glowing through the low-slung petrochemical haze.

—Bruce Handy and Helen Schulman

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AVANTOGRAPHY BY JACK PEDOTA

AGENCY: KIRSHENBAUM & BOND

"Smalto. You make me weak."



FRANCESCO SMALTO FOR MEN

FILLES

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"Smalto. You make me weak."



FRANCESCO SMALTO FOR MEN

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“IF I TOUCH MY CAP, IT MEANS BUNT; IF I TOUCH MY BELT, IT MEANS HIT AWAY;
IF I GRAB MY THROAT, IT MEANS LET BRANDON STRIKE YOU OUT.
I’LL PROBABLY BE GRABBING MY THROAT A LOT.”

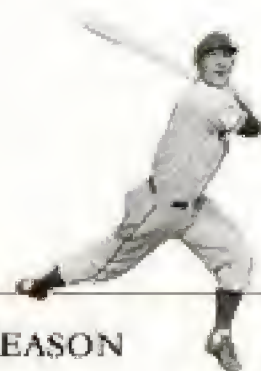
Softball. The word evokes images of lazy Saturday afternoons spent drinking beer and applauding ridiculous errors in the company of good friends—a Löwenbräu scene. But in the famous Sag Harbor and Los Angeles quasi-celebrity softball games, those friends are media princes and entertainment mandarins, and a timely double can pay off with a lucrative book or television contract.

When Roy Licerio began playing in the Los Angeles game, he was a baker. One day on the diamond he suggested to Scott Kaufer, vice president of comedy development for Warner Bros., that Warner produce a show about someone living (as Licerio did) with his or her little sister. Shortly thereafter *My Sister Sam*, featuring Pam Dawber living with her little sister, appeared on television. Warner paid Licerio \$1,000 for the idea. A New Yorker who went out to Los Angeles three years ago looking for a network job arranged his four-week stay in such a way that he would have five Saturdays to play alongside Brandon Tartikoff. Within the year he was an NBC vice president. Unsurprisingly, then, in these Networking League games the good fun is often tainted by Larry-Tate-sucking-up-to-the-client unctuousness. (*Great swing, sir!*)

Kaufer recently sent a challenge to the Sag Harbor team through journalist Ken Auletta, a prominent Sag Harbor left fielder who when he reaches base on an error demands that it be scored as a hit. Auletta made a cameo appearance in an April 1988 Los Angeles game (a single in four at-bats; a nice running catch in the outfield). This challenge is in the recent tradition of Pooh-Bah-heavy, geographically disparate teams playing each other: the Sag Harbor squad occasionally takes on a team from Litchfield, Connecticut, that includes Jeff Greenfield and Tom Brokaw (Sag Harbor has won four games out of five).

But until the two coastal antagonists actually meet—on a ball field somewhere in Nebraska, presumably—the following chart, which shows how they match up on paper, will have to do.

	SAG HARBOR	LOS ANGELES
PLAYERS INCLUDE	<p>Robert Sam Anson, Pete Dawkins nemesis and author of <i>Best Intentions: The Education and Killing of Edmund Perry</i></p> <p>Ken Auletta, overachieving author of <i>Greed and Glory on Wall Street</i></p> <p>Walter Bernard, designer of every magazine on earth</p> <p>Carl Bernstein, party guy, occasional author</p> <p>Avery Corman, author of <i>Kramer vs. Kramer</i> and <i>Oh, God!</i></p> <p>Walter Isaacson, ubiquitous <i>Time</i> editor</p> <p>Jackie Leo, editor, <i>Family Circle</i></p> <p>John Leo (founder), acerbic <i>Time</i> contributor</p> <p>Richard Reeves, Robert Mitchum-esque writer</p> <p>John Scanlon, mini-Falstaffian PR man</p> <p>Wilfrid Sheed (nonplaying observer), garrulous writer</p> <p>Lori Singer, <i>Footloose</i> costar</p> <p>Diane Sokolow, senior vice president, Metro Goldwyn Mayer/United Artists Television Productions</p> <p>Mel Sokolow, independent film producer</p> <p>Edward Tivnan, excessively well-turned-out writer and TV producer</p> <p>Vic Ziegel, <i>Daily News</i> sports editor</p> <p>Mort Zuckerman, would-be Columbus Circle real estate destroyer, magazine publisher, purchaser of literary friends</p>	<p>Chris Carter, screenwriter</p> <p>Tony Denison, pizza-faced <i>Crime Story</i> costar</p> <p>Russell Devita, <i>Los Angeles Times</i> editor</p> <p>Rick Feldman, station manager, Channel 13 KCOP</p> <p>Peter Greenberg, generic Warner Bros. producer and <i>Los Angeles Times</i> travel columnist</p> <p>Steven Horn, <i>Los Angeles Herald Examiner</i> sportswriter</p> <p>David Israel, writer and development executive, Ohlmeyer Communications</p> <p>Scott Kaufer (commissioner for life), Warner Bros. vice president of comedy development; graying boy wonder</p> <p>Robert Landau, freelance photographer</p> <p>Roy Licerio, former baker, now cable company employee</p> <p>Bob Myers, Los Angeles <i>Daily News</i> staff artist</p> <p>Steve Oney, lanky freelance magazine writer</p> <p>Robert Palmer, <i>Miami Vice</i> writer</p> <p>Jeff Silverman, <i>Los Angeles Herald Examiner</i> entertainment editor</p> <p>Brandon Tartikoff, president, NBC Entertainment Division; failed novelist</p> <p>Rich Turner, <i>TV Guide</i> bureau chief</p> <p>Dean Valentine, high-strung former journalist; Disney's director of network TV development</p> <p>Steve Wollenberg, TV cameraman</p>
SEASON	Weekend before Memorial Day through early September	Year-round. Each season is 15 games, with a game every three weeks



Naked City

(continued)

	SAG HARBOR	LOS ANGELES
NUMBER OF PLAYERS	Roughly 60. The 20 most senior players play in the first game. (Seniority is determined by number of games played over the years—or, in the case of Mort Zuckerman, number of writing and editing jobs controlled.) Second game is first-come, first-served	24 (with a 38-person waiting list). <i>Seniority</i> has no meaning in Los Angeles
RULES	<i>Press Rule:</i> Anyone who talks to the press about the game will be ostracized. <i>Criticism Rule:</i> Players can't criticize other players unless they really aren't trying. <i>Steve Schwartz Rule:</i> If you have played in 65 games or more and show up by 11:45 a.m., you can automatically play in the second game (originated for Steve Schwartz, a sulky attorney and entrepreneur who was always too late to play in the second game and not senior enough to play in the first). <i>Mort Zuckerman Rule:</i> You can't pitch too hard (Zuckerman is known to throw a very hard ball)	Players are divided into two teams at the beginning of each season. One team is called the Sea Gulls; the other, the Nighthawks. The teams are named in memory of a sea gull killed by a ball Dave Winfield threw and a nighthawk felled by a Rickey Henderson hit. (High-production-value team jerseys and hats have a picture of their bird seeing stars after being hit by a baseball.) The first team to win eight games during the season is the champion. Players' statistics are printed in the <i>ClawNews</i> , an irregularly published newsletter
PLAYERS' AVERAGE AGE, AVERAGE SKIN COLOR	40, pasty	35, precancerous
AMBIENCE	Easygoing, except for Auletta and Zuckerman. Unlike the L.A. team, they don't divide into permanent teams, so there is no built-in competition. Women are allowed to play in the eight-inning games. No uniforms; no nicknames	Very competitive, with uniforms and 12-inning games. Tartikoff, who played at Yale and pitches, is particularly intense. Women are putatively allowed to play, but none ever have. Nicknames: Wollenberg is "Raoul"; Tartikoff is "Raggy"
MOTTO	"The game that has lasted longer than most marriages"	"Softball <i>longa, vita brevis</i> "
WORST INJURY	Bernard destroyed his knee sliding into third; it required two operations	Tartikoff dislocated a finger; it did not require any operations. Tartikoff, in fact, pushed it back into place and continued pitching
WORST DISPUTE	Corman and Scanlon disagreed about the infield fly rule. They settled the matter after an amicable discussion	Myers and Wollenberg disagreed about a strike call. They settled the matter through a complex series of insults
SCHMOOZING AND JOB-GRUBBING	Scanlon is always trying, unsuccessfully, to interest writers in stories about tobacco companies he represents. Running joke: if you catch a Zuckerman pop fly, you effectively destroy your career in journalism	Studio executives compose the team's unofficial A-list. Writers are strictly B-list. The following writers, surely coincidentally, have got better jobs since joining the league: Robert Palmer—formerly staff writer for the <i>Herald Examiner</i> , now writer for <i>Miami Vice</i> . David Israel—formerly <i>Herald Examiner</i> feature columnist, now writer and development executive for Ohlmeyer Communications TV shows. Scott Kaufer—formerly <i>California</i> magazine editor, now vice president of comedy development for Warner Bros.



—Jennifer Conlin



WELL, THE GLENLIVET Scotch whisky does cost around \$20.00. Which some say is a small price to pay for a Scotch which has been made in the same unique way since 1747. A 12-year-old single malt Scotch with a

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Here's one of nine mini-miracles. They are the world's first digital headphone stereos systems. Their tuners tune more accurately. Their tape players play exquisitely. The largest weighs just 8 oz.

Obviously what we do is more important than what we don't. Aiwa. What a difference!



References

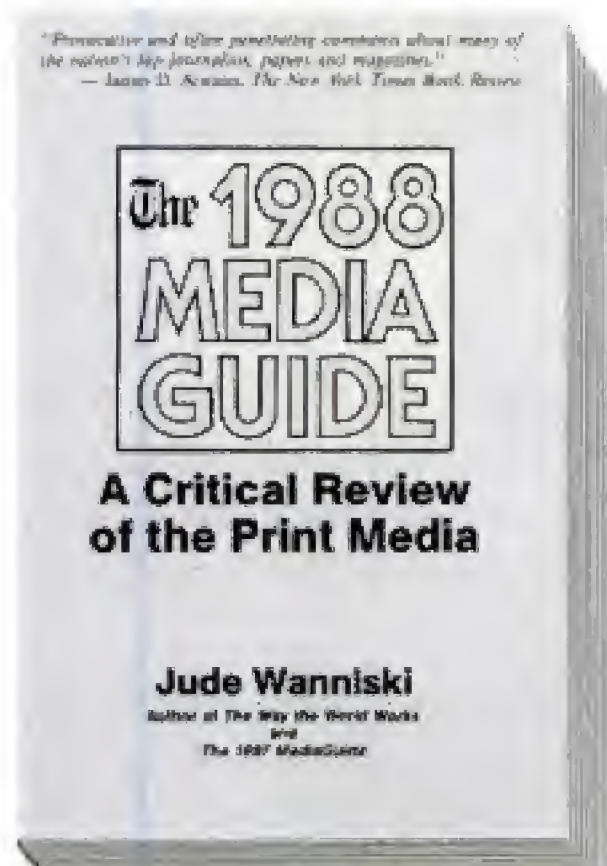


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Fortunately, Gelb's control over stories concerning his pet conflicts of interest seems to be diminishing. Already in evidence is a countdown of sorts that will culminate in his departure from the paper. Week by week, his waning influence will be perceptible, demonstrated most strikingly by refreshingly objective treatment given Segal and other Gelb cronies and to the victims so unjustly shut out from the paper's pages these many years. The countdown kickoff was July 10, when in a single edition of the *Sunday Times* the paper's critics were asked to give realistic appraisals of how Segal's festival had fared *and, to a man, did just that*. In a story on O'Neill's house in New London, Connecticut, *Times* readers were further treated to a rare quote by Louis Sheaffer, who, contrary to past *Times* habit, was identified as the author of a Pulitzer-winning biography of the playwright.

—J. J. Hunsecker

Media Guide reviews the leading business magazines.



BusinessWeek

We wrote last year that "there is no publication in American journalism that improved as much in 1986." In 1987, however, *BusinessWeek* slipped back, as it has from time to time, becoming once again a fast-food magazine. Readers could still get a good overview of what had gone on in the business world during the previous week, but would have to look elsewhere to make sense of the bigger trends. The magazine's weekly schedule, compared with biweekly for *Forbes* and *Fortune*, is both its greatest competitive strength and a possible source of weakness. There is a tendency to overreact to last week's news, and perhaps to tolerate some mediocre material simply to fill pages.

BusinessWeek's coverage of the ups and downs of the stock market illustrates a chronic tendency to exaggerate, and to extend the latest trends into the future. After the Dow Jones stock index dipped to 2254 in late April, *BusinessWeek*'s 5-11 issue was full of decidedly premature stories about the end of the bull market and imminent recession. Howard Gleckman and Blanca Riemer wrote that "the economy seems poised either to slide into recession or undergo a new round of inflation." Growth of real output instead averaged 3.6 percent for the first three quarters, inflation moderated, and the stock market surged another 500 points. *BusinessWeek* quickly changed its tune. "The Good Times Roll On," said the 7-6 issue: "on tap for..."

Hot off the press is the 1988 edition of Jude Wanniski's annual critical review of print media in America—the *Guide Michelin* of periodicals.

Here are the opening paragraphs of Media Guide's penetrating comments about three major business publications. It's just a sample of what is available to readers and advertisers wanting objective evaluations and analyses of the major periodicals reporting on the world of business, politics and the economy today.

Advertisers and their agencies, who must make objective judgments about the relative merits of more editorial environments than they can personally evaluate, will find the 1988 Media Guide* an invaluable tool for making informed media decisions.

Forbes

Forbes continues to be one of the most informative, absorbing and integrated publications on our shelf, the very best business periodical for investors. The magazine distinguishes itself by going far beyond presenting isolated stories to its readership. Consistently, *Forbes* reveals the philosophical underpinnings of successful business in its people and idea-centered pieces. On a micro-scale, *Forbes* can analyze an event, the progress or failure of a company, or a trend in a particular market, inside out. The aggregate effect on a macro-level is to powerfully convey the energy of the American and world markets — something no other business publication has achieved at such a high level this year.

Editor James W. Michaels, one of the best in the business, is said to be a hard taskmaster, and the constant churning on the masthead suggests a lively effort and reward system. But the key to the kind of boldness we continue to see in *Forbes* is Michaels' courage. He has the fortitude to back his reporters by running with material no other publication would touch, as long as he's decided the material is solid, that all the questions have been asked, all the rigorous analysis completed. A perfect example of this, "Is Leslie Wexner Riding For a Fall," 4-6, by Steve Welter, an audacious cover story that for all practical purposes predicts, correctly, the decline of the high-flying giant retailing chain, The Limited, Inc. Again and again we see...

Fortune

The best we can say about Marshall Loeb's first full year as editor of *Fortune* is that we almost always find one rewarding piece somewhere in each issue. We're spending more time with it. After leaving a successful tenure as editor of *Money* in June of 1986, Loeb's step up to Time Inc.'s prestige flagship naturally invited speculation that he would convert the troubled *Fortune*, whose slip had been showing for years, into a slightly more sedate version of the magazine he'd left. He still might, but there continues to be so much to-ing and fro-ing under the Loeb aegis that it's not clear what kind of character it will have when matters crystallize.

Clearly it has become "the most painfully yuppie-oriented" of the business magazines, as one of our readers puts it. Another of our "news gourmets," a genuine Wall Street yuppie, had this line in his year-end summary: "Many of the articles are pleasant, pleasing stories that almost seem as if the *Fortune* writers are reporting on their fellow fraternity brothers, which most often strikes me that way when they're writing about *Fortune* 500 chiefs, R.R. Secretary Baker, or Alan Greenspan." This isn't a hard-and-fast rule, by any means. Peter Nulty's sharp look at Allied-Signal's Edward Hennessy, 12-7, had the rough and tumble flavor we've come to expect in *Forbes*. We also appreciate Alex Taylor III, profiling Chrysler's Richard Dauch, 6-22, not Lee Iacocca. There is nothing wrong with admiring... at this magazine.

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“ARTHUR, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET CHER...”

Why *The New York Times* Gets No Respect in L.A.



WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION of Ben Stein, Aljean Harmetz—voice of *The New York Times*, mistress of the melon bowl, high priestess of trivia, first lady of logrolling—is the most inexplicable journalist in Hollywood. If Harmetz writes a story, then it is either (a) wrong, (b) late, (c) trivial or (d) designed to advance the career of one of her sources. Or all of the above.

On April 27, 1988, Harmetz filed—and the *Times* published—a story headlined HOLLYWOOD WELCOMES BACK OLDER AUDIENCE. The thesis of this muddy article was that the era of the teenage movie was over and that of the literate adult movie was dawning.

The story was long on chatty little anecdotes but short on persuasive facts. Harmetz, it seemed, had extrapolated an industry trend from the decision of Paramount Pictures president Ned Tanen to buy the rights to two plays about middle-aged characters. In fact, as *The Los Angeles Herald Examiner* pointed out four days later in a virtual refutation headlined REPORTS OF TEEN FILMS' DEMISE ARE PREMATURE, we must, unfortunately, count on seeing a lot more of Judd Nelson and Rob Lowe.

Harmetz was three years late filing a full-blown piece on the famous Begelman scandal (David Begelman, the head of Columbia Pictures, embezzled \$61,000 in forged checks between 1975 and 1977), and when she finally did chime in, her *Times Magazine* piece was strangely fact-free and uncritical. The story of the excessive salaries being paid to male stars, which really broke with Stallone earning \$12 million for *Over the Top* in 1986, doesn't seem to have reached Harmetz's attention until this February. She routinely files the basic story in any Hollywood reporter's repertoire—the analysis of box office grosses—long after most of the wire service reporters. (It took Harmetz eight days longer than everyone else to notice that *Big* was surprisingly outgrossing *Rambo III*.)

“She must have the smallest Rolodex in town,” says the show business correspondent for several national magazines. “She just talks to the same seven people all over

town, and they spout these crazy, self-aggrandizing statements that end up in the *Times* disguised as trend stories about Hollywood.” In addition to caftan-wearing Allan Carr and gnomish lap-sitter Ray Stark, two producers who usually speak on background, Harmetz bases many of her stories on the ambitions of social climbers Wendy Goldberg (wife of Fox Film Corporation president Leonard Goldberg) and winsome producer Larry Mark. Disney workaholic Jeffrey Katzenberg also finds time to fill Harmetz's ear with simplistic analysis, as does Fox chairman Barry Diller. But her primary sources are apparently Indie-Prod president Dan Melnick and Melnick protégé David Chasman.

As producer Martin Bregman told writer Mark Litwak in Litwak's book, *Reel Power*, “Aljean Harmetz knows nothing. I am stunned by her lack of knowledge. I am absolutely stunned.”

Harmetz is not above accepting favors from her friends: she is believed to have used Allan Carr's Hawaiian home as a vacation spot, and her daughter Elizabeth was obligingly cast by producer Ray Stark in his bomb *Annie*. A few years ago when Elizabeth Harmetz had her *bas mitzvah*, invitations were extended to many in the movie business. They felt obliged to attend to ensure publicity for their movies in the *Times*, just as they felt obliged to provide films for the (now defunct) Annual Los Angeles International Children's Film Festival, run by Harmetz's husband, Dick.

In return, Harmetz favors her friends with good press, written in the gushy style of the *Photoplay* and *Cosmopolitan* writer that, until 1978, she was. She has written of the loathsome Ray Stark: “Even his enemies describe Stark as ‘brilliant’ and ‘charming,’ but the word most often attached to his name is ‘Byzantine.’” Surely the only person ever to attach the word *Byzantine* to the name of Ray Stark is Ray Stark himself.

But she's rough on those who don't cultivate her. Deposed Columbia Pictures boss David Puttnam received a withering rebuke from Harmetz when a big *Vanity Fair* story on him appeared in April. “She felt

she should have had the story first,” he says. “I said, ‘The other magazine called me and you didn't.’ But she made it very clear that I committed some reprehensible, if vague, act of *lèse-majesté*.”

Harmetz is also hard on the public-relations people who have to deal with her. “She wants better hotel rooms,” says one PR man. “She wants special meals.” Another publicist, having long disdained Harmetz for her demands and errors, reluctantly agreed to establish a relationship with her after he got a call from *Times* managing editor Arthur Gelb, who was apparently concerned that the paper was losing stories because of the rift. The publicist called Harmetz to arrange lunch.

“I don't go to lunch,” the heaviest fork this side of Marvin Davis replied.

“But,” he protested, “Arthur Gelb suggested...”

Before he could finish the sentence, Harmetz reversed field: “Well, I suppose we could have tea.”

Harmetz has managed to hold on to her job by such politicking. She is especially adept at showing her editors a good time when they junket to Hollywood. Gelb, in particular, is said to have found the round of parties, personalities and kowtowing wonderfully gratifying.

But Harmetz's skillful toadying can't completely hide her shortcomings. When a delegation of Soviet filmmakers and directors visited Hollywood in the spring of 1987, she requested a long interview and also demanded that background materials be dropped off at her house at all hours. The Soviets worked hard to meet her needs and set aside an hour for an interview with director Elem Klimov.

At the appointed time, the director, several translators and Harmetz sat down to begin the lengthy discussion of Soviet film. Harmetz asked a series of questions that demonstrated that she was profoundly unprepared for the interview—indeed, that she was almost completely uninformed about Russian film. Fifteen minutes into the interview Klimov turned to a translator and said, “There is no reason for me to sit here any longer. This reporter is a fool.”

—P. J. Corkery



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LOS ANGELES

CITY WITH

PAUL RUDNICK
COMPARES
NEW YORK WITH
LOS ANGELES
AND FIGURES
OUT THIS
WHOLE NUTTY,
LAID-BACK
SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA
LIFE-STYLE THING



PART I THE ALLURE OF L.A. A MANIFESTO

WE ARE AT A \$200,000 WEDDING; A STRIPED TENT FLUTTERS OVER THE FINE SAND OF MALIBU. AS THE CEREMONY OPENS, THE JUDGE READS ALOUD FROM THE HAPPY COUPLE'S RÉSUMÉS: "VICKY HAS WRITTEN TWO EPISODES FOR THE SUCCESSFUL SYNDICATED TELEVISION PROGRAM *CHARLES IN CHARGE*...."



BARBARA WALTERS IS INTERVIEWING SYLVESTER STALLONE IN HIS WALLED BEVERLY HILLS KINGDOM. SLY DISPLAYS HIS MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR ART COLLECTION—HIS RODIN BRONZES, HIS CHAGALES. WE APPROACH A ROCKY PORTRAIT BY LE ROY NEIMAN IN RAINBOW PASTA. BARBARA INQUIRES, PENETRATINGLY, WHETHER SLY FEELS THAT NEIMAN HAS CAPTURED HIS ESSENCE. SLY BLUSHES; NEIMAN "MADE ME TOO NOBLE."



WE ARE ATTENDING A CHARITY GALA, A FUNDRAISER FOR THE AMERICAN CINEMATHEQUE. BILLY CRYSTAL CAVORTS WITH AN ENORMOUS CONDOM ON HIS HEAD, MASQUERADING AS GUEST OF HONOR ROBIN WILLIAMS'S PENIS. CHEVY CHASE STANDS ON THE DAIS, BEFORE 500 OR SO INDUSTRY HEAVIES. HE CONFESSES THAT HE HAS NOT PREPARED ANY REMARKS. HE TURNS TO MICHAEL EISNER, THE ESTEEMED CHAIRMAN OF THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY. CHEVY ASKS EISNER, "MAY I PEE IN YOUR MOUTH?"

NGELES

OUT SHAME

California is the land of shamelessness. People migrate to Los Angeles for a single reason: *they want to do everything they're too embarrassed to do in Manhattan*. New York offers the tyranny of Good Taste; L.A. embodies the triumph of the garish, of candy-apple slobber and the conspicuous midriff. This is not necessarily a bad thing.

In Manhattan a gracious private residence entails 12 rooms in River House, chintzed and swagged and overstuffed by Sister Parish or Mark Hampton in emulation of a rambling Hertfordshire rookery. In Los Angeles, Aaron Spelling, Olympian producer of *Charlie's Angels*, *The Love Boat* and *Hotel*, last year acquired the old Bing Crosby place, a scant 24 rooms crowbarred onto an 18-acre spread. Spelling has had the Crosby mansion razed, to be replaced by a more suitably luscious Versailles—48 rooms incorporating a disco, screening facilities, a bowling alley, an entire floor of closets, four two-car garages and other must-haves, more than an acre of floor space in all. The River House scheme pants for understatement, for a *Burke's Peerage*-like breeding by association. The Spelling manse aims at San Simeon excess, at wallow, at the flagrant consumption of an Alexis Carrington Colby on speed. Most homeless people would prefer Casa Spelling: the TV screens will be Advent, the refrigerators walk-in

and the carpet at least two inches thicker. Both homes are obscene; the Spelling place doesn't care.

A Manhattan executive, male or female, will appear for work or after-hours in either charcoal gray, ubiquitous black or a daring navy blue; the fabrics will be nail-head woolens and Egyptian cottons, the accessories discreet alligator. A Los Angeles counterpart, studio executive and gynecologist alike, will dress as an oversize infant at Easter-time. The palette is screaming peach, bloody purple, baby-chickie yellow; the exquisitely rumped washable silks billow, the jogging suit is fluffy pink cashmere, the \$450 Rodeo Drive sweatshirt glints with the Eiffel Tower worked in gold sequins. The Manhattanite lives in terror of a primary color or a visible label; the Los Angeleno is a happy billboard, reeking of Giorgio and packing an 18-karat-gold-plated Bijan revolver. Woody Allen hunches at Elaine's in Ralph Lauren cords; Nicholson bellows, in chrome yellow and Ray-Bans, at a Lakers showdown. We admire Woody; we howl for Jack.

Manhattan is straitjacketed in irony; everything is a reference, a test of coolness, a cue. Desperate to avoid any social error, New Yorkers retreat into a monolithic subtlety, into a prison of not just safe sex but safe everything. Los Angelenos are New

Yorkers who exploded, who couldn't take it anymore, who prefer smooching Olivia Newton-John to cochairing with Brooke Astor. New Yorkers rent therapists; Californians do liposuction. Californians get more satisfaction.

Sex in Manhattan is all talk; condoms are unnecessary, as everyone is far too busy swapping gory tales of co-op-thieving ex-wives and cradle-robbing ex-husbands. New Yorkers aren't built for sex; they are pasty, spindly things, asthmatic and parched. California babes strive for that Tahoe call-girl look in sausage-skin track shorts and waxed everything; L.A. dudes cultivate redwood tans and Schwarzenegger cleavage. People in L.A. actually have sex, because there's nothing else to do; in New York we have ballet tickets. Think about it: in New York movies (*Tootsie*, *Arthur*, even *Annie Hall*) no one really has sex; they have repartee. In L.A. movies (*Shampoo*, *Chinatown*, *10*) everyone makes out, often with members of the immediate family.

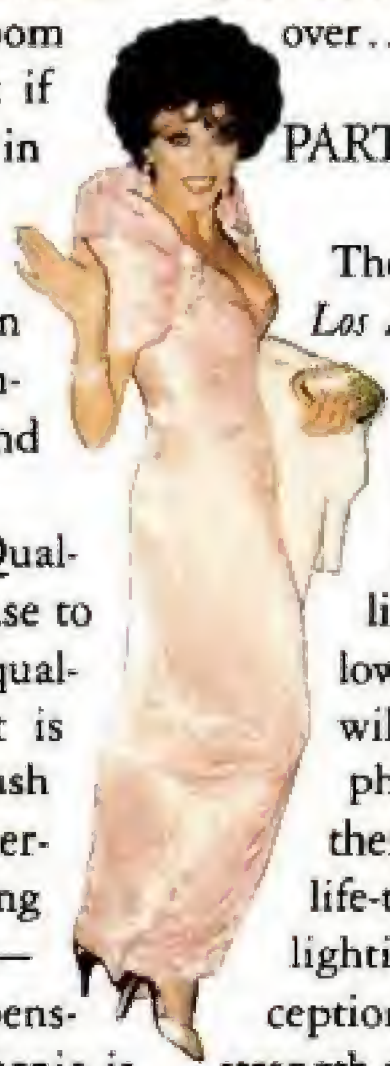
New Yorkers embrace guilt; Los Angelenos worship the sun. For a New Yorker, a good time demands stress and rejection: pleading with M.K. door thugs, slogging around the reservoir at 5:00 a.m., paying vast sums to stew in an un-air-conditioned cab en route to a Wooster Group performance atrocity. In L.A. pam-

pering is all: the personal trainer arrives at your Holmby Hills door, car phones ameliorate freeway tie-ups, begonias bloom by Mexican magic. In New York if you don't sweat it isn't working; in L.A. if you break a nail it's covered by Blue Cross. New Yorkers splurge on Petrossian beluga at \$40 an ounce and then fret over panhandlers; L.A.-ites coo in hot tubs and invent the Reagans.

New Yorkers are obsessed with Quality, with the Best; L.A. is home base to the movie business. In moviedom, quality is not merely unnecessary, it is feared—quality can reduce one's cash flow. Eliminating quality can be liberating. Vegas, Atlantic City, shopping malls, television, Connie Stevens—these are the quintessential, indispensable offspring of California. California is much more American than New York; in America all things are equal.

Is California evil? Yes—because it values only crassness, only one's lowest impulses, one's more inflatable fantasies. Is California healthy? Yes, for the same reasons. L.A. is a rest, a vacation from moral and aesthetic scrutiny, from doom and gloom, from *The New York Times's* Op-Ed page. L.A. is a ride with the top down, be-

side a Heathy bimette in spandex and spike heels, a human who'll never anguish over... anything.



PART II THE EFFECTS OF L.A. CASE STUDIES

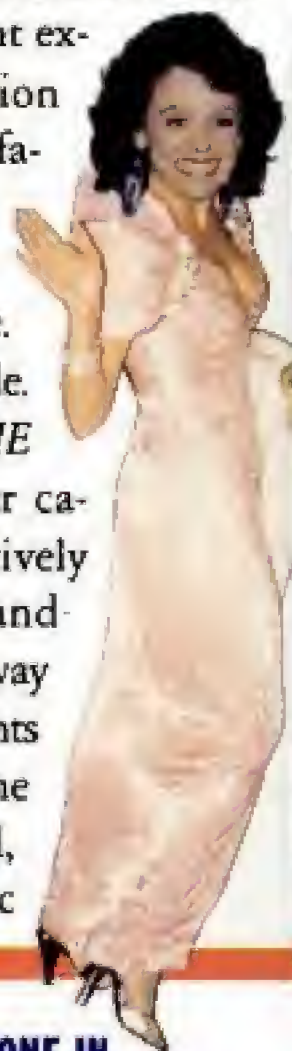
The inescapable truth: *if you move to Los Angeles, you will ultimately become Joan Collins.* This is scientific fact, proved through independent laboratory testing and case-history observation. If you spend as little as 12 months in L.A., the following phenomena will occur: You will become obsessed with your physical assets and youth, or lack thereof; in time you will resort to life-threatening surgery, flattering lighting and steamrolling self-deception. You will mistake industrial-strength eye makeup for glamour. You will become unfathomably wealthy, less as a result of your nebulous talents than as a dividend of your tireless publicity skills. You will marry repeatedly, in a downwardly mobile trend; if you're female, your final husbands will be tennis pros and masseurs; if male, your estate will be divided among stewardesses and former call girls.

Your career will spiral—from the cover of *Newsweek* to the cover of *People* to the

upper-right-hand corner of the cover of the *National Enquirer* to the back pages of tabloids printed in Spanish. You will become increasingly litigious in matters of libel, divorce and residuals; you will also employ astrologers, nutritionists, pet therapists and every other conceivable charlatan. You will publish a ghostwritten autobiography and/or diet-and-exercise guide that is alternately lurid and self-pitying. You will endorse dime-store toilet water, denture cream and adult diapers, all in order to remain in L.A. You will measure your self-worth by the fame of the previous owner of your current address. You will assume a permanent expression of terror, an expression only partially masked by the facial skin secured beneath your wig by piano wire. You will have the time of your life.

This process is unavoidable.

CASE STUDY #1: VALERIE HARPER. Harper began her career as an earthy, seductively talented Manhattan actress and dancer, appearing on Broadway in such highbrow entertainments as Paul Sills's *Story Theater*; she was married to Richard Schaal, a scruffy, sly New York comic



HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL STUDIO EXECUTIVE

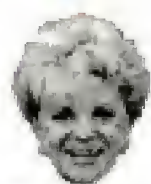
Men: Shrink to under five feet eight inches, buy the same Armani blazer as everyone else at Mortons

Women: Henna your hair, have a baby, marry a no-account European director and cry when you're alone (à la Holly Hunter)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LITERATI

Jackie Collins

Joan Collins



Judith Krantz

Joan Rivers

Sidney Sheldon

Neil Simon

Danielle Steel

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MADE EASY

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DISEASES

Epstein-Barr

Melanomas



Silicone drift and silicone hardening

Infection from faulty hair transplant or face-lift stitches

Tennis elbow from charity matches with the Van Patten family

CALIFORNIA EXCUSES

"Everyone in New York is too career-oriented"

"Judd Nelson is so intelligent that some people find him abrasive"

"I spend a lot of time in my car, so a phone makes sense"



"Weren't the Olympics great?"

"California isn't just L.A."

EVERYONE IN CALIFORNIA IS WRITING A SCREENPLAY. THESE SCREENPLAYS CONCERN:

Two waitresses who are mistaken for spies

An alien that disguises itself as a high school student

Something that comes from the future and disguises itself as a high school student

An uproarious platoon of security guards, meter maids, limo drivers, valet parkers or garbagemen

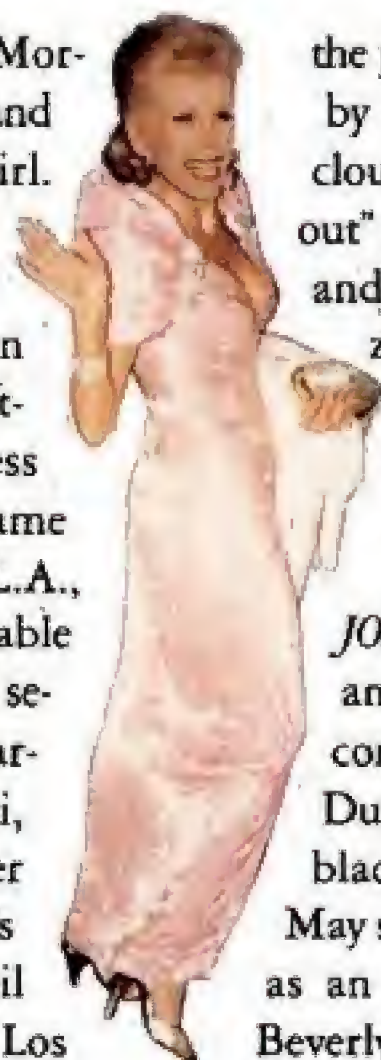
A renegade, charismatic police detective who must tangle with either white people or something that comes from the future



actor. Soon Harper became Rhoda Morgenstern, Mary Richards's best buddy and America's favorite chubby Jewish girl. But by that time Harper had moved to L.A. The inexorable had begun.

Harper was spun off into her own sitcom, *Rhoda*. Her character was softened, dieted, married off, made less quirky and less ethnic. Rhoda became more "American," meaning more L.A., more sweet and chemical, more suitable for consumption at Epcot Center. The series was canceled, as was Harper's marriage. She then married Tony Cacciotti, the personal trainer who resculpted her thighs for the film of Neil Simon's *Chapter Two*. Appearing in a Neil Simon film is always a symptom of Los Angelization. Consider the blanding of such stars as Marsha Mason, Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Lemmon and Bill Cosby.

Harper became a spokesperson for The Hunger Project, an L.A.-based echo of est. The Hunger Project believes that if we all just think really hard about worldwide starvation, it will end. Harper last surfaced as the star of *Valerie*, a TV series in which she portrayed a suburban housewife named Valerie Hogan, a Donna Reed variant colorlessly tossing salads on her butcher-block kitchen island. Harper left



the program, which was coproduced by her trainer-husband, under a cloud of litigation; she now "speaks out" about the ouster on talk shows and in the pages of women's magazines. Harper, still a talented comedian, has become Joan Collins — taut, tinted and scandal-bound.

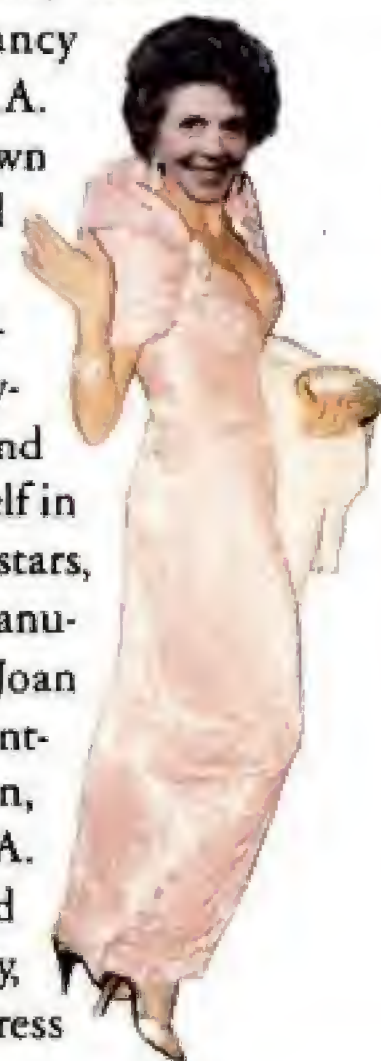
CASE STUDY #2:

JOAN RIVERS. Joan began as an abrasive, scrappy Manhattan comic, battling her way from The Duplex to Carson; she wore simple black cocktail dresses of the Elaine May school; she bewailed her tragedy as an unwed Jewess. She shifted to Beverly Hills, she began guest-hosting *The Tonight Show*, she married Edgar Rosenberg, who became her manager: the L.A. Effect had begun. Rivers was soon sprouting skyscraping shoulder pads and De La Renta glitz; her ferocious dental bonding, rhinoplasty and liposuction became legend. She mocked Liz Taylor and dined with the Reagans. She published *Enter Talking*, a marathon of bitterness.

For Reaganizing herself Joan was awarded the *Late Show*, where she hosted a nightly Bel Air cocktail hell, chatting with Emma Samms. Joan even began toting a

tiny, overbred doggie. The *Late Show* flopped, Edgar committed suicide, Victoria Principal sued Joan and Joan sued *GQ*. Joan's scandals swamped her, her L.A. travail overtook her humor. Joan is the Joan Collins of comedy, a shivery matron, no longer Joan Molinsky from Riverdale, but a true Hollywood Square.

CASE STUDY #3: AND NOW, THE Joan That Ate America, the Joan That Would Not Die, the Über-Joan — Nancy Reagan. Born a pinch-faced, talentless doxy in New York, Nancy Davis high-tailed it to L.A. There she married her own Blake Carrington and plotted her rise. Ron, after all, *is* Blake, a mindless, Brylcreemed, benevolent Daddy-machine. Nancy slimmed and schemed and drenched herself in Galanos; she consulted the stars, Imelda, Jerry Zipkin. She manufactured herself, in true Joan style, emerging as a cement-coiffed, robotic First Dragon, as Alexis in *Excelsis*, as L.A. triumphant — undisguised power, a drag queen's epiphany, Joan Collins as The Empress of the Universe. ☛



L.A. TURN-ONS

Spotting Don and Barbara at a stoplight

Calling the florist



Getting invited to the White House to hear Jim Nabors sing

Reenacting your birth

Feeling the burn

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CROSS-ADDICTIONS

Shopping on Rodeo Drive and cocaine

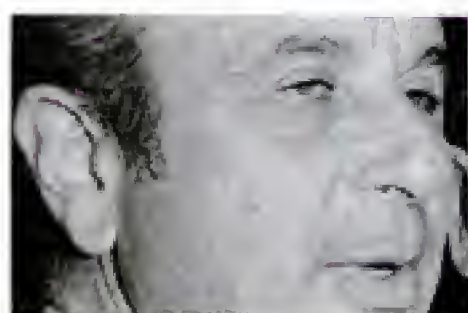
Serial marriages and alcoholism

Lifecycles and bulimia

Car phones and Ecstasy

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SCANDALS

Billionaire Boys Club murders



Begelman forgeries

Manson killings

Cher not being nominated for *Mask*

WHY NO ONE GOES TO THE BEACH IN CALIFORNIA

Natural tan not as clean and convenient as ultraviolet-bed tan

Sun might melt hairpiece

No Lifecycles

Diamonds might get buried in sand

No phones in ocean

WHY MARILYN COMMITTED SUICIDE

Because she hated L.A.

Because she had slept with Elia Kazan and Arthur Miller and was too embarrassed to go on living



Because she had heard Gloria Steinem and Norman Mailer were planning books

Because all she had to look forward to was Teddy

CALIFORNIA IS THE ANTIDOTE TO:

Merchant Ivory movies

Raymond Carver

Saggy all-black outfits by Yamamoto

Derek Jacobi

U2

Connecticut

WHAT LOS ANGELES ENVIES ABOUT NEW YORK

Literate conversation

The Carnegie Deli

Bookstores

Staying up late

Walking to the corner

More than one industry



The Christmas season

Brooklyn Academy of Music

WHAT NEW YORK ENVIES ABOUT LOS ANGELES

The beach

The sun

No Brooklyn Academy of Music

A C A V A L C A D E O F

S SCHMUCKS

ALTHOUGH LOS ANGELES

EVERY CITY HAS ITS ARCHETYPAL CITIZEN. WELL, SOME CITIES DO. LIKE, UH, NEW YORK.

FAIRLY SEETHES WITH

WHEN YOU THINK OF NEW YORK, YOU THINK SENTIMENTALLY OF AN UNFLAPPABLE

HIGHLY VISIBLE GOD-

CABDRIVER SPOUTING TOITY-TOID-AND-TOID BROOKLYNESE. BUT WAIT—THAT IMAGE

AWFUL CHARACTERS,

DOESN'T REALLY HOLD ANYMORE, DOES IT? AND (IT NOW OCCURS TO US) IT WASN'T THE

SOME DESERVE SPECIAL

ONLY ARCHETYPAL NEW YORK IMAGE IN THE FIRST PLACE. SO MAYBE...MAYBE *NOT* EVERY

RECOGNITION. HERE

CITY HAS ITS ARCHETYPAL CITIZEN.  BUT IF THAT'S THE CASE, WHY IS IT THAT WHEN

ARE THE MOVERS AND

WE THINK OF LOS ANGELES, WE THINK, SENTIMENTALLY, OF A TASTE-FREE, SELF-AGGRAN-

THE SHAKERS EVEN

DIZING ASSHOLE LOUNGING POOLSIDE WITH A CELLULAR PHONE GLUED TO HIS EAR?

L. A. LOVES TO HATE

Because the theory may have something to it after all.

That's what we learned when we asked a panel of experts whether they could think of any characters that even Los Angeles is discerning enough to despise. They're still phoning us with names.

Names like Armand Hammer, the relentlessly self-promoting industrialist and Stalin apologist; Jake Steinfeld, the relentlessly self-promoting fitness peddler; Henry Jaglom, the relentlessly self-promoting movie director; Bob Wachs, the relentlessly Eddie Murphy-promoting manager; Robert Hilburn, the relentlessly metaphor-mixing music critic; Melinda Jason, the relentlessly Ned-Tanen's-name-dropping agent; and, once indicted, the relentless junk-bond confectioner Mike Milken. These, and others (such as relentlessly self-promoting but *bicoastal* shopkeeper Bijan), didn't even make the final cut.

The ones who *did* shouldn't necessarily take it too hard. Because being despised by Los Angeles—and, in that very Hollywood, award-giving way, *being recognized by one's peers for being despised*—is practically a compliment, analogous to finding your name on the White House enemies list a few administrations back. David Puttnam, for one, would surely be in our cavalcade if he were still a southern Californian. But, we admit, Puttnam is—or would have been—an exception; unlike him, most of these people would probably be unpopular *anywhere*.

So do these archetypes actually exist? We're still not sure, but we did have a cabbie last week who not only couldn't stop cursing Walter O'Malley but actually knew how to get where we wanted to go. And we



"And We'll Get Barbara Bosson to Play the Woman!"
STEVEN BOCHCO
PRODUCER

Shakespeare, Melville, Bochco. And not necessarily in that order. The foul-mouthed TV producer-genius (*Hill Street Blues*, *L.A. Law*, *Hooperman*) takes his Work and himself very seriously. A veteran of MTM and charges of over-the-top sexism. Told *Newsweek* it couldn't do a story on *L.A. Law* unless it put his not entirely photogenic and not quite universally familiar face on the cover.

"I Don't Have to Act, I'm the Star of the Show"

ROBERT CONRAD
ACTOR-LOUT



The teeny, laughably macho star of *The Wild, Wild West* and several classic battery commercials is an abrasive—um, honest—Hollywood actor and

a worthy antagonist of the typical abrasive (um, abrasive) Hollywood producer. He's also a great father: for his recent series, the TV-history-making *High Mountain Rangers*, Conrad hired his daughter as executive producer and his two sons as costars.

"My Son, the Photo Op"

ROBERT GALE
PHYSICIAN



The Chernobyl disaster may have had its down side, but it's one of the best things that ever happened to the undeniably talented Gale, who is alternately highly regarded and reviled by his colleagues. Several foreign physicians rushed to the Soviet Union, but only Gale understood publicity (did he *have* to jog every day while at Chernobyl?) and got himself in the news incessantly. Before, Gale was just a smart, maverick UCLA bone-marrow-transplant specialist who had briefly been in trouble with the National Institutes of Health for allegedly using experimental treatments on patients without proper authority. Today he's a best-selling author (of an account of Chernobyl), frequent lecturer (\$5,000 per) and extremely visible doctor-about-the-planet. Expresses his individuality by wearing clogs.

But on Dragnet and Adam-12 They Were Always So Polite!
DARYL GATES ►
CRYPTO-FASCIST

Los Angeles's horrid, blustery chief of police is two parts Earl Butz and one part Charles Bronson impersonator. During his distinguished career he has joked about "lazy" Latino police officers; asserted that the Soviet Union was going to send spies disguised as Soviet Jews to the Los Angeles Olympics; announced that some blacks have died while in police choke holds because their circulatory systems don't respond the same as "normal people's"; and defended illegal LAPD surveillance opera-



tions with a philosophical "There is absolutely no way that we cannot, on occasion, trample on some people's privacy and their freedom." In the meantime—how dreadfully predictable—one of his own children has been in frequent trouble with the law, including a 1985 arrest for armed robbery.

"And Don't Forget — I Was Sonny Bono's Mother-in-law Too"

GEORGIA HOLT
VICARIOUS-FAME SEEKER

Admits to being Cher's mother ("I am Cher's mom, and I am proud to be her mom, but I am also Georgia Holt"), despite the undeniable presence of a sec-



ond name. Former cable television star, frequent bride, professional celebrity mom, coauthor of book on celebrity moms (sample insight: "I was considered quite beautiful as a young woman and a 'blonde,' and that was hard on Cher, though I didn't realize it then [not that I could have done anything about it if I had]"), coproducer of two TV specials on *Superstars and Their Moms*—and yet, amazingly, clearly *not* cashing in on her daughter's fame. Absolutely not. No way. As she writes, "When your child becomes a star, a ripple effect—more like a tidal wave, really!—sweeps the entire family along." Can't be helped.



Moody? Awkward? Selfish? This Man Understands Teenagers
JOHN HUGHES
WRITER-PRODUCER-DIRECTOR

Once, his sentimental, highly similar comedies were adored in Hollywood, not because they featured generic but plausible teenagers but because they were cheap to

produce and did fabulous box office. But then the arrogant, temperamental, unpredictable Hughes either ran out of pubescent memories or convinced him-

self that real auteurs creatively stretch. Now he makes grim, money-losing disasters about quirky but implausible adults, and he is no longer Hollywood's BMOC. To slow down his career slide, Hughes has taken to disowning himself: as *Premiere* reported, he disowned the script he wrote for his early flop, the malodorous *National*

Lampoon's Class Reunion; and then, to make himself seem more creative, he denied he'd ever admitted that he'd based the lonely teens of his early successes on himself. He has even denied basing the leading man in *She's Having a Baby* on himself, even though the guy's a college dropout who works in an ad agency and is a weekend writer who is married to his high school sweetie—Hughes, in other words. Paramount responded to his flops by disowning him too, which is why Hughes made *The Great Outdoors* for Universal.

Hands Across the Camera Lights

KEN KRAGEN

AGENT-CARING GUY

Even the most discerning music lover is probably willing to sit through Lionel Richie and Kenny Rogers if it means feeding starving children. What, after all, are a few uncomfortable minutes spent listening to "Don't Fall in Love With a Dreamer" compared with the bowl of rice it will buy? So it may seem harsh to criticize Kragen, who manages both Richie and Rogers and was the promoter of both USA for Africa and Hands Across America, for raising *only* \$16 million instead of the intended \$50 million for the latter event. But these large-scale, celebrity-laden fundraisers feed the self-satisfaction of the participating stars as much as they feed Ethiopians or the hungry in America. And Kragen gets not a little attention for his efforts. "He's the world's greatest salesman," says one associate, intending it as a compliment, and Kragen has enjoyed comparing himself to Peter Ueberroth—intending that as a boast. He has also complained, "You have a serious danger of burnout because the media grabs on to these things and exposes them so widely." Uh-huh. We liked him better 20 years ago when he was running Pat Paulsen's presidential campaign.



*"Lower! Lower! Lower!
Fire! Fire! Fire!"*

JOHN LANDIS

DIRECTOR-HELICOPTER DISPATCHER

Arguably today's foremost proponent of the snuff movie. Much of the Hollywood community took a giant step away from Landis after the *Twilight Zone*—*The Movie* helicopter accident. Such an unforgiving town. What had Landis

done, really, except violate some meaningless child-labor laws in the pursuit of his Vision? And if two children happened to die during an insanely dangerous scene, that's a small price to pay for Art. After all, it's Landis who has been through hell: he had to go to all the funerals; endure a trial for manslaughter and almost get convicted simply because the most plausible testimony contradicted his own; and then bravely return to the grind of making films for a lot of money. With his unerring instinct for the inappropriate gesture, Landis invited the 12 jurors who acquitted him to a special screening of his new film, *Coming to America*.



*"A Meaningful Career in Broadcast Journalism—
and to Meet a Bunch of Cute Guys"*

TAWNY LITTLE

BIMBO-ANCHORWOMAN



Los Angeles has more and dumber news than almost anyplace else. KABC-TV, like its New York sister, is the bottom of the network-affiliate barrel, and news-reader Tawny Little—formerly Tawny Godin (1956–77), Miss America (1975–76), Tawny Little (1977–79) and Tawny Little Schneider (briefly, circa 1983)—best captures the spirit of KABC. Widely reviled despite her marriage to *Dukes of Hazzard* star John Schneider. Now married again, she has overcome her old habit of talking on the air about famous people she happens to be dating.

*"... And Why Are They Saying Such
Terrible Things About Me?"*

ILEEN MAISEL

EXECUTIVE-PHONE NUISANCE

What's that racket? If it's screeching, it's probably Ileen Maisel. What's that horrible noise on the telephone? If it's chewing and cackling, it's probably Ileen Maisel. The charmless, pudgy Lorimar executive is, according to one person with absolutely no ax to grind, "perhaps the most hated woman in Hollywood" and, according to others, "a nightmare," "a power bitch" and "nice on the phone." Maisel seems to be one of Hollywood's great kick-me characters.



Vulgar Even By Local Standards

MARVIN MITCHELSON

LAWYER-DEFENDANT

Mitchelson is a wonderful study in contradictions: a sleazeball who has made his reputation as a palimony lawyer and yet has never won a palimony case; a high-living vulgarian who stands accused of overcharging clients, bouncing checks and not paying taxes; a self-proclaimed defender of women who, six women say, is a rapist. Publicity-crazy in the best Hollywood tradition, yet even by those standards considered more than a bit much.

"I'll Kick Them on the Way Down Too"

MARY LOUISE OATES

COLUMNIST-HARRIDAN

Never heard of her? You say you don't live in Los Angeles? That's no excuse—why, she's "the most powerful journalist in the country," in her estimation.



Oates, 43-ish, has maneuvered herself into a position of some power—society columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*—taking care to alienate everyone who helped her along the way. Her marriage last June to former Ted Kennedy propagandist Robert Shrum gave her ample opportunity to extend herself: she made considerable mention in her column of a certain caterer prior to the nuptials; the invitations to her many bridal showers exhorted guests to bring "lavish gifts"—many of which Oates would later exchange for lavish amounts of cash; and she begged *The Washington Post* not to run a story about her husband's stag party, at which guests licked whipped cream off a stripper. Loathed by statistically significant numbers of Los Angelenos.

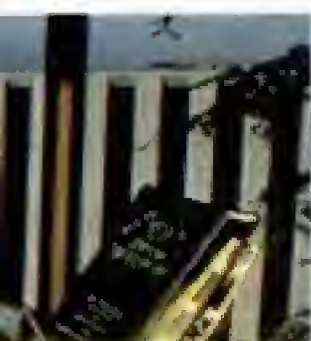
*"No, Mike, Really, Honest—I've
Never Seen Such Definition. And Such Power"*

STEVEN SEAGAL

TRAINER-ACTION HERO



It's pronounced "say GALL." Ultra-agent Mike Ovitz, whose martial-arts instructor Seagal was, saw box office potential of the low-forehead variety and



gave Seagal (remember, "say GALL") his own *Rambo*-like starring vehicle (dreams can come true), the one-karate-trained-man-against-the-establishment *Above the*

Law. Modest, reflective and apparently unaware of Sam (*Flash Gordon*) Jones and Clinton (*The Legend of the Lone Ranger*) Spillsbury, Seagal says, "I have heard that I'm the only virtual unknown that's ever starred in a major motion picture in the history of Hollywood. I don't know if that's true, but that's what I've heard." Seagal, who is married to model-nonactress Kelly Le Brock, tends to be tiresomely coy about his putative early career with the CIA. Despite generous offers of work, Seagal (it's "say GALL"—did we mention that?) is holding out because, like every one of us, he wants to write, act *and* produce. You'd think he'd be a hero in Hollywood; he isn't.

"Whaddaya Mean, 'Lowest Common Denominator'? Neil Simon Wrote This!"

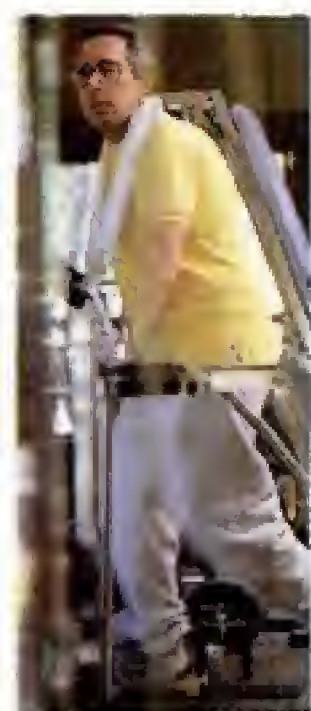
RAY STARK

PRODUCER'S PRODUCER



One of the most powerful producers in Hollywood, the vindictive Stark could have abused his position by churning out tasteless, brainless drivel. Instead,

his imprimatur has graced the kind of small, quality movies we now expect of him—movies like *The Slugger's Wife*, *Murder by Death*, *The Cheap Detective* and *Annie*. He produces moneymaking films often enough—and he owns enough Coca-Cola stock—to stay on top.



"Thank Heaven for Little Girls"

BEN STEIN

WRITER

Former Nixon speech writer, former *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* columnist and Joan Rivers litigant (his pseudonymous piece for *GQ* on her husband's suicide got the ball rolling).

Renowned for an ethical elasticity that allows him to adopt a sneering East Coast attitude about Los Angeles wheeling and dealing while living in Los Angeles and wheeling and dealing screenplays himself (he gets paid, but they never get made). Well into middle age, Stein remains a legendary Lothario among the PSAT set. ☛

WHAT PASSES FOR CLASS IN L.A.

HOLLYWOOD ROYALTY

THE PEOPLE WHO ARE, IN MOST INSTANCES UNACCOUNTABLY, TREATED WITH DEEP, ENDURING RESPECT

THE KING



LEW WASSERMAN
(undeniably powerful head of MCA/Universal)

DUKES



MICHAEL EISNER
(terminally boyish, Mickey Mouse photo-op partner)

MICHAEL LANDON
(arrogant, difficult, wife-dispensing TV entrepreneur)

DUDLEY MOORE
(ex-partner of the genuinely funny Peter Cook)

R. J. WAGNER
(wooden, inexplicably employed actor)

BUDDY HACKETT
(churlish, once-funny pal of Johnny Carson's)

CHARLTON HESTON
(tiresome rug-wearing right-wing pomposity)

JILL ST. JOHN
(high-IQ, Bond-girlish, Rat Pack-mollish girlfriend of R. J. Wagner)

DUCHESSES



STEFANIE POWERS
(attractive, Jill St. John-ish actress anointed to royalty status owing to her proximity to R. J. Wagner in *Hart to Hart* and her relationship with late Hollywood duke William Holden)

EARLS



LEE MAJORS
(former RC Cola pitchman)

TONY BILL
(actor-producer-director-restaurant-estate speculator)

DON RICKLES
(foul-breathed comedy once-was)

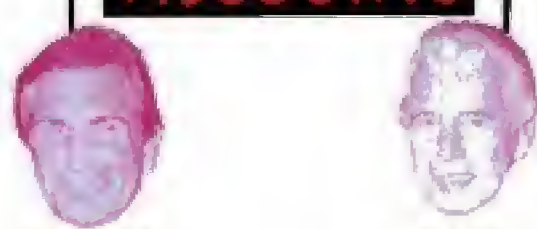
MARCHIONESSES



SHIRLEY MACLAINE
(former Pompeian and onetime Rat Pack moll)

FARRAH FAWCETT
(skillful Cher-like post-TV superstar career manager)

VISCOUNTS



GEORGE HAMILTON
(bon vivant escort and sometime actor)

JOHN FORSYTHE
(R. J. Wagner of his generation)

BARONS



JAMES GARNER
(proof that good humor and sheer long-term survivorship pass for class)

LEONARD NIMOY
(TV curiosity turned director) ☛

STENGEL, an Oxford-educated American, spent
days in Los Angeles trying to puzzle
out who, how and why.

and bad teeth

WHY THE BRITISH LOVE L.A., WHY L.A. LOVES THE BRITISH

82 **SPY** SEPTEMBER 1988

THE BRITISH HAVE ALWAYS DEPENDED ON THE ANGLOPHILIA OF strangers. To the early Hollywood moguls, all of whom were Eastern European immigrants, Englishmen were everything they were not: literate, charming and tall. The Hollywood British epitomized urbanity: Ronald Colman, Cary Grant, Laurence Olivier, David Niven and Leslie Howard were ambassadors from a black-tie world of clinking champagne glasses and clever repartee. The moguls believed Hollywood had a teaching function, that its mission was to present to a fractured collection of disunited states the image of the ideal American. And what, of course, was the ideal American but an upper-class Englishman?

Language gave the British an advantage. The first invasion of Hollywood was timed perfectly. They arrived just as silent pictures gave way to talkies. Unlike the silent stars, who tended to be Mediterraneans with aquiline profiles and a shaky command of English grammar, the British spoke the language perfectly. The way it was meant to be spoken, the way Americans could only dream of speaking it.

The British colonized Hollywood just as they did every other balmy place populated by swarthy, half-dressed natives. Americans were the wogs—barely lettered but disarmingly friendly savages who needed to be taught the strictures of fair play and the subtleties of tea. Of course, some of the English went native, staying out in the noonday sun and not wearing ties. But most knew a good thing when they saw it and became more English the longer they resided in Hollywood.

Today the world is a colony of Hollywood. The natives have become the sahibs. But the British are still coming, though they are now supplicants, not conquerors. They come to sup at the table of Hollywood, dining out on their charm, which has been the principal British export since the last Great War. Americans, being the most ill-educated, socially awkward people in the Western World, invariably find the British impressive. Since Hollywood's idea of a classy guy is Robert Wagner, is it any wonder that the British are automatically considered refined? "You always get in to see people," says British screenwriter Dick Clement (*Vice Versa*). "The accent is part of your calling card. You can be slightly irreverent because you're English. They respond to that."

The British who are now in Hollywood grew up watching American movies, which furnished them with all they needed to know about America. For these writers, directors and producers, the children of postwar Britain, the little England of small expectations and drab architecture, America was shot in Technicolor while England was filmed in grainy black-and-white. For them, L.A. is Fantasy Island, a place where they can remake themselves in whatever image they want.

If anything, they have learned too well, because the Hollywood British are cultural chameleons who have adapted to the American way of life with alarming facility. They are cinematic mimics, cultural fifth columnists able to do near-perfect American impersonations. They make American movies, *very* American movies, such as *Beverly Hills Cop II*, *Midnight Express*, *Fatal Attraction*, *Flashdance*, *Coal Miner's Daughter* and *Top Gun*. Who would know that these movies, our precious cultural capital, our modern American myths, have been masterminded by foreigners such as Tony and Ridley Scott, Adrian Lyne and Alan Parker? These Englishmen are telling us about ourselves, explaining us to us. Once we tried to become them, now they have become us. Los Angeles dotes on the Brits' putative old-world refinement (devoting

months last winter and spring to a citywide promotion of Britishness called UK/LA); the Brits are wooed by Los Angeles's rollicking new-world vulgarity. It is a symbiotic high-concept intercontinental love affair.

And it's not just Hollywood. The British are also shambling into the southern California art world. David Hockney—whose one-man show kicked off at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art this spring and moved on to New York's Metropolitan—is considered, after 20 years in town, the greatest *California* painter. (Though Hockney, even as a Los Angeleno, continued to buy Weetabix and jars of Marmite.) Gillian Wilson is the curator of Decorative Arts at the J. Paul Getty Museum, while Peter Goulds is co-director of the voguish Louver Gallery. And who asked photographer Tim Street-Porter to dash about trying to preserve American kitsch landmarks such as The Brown Derby? Reports from used-car dealers around Los Angeles suggest that the British are buying up 1960s Mustang convertibles as fast as Americans in London are cornering the Regency-end-table market.

"WE GUESS THERE ARE SOMETHING LIKE 350,000 BRITISH SUBJECTS in southern California," says the British consul general, Donald F. (no period after the middle initial, in the British style) Ballentyne. Southern California probably has the largest concentration of British citizens outside the United Kingdom. "There were two waves of immigration," says Ballentyne. "One between the wars, and one afterwards. They were people seeking their fortune in the West, as many Americans do."

I ask Ballentyne what professions these British exiles have pursued. He mentions that British citizens do not have to register with the consul general and, therefore, he can't be expected to keep track of all of them, can he? "As a rule," he says, "the British are so closely integrated into the local community, it's hard to pick them out." Most L.A. Brits are not Hollywood Brits, though they—the Joan Collinses and the Malcolm McLarens—are naturally the most conspicuous. Los Angeles is brimming over with British car mechanics, hairdressers, shopkeepers, carpenters, bankers. I ask him whether the British go native when they come here. "I don't accept the premise," he replies curtly.

THE CLIMATE. EVERYONE MENTIONS THE CLIMATE. IT IS THE most universally cited answer as to why the British come to Los Angeles and end up staying. The English talk about how liberating, how intoxicating, the sunshine is compared with the perpetually overcast skies of gloomy old England. True, but Asunción has roughly the same climate as Hollywood, and you don't see the Brits flocking there.

The main reason—perhaps the only reason—the British come to Hollywood is cash. The amount of money Brits can earn in Hollywood is exponentially greater than what they can make in London. "Everyone comes here," says John Standing, a character actor who is the grandson of Sir Guy Standing, one of the pillars of the Hollywood raj of the 1930s, "to put some scratch together."

The George Bernard Shaw equation still holds. When Sam Goldwyn tried to recruit the Irish playwright to Hollywood, assuring him of the studios' high aesthetic standards, Shaw told a reporter, "Whereas he is only after art, I am after money." The Americans are still interested in the Brits for vaguely artistic reasons, and the Brits are still interested in Americans for monetary ones. Even the sainted David Puttnam, the former head of

Columbia Pictures who was thought to be interested in making good movies rather than good money, was taking home a financial package worth \$7 million when he was purged last year.

The Brits who come to Hollywood invariably bemoan their mother country's smallness and meanness. Guitarist Andy Summers, formerly of The Police, who is now writing both film scores and screenplays, says simply, "There are no opportunities in London." This is repeated by nearly every Brit, and what it really means is that there is not enough money in London. Moreover, they don't like the envious, small-minded, nasty British atmosphere. "If you get anywhere in England," says British screenwriter Ian LaFrenais, "they stick the knife in you."

The ones who come are generally the Englishmen who speak English English but think American, the ones imbued with a kind of New World entrepreneurial instinct. These are Englishmen who are not afraid to be as sharklike, cutthroat and ambitious as Americans. Someone could easily have coined the phrase "What makes Nigel run?" British agents Peter Rawley, Judy Scott-Fox and Marion Rosenberg have the same endearing characteristics of their profession, only when they say "No way I can get 50 grand for you," it is with an English accent to soften the blow.

Once in L.A. the British undergo a modified sea change. They do not, in general, get their fulvous British teeth capped, but they do get them cleaned. They exercise, after a fashion. Many play tennis every day, although few run after the ball. Their kidney-shaped pools are for floating in and drinking around, not for swimming laps. At meetings they are almost always the most casually dressed (but the least casual in manner). Typically, they will have two buttons on their shirt undone, instead of either one or none, revealing the traditionally hairless English chest. They compensate for this by appearing to be overeducated. But some things do not change. They do not like to "take" meetings over breakfast or a soda. "Breakfast meetings!" says LaFrenais with disgust. "You can't have a bloody *drink* at *breakfast*. And you never really eat, you just have far too much coffee. Or they want to have a meeting over a diet soda. We want a *meal*, preferably dinner, which, of course, is the highlight of every 24 hours."

THERE ARE THREE DISTINCT BUT OVERLAPPING CIRCLES OF BRITISH in Hollywood: the Professional Brits; the Upwardly, Westwardly Mobile Brits; and the Brit Pack.

THE PROFESSIONAL BRIT

The Hollywood raj was dominated by actors who did not temper their Englishness but went out of their way to accentuate it. By the 1950s, however, the preferred Hollywood type was the mid-Atlantic person. Cary Grant modulated his accent to a pleasantly neutral intonation. Audrey Hepburn followed suit. In their own curious, lesser ways, so did Roddy McDowall, Peter Lawford and even Richard Dawson. Presto, the Anglo-American star. By the 1970s, as tuxedo pictures were supplanted entirely by T-shirt movies, and *them* and *those* declined to *dem* and *doze*, there was no call for the distinctly British actor in films. Unless you happened to be Michael Caine or Dudley Moore. Caine and Moore understand the game. They made as many pictures as fast as they could playing caricatures of Englishmen. They knew people would tire of them, and people did. Caine has moved back to London from Los Angeles (although Langan's Brasserie, the London restaurant



Very profitably selling caricatures of themselves: Joan Collins, Dudley Moore

in which he is a partner, opened a branch in L.A. in June). Moore only parodies himself now.

But as the British slipped off the large screen, they slinked onto the small one. The Token Brit, symbol of supposed birth and breeding, is a staple of nighttime soap operas. Joan Collins, on *Dynasty*, Edward Woodward on *The Equalizer*, Christopher Hewett on *Mr. Belvedere*, Annabel Schofield and Jane Seymour, with their faux-plummy accents, are imported to impart some bon ton to the proceedings in prime time. What they do is caricature-acting, burlesques of the aristo Englishman and -woman. There is never an explanation of why *some* of these people, who are supposed to be Americans, are speaking with an English accent, but TV viewers are not notably demanding of verisimilitude. The English are icons, not actors. The accent is all. As one English actress in Hollywood says, "You can be mediocre and do well here, but you have to be excellent to do well in England. These actresses have no standing in London."

THE UPWARDLY, WESTWARDLY MOBILE BRIT

The middle group of Brits are the movie directors, producers and agents. Tony and Ridley Scott, Adrian Lyne, Alan Parker, Roland Joffe, Judy Scott-Fox, Peter Rawley. They grew up in postwar England, where ambition was not, for the first time, a sin. They were youngsters in a hurry, eager young men and women attracted to the aggressive style and quick rewards of American-style business. They were street-smart and tenacious and typically went into advertising, where social background did not matter. David Puttnam—a bit of an East London teddy boy, a comprehensive-school boy on the make—worked as a photographer's agent before he turned to the movies.

Most of the movie directors were successful London TV-commercial directors. They had a simple way of demonstrating what they could do, which proves particularly effective in the land of the nanosecond attention span. "An agent comes over to Holly-

wood," says an American producer, "and shows some studio guy five minutes of dazzling commercials, and the exec says, 'Brilliant, give him *Top Gun IX*.'" The British commercial directors are all, as they say in the business, very visual. Mostly it is direction that calls attention to itself. Many of their movies, like Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner*, are not so much directed as art-directed. The action seems to take place in coke-time. The British-transplant directors also have the reputation for being unable to make up their minds. Paramount—Tony (*Top Gun*) Scott and Adrian (*Fatal Attraction*) Lyne—is a haven for them. "They all have a very high opinion of their work," says one American screenwriter. "They go around saying, 'I'm a bloody fucking *auteur*.'" Which, of course, Anglophilic Hollywood encourages no end. "Writers and producers have to be more whorish than directors," says LaFrenais. "We have to learn the language of the deal. We have to learn American vocabulary and humor." The screenwriter Clement is more specific: "We try to make a reference to football or baseball. Not in some sycophantish way. But to show that you're familiar with the culture and sociology of it."

Of all the Americanized Brits, Tony Scott seems to have cottoned to L.A. style the most thoroughly. Scott has a big, fab, modern house and rides a Harley-Davidson; he wears torn blue jeans, oversize leather jackets with padded shoulders and cowboy boots with spurs. The Cotswold cowboy.

Some of these Brits, as well as simpatico Americans such as George Hamilton, spend time at the St. James's Club in the refurbished Sunset Towers on Sunset Boulevard. This is considered a snooty place by L.A. standards, but the decor and atmosphere resemble a tacky road-company set for a Noël Coward comedy. In the downstairs bar there is a mural depicting a gallimaufry of British Hollywood royalty. There, outfitted in black tie, are Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson, Dudley Moore, Roger Moore—and then, smack dab in the center, Liza Minnelli. No one at the club can adequately explain Liza's presence.

When David Puttnam (or Lord Burbank, as some called him) was head of Columbia Pictures (or British Columbia, as some called it), from 1986 to 1987, it was an especially glorious time to be an Americanized Brit. For the Hollywood British, Puttnam appeared to be the Messiah. He was treated at first by the Hollywood establishment as a delicate artistic flower, but his reputation in London was as a hard-nosed, get-out-of-*me*-way businessman. He was the British incarnation of the Hollywood mogul. In going to Hollywood, he was coming home.

THE BRIT PACK

A small horde of younger Brits, many the sons and daughters of parents who made it in the film business, have staked a claim in Hollywood. Damian Harris, a writer-director, is the son of Richard Harris; Cassian Elwes, a producer, is the stepson of producer Elliot Kastner. In coming to Hollywood they are simply doing what upper-class Brits have always been trained to do: taking up their inheritance, but here in a more go-go, hedonistic, potentially money-making fashion than England would ever permit. It just happens that the manor in this case is in Hollywood, not Shropshire. Their style tends to be determinedly postmod, latter-day Memphis Style plush, and they slum happily around southern California, simultaneously reveling in and smirking at the hyper-American, Hollywood-and-Vine, car-culture dreck. They

b EING

BRITISH PROFESSIONALLY:

A CENSUS OF THE FIRST GENERATION

Ronald Colman • Robert Donat

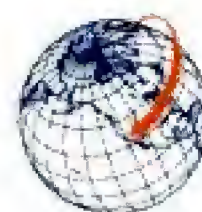
Cary Grant • Leslie Howard

Christopher Isherwood • Vivien Leigh

David Niven • Merle Oberon

Basil Rathbone • George Sanders

C. Aubrey Smith



BEING BRITISH PROFESSIONALLY:

A CENSUS OF THE SECOND GENERATION

Julie Andrews • Michael Caine

Joan Collins • Peter Cook

Audrey Hepburn • Roddy McDowall

Malcolm McDowell • Dudley Moore

Roger Moore • Anthony Newley

Lynn Redgrave



are exemplified by media manipulators like Malcolm McLaren or by somewhat less notorious, nattier young men such as Simon Fields, co-owner of Limelight Productions, a company that produces movies and rock videos. Fields drives the obligatory Mustang convertible and married an American model from Brooklyn. Anthony Rufus Isaacs (described by one American screenwriter as "a cartoon Englishman"), who produced *9½ Weeks*, lives in a fab, modern Hollywood mansion with the obligatory kidney-shaped pool. Director Julien Temple (*Absolute Beginners*, the recent Neil Young video *This Note's for You*), who made his name as a filmmaker for the Sex Pistols, has just finished *Earth Girls Are Easy*, a David Puttnam-commissioned comedy set in the San Fernando Valley.

In a strange way, the younger Brits have left England precisely because it is no longer the bastion of privilege it once was. They are the traditional beneficiaries of the class system, but the class system can no longer be relied upon. Hollywood, however, has its own strict hierarchy, and a young Englishman with a small inheritance can quickly move into the class to which he would have been accustomed historically. Cassian Elwes has produced six bad pictures, including *Nomads* (with Pierce Brosnan), *Zombie High* and *White of the Eye*, and he understands the Hollywood-London symbiosis. "The accent is an asset," he says. "I think it helps. People love it. They love the style. Most of the work here is done on the telephone, so they hear the voice." Elwes says there was nothing for him in London. "I couldn't get a job in London," he says. "I got turned down 40 times."

Street-smart strivers more at home in Hollywood: Tony Scott, Ridley Scott, David Puttnam

One night in Los Angeles I arranged a rendezvous with a few Brit Packers. There were more than a dozen of them. Young, healthy, tan—more deeply tanned, indeed, than most natives; so unlike their sallow, hunched-over compatriots back home. I met them at City restaurant on South La Brea. They were sitting outside under an awning, talking among themselves. When I arrived, they gave me the traditional hearty British greeting: no handshake, no eye contact, no acknowledgment. They were all in the film business; two worked for Hemdale Film Corporation, another for Limelight. They saw themselves as pioneers who had left their comfortable manor houses for the wild-and-woolly frontier. After a while, they began to talk.

GEORGE (wealthy toff seeking film job, posh accent): "In L.A. you have the weather, and you have what your accent gets."

DORIAN (Hemdale staffer, posh accent): "We go back to England and tell them 'They love the accent,' and that you get laid all the time." (*Laughs.*)

RICHARD (location scout, posh accent): "In England you fantasize about big dreamboat American cars. Then you get one, send home the snap, and then you realize they're awful to drive."

DEBBIE (personal assistant, blond hair, posh accent): "This is all very exotic to us, you know."

NICK (Hemdale staffer, posh accent): "I find Americans more shallow. They don't have very much to say."

DORIAN: "Americans think Michael Caine has an upper-class accent. We don't like that—that Americans can't tell the difference in our accents."

NICK: "There's a lot of money here, but there's not a club you want to be a member of."

RICHARD: "The hardest club to get into in L.A. is *our* club. We're very biased. We have a sense of superiority. We're quite happy with the way we are."

Generally, there are a few simple rules for How to Be a Cool Young Brit in Hollywood.

1. Buy a 1960s Mustang convertible.
2. Perfect either an extravagant Oxbridge accent (Anthony Andrews) or a colorful working-class accent (Bob Hoskins).
3. Get a really good tan or, failing that, maintain a British gray opaqueness.
4. Do not use a telephone answering machine.
5. Smoke cigarettes.
6. Marry or date American models who are taller than you.
7. Use American business jargon like "I think we have to play hardball," or "Let's kick ass on this deal."
8. Become obsessed with American contact sports. Make fun of cricket because it is so absurd.
9. Buy a piece of postmodern sculpture, such as a Rolls-Royce constructed entirely of old copies of *Photoplay* magazine.

YOUNG BRITISH GIRLS WHO WANT TO COME TO HOLLYWOOD generally have three options: if they are not actresses or nannies, they can become secretaries. The British secretary is a Hollywood institution, a traditional status symbol for movie executives who feel that the secretary's class rubs off on them. "Mr. Warner's office," the dulcet voice would say. But these contemporary girls are not so much secretaries as *chicretaries*, women of good breeding and some ambition who can't type properly and who are congenitally unable to answer the phone without a certain condescension in their voices. Recent examples of the breed are Natasha Fraser, the daughter of Lady Antonia who was a booker at Triad Artists, and Sabrina Guinness, scion of the Guinness family, who was a "D-girl" (or development girl, a glorified script-reader-cum-personal assistant) for producer Martin Bregman.

SOMEONE ONCE SAID THAT EVERY TIME AN ENGLISHMAN OPENS his mouth, he makes another Englishman hate him. In England accents are evaluated the way an anthropologist records the clicks of the Kalahari. Inflection, pronunciation and diction are class indicators. But in Los Angeles such distinctions don't matter. Few Americans can tell the difference between a working-class and an upper-class English accent. (In fact, now that the former penal colony of Australia has become such a fashionable place, English accents are often confused with Australian ones. "I'm always being asked whether I'm Australian," says actor John Standing, whose crisp public-school accent is pure English posh.)

For Englishmen of humble origins, this ignorance is tremendously liberating. Not only will they not be snubbed just because they drop their aitches, but they will be regarded in the same light as Oxbridge twits. And they can, if they wish, remake themselves—and become, overnight, an ersatz aristocrat. I was talking with some young Brits who work for an independent film

THE UPWARDLY, WESTWARDLY MOBILE: A CENSUS

John Daly, film executive

David Hockney, painter

Adrian Lyne, director

Alan Parker, director

David Puttnam, failed studio executive

Peter Rawley, agent

Marion Rosenberg, agent

Ridley Scott, director

Tony Scott, director

Judy Scott-Fox, agent

Tim Stone, agent

Gillian Wilson, curator



THE BRIT PACK: A CENSUS

Cary Elwes, actor

Cassian Elwes, producer

Simon Fields, producer

Natasha Fraser, former chicretary

Sabrina Guinness, former chicretary

Mick Haggerty, painter

Damian Harris, writer-director

David Heyman, studio executive

Malcolm McLaren, impresario

Julien Temple, director

THE ERSATZ-BRITISH HANGOUTS OF L.A.'s UNHIP BRITS

Cat & Fiddle Pub, Hollywood
The Mayflower Club,
San Fernando Valley
Oscars, Hollywood
Polo/Ralph Lauren store, Hollywood
St. James's Club, Sunset Strip
Ye Olde Kings Head, Santa Monica



THE ECHT-L.A. HANGOUTS OF L.A.'s HIP BRITS

Tiki Ti Room



**"I REMEMBER SEEING THAT ON THE
 TELLY AS A CHILD IN INDIANA":
 A CENSUS OF BRIT WANNA-BES**

Jeff Ayeroff, record executive
Jeff Berg, agent
Corbin Bernsen, actor
George Hamilton, actor
Lyndall Hobbs, director
Rosalie Swedlin, agent



In love with everything American except Americans: Julien Temple, Malcolm McLaren

company, one of whom had a very ritzy accent. When he got up from the table, one young woman confided to me, "That's not his real accent. Only the queen could possibly talk like that."

Hollywood liberates the British from the English class system, where their rank is pinpointed, and thrusts them into the Hollywood class system, where they can virtually choose their own rank. Hollywood's hierarchical system is not based on genetics or education, but entirely on career temperature—how "hot" someone is at the moment. The Brits, simply by being Brits, are already warm.

Yet Brits of all types, says Dick Clement, adapt to L.A. better than do New Yorkers, for example. "The Brits," he says, "know it's going to be different and they *want* it to be different. New Yorkers come and moan about the fact that it is not New York. The British don't want it to be like London." One transplanted New Yorker looking for consolation found it in the form of Julien Temple, who told her, *Look, New York is just a neurotic imitation of Europe, while L.A. is actually a unique and different place.* She felt a bit better.

The Brits who come to Hollywood have abandoned the Cult of the Amateur, the English idea that you must not be seen trying for anything. Simply by coming to Hollywood, they are trying. But some genuinely miss England. "The problem with America is that everything here is painted in glowing colors," says Andy Summers. "Life is a fucking tragedy, but no one realizes that." The breeziness of the place can get an Englishman down. "You know," says John Standing, "I miss occasionally putting a tie on." 3

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YOU CALL

THE NEW YORKER WHO INSISTS ON VISITING LOS ANGELES SHOULD REMEMBER THAT APART FROM THE CUSTOMARY BATTERY OF VACCINATIONS AND VISAS, THE CITY REQUIRES A CERTAIN *TRANSLATION*. FOR EXAMPLE: IF A LOS ANGELES FRIEND SUGGESTS LUNCH AT WHAT YOU SWEAR SOUNDS LIKE "FATBURGER," IT WOULD HELP TO KNOW THAT YOU CAN DRESS FOR IT **THIS** AS YOU WOULD FOR, SAY, GRAY'S **PAPAYA** IN NEW YORK, AND NOT AS YOU DID FOR MORTONS (TRANSLATION: THE FOUR SEASONS' GRILL ROOM) THE DAY BEFORE—

ALTHOUGH, COME TO THINK OF IT, IN LOS ANGELES IT PROBABLY DOESN'T MATTER. BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT. THE POINT IS BEING PREPARED. HERE ARE SOME PLACES, PEOPLE AND THINGS YOU'RE LIKELY TO ENCOUNTER IN LOS ANGELES, MATCHED WITH THEIR CLOSEST NEW YORK EQUIVALENTS.

A CITY?

POINTS OF INTEREST

Bel Air = Upper Fifth Avenue	Mongolian Barbecue = Hawaii Kai
Benedict Canyon = West Side blocks between Central Park West and Columbus Park Avenue and Central Park South	Mortons = The Four Seasons' Grill Room
Beverly Hills = Central Park West	Mulholland Drive = Central Park West
Beverly Wilshire Hotel = The Waldorf-Astoria	Newport Beach = Glen Cove
The Bistro Garden = Le Cirque	Orange County = Nassau County
Burbank = Secaucus	The Original Pantry Cafe = Sylvia's Restaurant
Center's Fairfax Restaurant = Odeon	Palm Springs = Palm Beach
Delicatessen & Bakery	Pasadena = Greenwich and Westport
Chasen's = The '21' Club	Polo Lounge = The Regency Hotel dining room (540 Park Restaurant)
Chateau Marmont Hotel = Chelsea Hotel	San Diego Freeway = Long Island Expressway
Dorothy Chandler Pavilion = Lincoln Center	Santa Monica Boulevard = 14th Street
Douglas MacArthur Park = Washington Square Park	Shangri-La Hotel = Morgans Hotel
Downtown = TriBeCa	Sunset Strip = West 42nd Street
Echo Park = Hoboken	Trancas = East Hampton
Encino = Five Towns	UCLA = Columbia
Fairfax area = East Village	USC = NYU
Fatburger = Gray's Papaya	Ventura Boulevard = Grand Concourse
Greystone Mansion = The Custom House	Vicente Foods = Dean & DeLuca
The Hard Rock Cafe = Positano	Walk of Fame = Second Avenue Deli
Helena's = M.K.	West Hollywood = West Village
Helms Building = The Puck Building	Westwood = Lexington to First Avenues in the Sixties
Hollywood Boulevard (near Vine) = Times Square	
Holmby Hills = Beekman Place	
Knott's Berry Farm = South Street Seaport	
Main Street, Venice = West Broadway, SoHo	
Malibu = Southampton	
Melrose Avenue = Columbus Avenue	



Hollywood Bowl = Carnegie Hall

The Beverly Hills Hotel = Hotel Carlyle

Rodeo Drive = 57th Street and Trump Tower

Candy Spelling = Ivana Trump

Century City = Trump City

Santa Monica Pier = Coney Island

Tova Borgnine = Claudia Cohen
 Otis Chandler = Jim Hoge
 Laddie John Dill = Julian Schnabel
 Barry Diller = Dick Snyder
 Lucy Fisher = Jane Amsterdam
 Jane Fonda = Gloria Steinem
 Georgia Frontiere = George Steinbrenner
 Gordon Getty = Stewart Mott
 Wendy Goldberg = Alice Mason

Venice Beach Boardwalk = St. Marks Place

Amblin Entertainment offices = Broadway Video offices

Las Vegas = Atlantic City

VENTURA FWY

HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD sign = Empire State Building

Musso & Frank = Sardi's

Mann's Chinese Theatre = Theatre 80 St. Marks

HOLLYWOOD

Frederick's of Hollywood = Ralph Lauren

Tail O' the Pup = The Empire Diner

BEVERLY BLVD

WILSHIRE BLVD

OLYMPIC BLVD

La Brea Tar Pits = Fraunces Tavern Restaurant

Museum of Contemporary Art (MOCA) = Whitney Museum of American Art

LA CIENEGA BLVD
SANTA MONICA
LA BREA AVE

RESIDENTS

OBSCURITIES AND PROFESSIONS

Cornelia Guest = Cornelia Guest
Hugh Hefner = Steve Rubell
Charlton Heston = John Lindsay
Kirk Kerkorian = Henry Kravis
Richard Koshalek = Vartan Gregorian
Barbara Lazaroff at Spago = Nell
Mike Ovitz = Felix Rohatyn
Wolfgang Puck = Brian McNally
Joan Rivers = Leona Helmsley

Ed Ruscha = Roy Lichtenstein
Don Simpson = the Reverend Al Sharpton
Jack Smith = Ray Kerrison
Sly Stallone = Donald Trump
Ben Stein = Tony Schwartz
Barbra Streisand = Barbara Walters
Robert Towne = Norman Mailer
Herve Villechaize = Lee Eisenberg
Law Wasserman = William S. Paley

aerospace = commercial banking
BMW = IRT
the Valley = Bridge and Tunnel
envy = anger
Lakers = New York
Public Library
The Los Angeles
Herald Examiner = New York Newsday
Los Angeles magazine = Avenue

Los Angeles
Times = Times
real estate = real estate
stuntmen = editorial assistants
the weather = culture
valet parkers = beggars
213 = 212
714 = 516
818 = 718

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN McGRAIL

THE {Your Name Here} MUSEUMS OF LOS ANGELES

UNRAVELING L.A.'S IMPROBABLE NEW ART CRAZE • BY LYNN HIRSCHBERG

The first piece of art that Frederick Weisman ever bought was a Jean Arp sculpture called *Self-Absorbed*. Weisman, who made his fortune distributing Toyotas in Maryland and is worth upwards of \$100 million, started collecting with his former wife, Marcia, in 1952, and he now has a collection of modern art worth an estimated \$60 million. But Frederick Weisman, who is 76, is not entirely content just collecting art, just stocking Carolwood, his home in Holmby Hills, with De Koonings and Johnses and the rest. He's not entirely content jetting about in his private Lockheed JetStar custom-painted celestial blue by Ed Ruscha, one of the few Los Angeles artists highly regarded (more or less) by the New York establishment. Weisman isn't completely happy even when he drives up to his house and spots two enormous bronze female breasts swelling above his front hedges. Those breasts may belong to a statue by Fernando Botero, but, Weisman is a bit sad to say, they are merely part of his collection. Frederick Weisman wants those breasts, as well as his Johnses and his De Koonings and the rest of his 2,000-odd-piece art collection, in a museum. His museum. "Fred knows he isn't going to live forever," says one close friend. "And he wants to ensure his immortality. What better way than with his own museum?"

That is hardly a unique notion in Los Angeles. At least lately. As recently as 1981, art critic Peter Schjeldahl, writing in *The Village Voice*, said, "Except in little spurts, there has never been a true L.A. [art] scene." He should have stuck around. By the time of the 1984 Olympics, collecting art—owning, among others, the requisite Eric Fischl, David Salle, David Hockney, Robert Rauschenberg and, of course, the California crew of artists that nobody in New York seems to take seriously (Ed

Moses, Chuck Arnoldi, Billy Al Bengston and so on)—was absolutely essential for anyone who wished to be taken seriously. Art was the perfect new toy: expensive, exclusive and—a trait not generally associated with Los Angelenos—indicative of refined tastes. "Ten years ago I would have minded being called a California artist, because it had the wrong connotation," Laddie John Dill, whose sculptural paintings are highly favored by studio heads and production executives, said recently. "Now I don't object at all."

There were, of course, always art collectors in Los Angeles, but they were not quite so ambitious or well known as their New York counterparts. When Marcia Weisman helped create the Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art (LAICA) in 1974, her endeavors did not meet with an overwhelming response. In fact, despite some interesting shows (who can forget its exhibition of the sports pictures of Andy Warhol and Le Roy Neiman?) and a regular trade journal, there were days, back in the early 1980s, when no one, not one person, would visit LAICA, and at that time it was the only contemporary-art outpost in all of Los Angeles.

One evening in 1978 Marcia Weisman, who had never given up on the idea that L.A. could have a successful contemporary-art museum, was seated next to Mayor Tom Bradley at a political dinner, and she started "dreaming off" about the possibility. She all but volunteered her and then-husband Fred's collection, and Bradley was interested. Simultaneously, as if by means of some huge contemporary-art collective unconscious, plans were afoot to construct the \$35.3 million Robert O. Anderson building at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (LACMA), to be devoted to works produced in this century. In late

1986 both the Museum of Contemporary Art (MOCA), housed in a \$23 million building designed by Arata Isozaki partly as an homage to Marilyn Monroe, and the Anderson building opened. Around the same time, individual collectors, like Weisman, started to get competitive. Suddenly, once they actually did have local museums to which they could donate or loan their collections, the collectors no longer wanted to be quite so generous. Why leave your collection in the hands of some fickle museum director who might pick and choose, who might put some of it in storage, who might even sell some pieces off to finance other purchases? Why stop with, say, your own museum wing? Why be troubled by the traditional museum objective—as one art writer puts it, to be "a scholarly institution that attempts to provide a historical context for the objects in its custody"—when you could have a showcase for all your own stuff with your name in really big letters over the front door?

In Weisman's case, the reasons he's dead set on starting what *Time* art critic Robert Hughes calls a "vanity museum" are more complicated. There's the matter of a rivalry with his former brother-in-law, Norton Simon. Before becoming a Toyota merchant, Weisman worked for Hunt Foods, one of the companies owned by Simon, the elder brother of Marcia Weisman. A prodigious art collector, Simon, who is now 81, did manage to get his own museum in 1975, a time when L.A. was not receptive to the idea of personal museums. Just eight years earlier Joseph Hirshhorn, who'd made his fortune in uranium, had tried to move his collection to the Greystone Mansion, a huge, decaying estate in Beverly Hills, but the deal fell apart over that most L.A. of obsessions: lack of parking space. Hirshhorn eventually

THE ART OF LOOKING

found a home for his art in Washington, D.C., where his eponymous, bunkerlike museum still flourishes.

Simon did not face difficulties as mundane as bad parking in the search for his very own museum. Instead, when The Pasadena Art Museum, which had always been devoted to modern art, was about to go bankrupt in 1974, it turned to Simon for financial help. He solved its problems by buying the museum, moving its modern collection into the basement and installing his own collection—Old Masters and Impressionists, mostly—on the museum walls. And he changed the name: The Pasadena Art Museum was renamed The Norton Simon Museum of Art.

When Simon abandoned the museum's focus on modern art, the Weismans, who had been patrons of the Pasadena museum, began looking for an alternative beneficiary. Hence LAICA and MOCA and all the rest. In 1985, the sibling rivalry became so overwrought that Simon sued his sister and brother-in-law over Kandinsky's *Nude*. He claimed that they had promised to donate the painting to his museum but had instead auctioned it off. Simon won his case and \$1.1 million in damages.

Simon, who is now quite ill, had been planning to give his art collection (including The Norton Simon Museum) to UCLA. The deal called for the university to build him a museum on a site that is currently a parking lot and plaster his name all over the place, but reportedly, when Simon refused to pay for the museum's upkeep, the deal fell through.

Even so, as a result of his successful make-over of the Pasadena museum, Simon has become something of a role model for other L.A. collectors. He has, in other words, encouraged the big-spoiled-baby mode of art patronage. For instance, Armand Hammer, Weisman's neighbor in Holmby Hills, had long promised to donate a large part of his vast collection to LACMA. Among the intended gifts was a group of 6,000 Daumier lithographs that LACMA was about to buy for itself in 1975 when Hammer interceded and pur-



SERIOUS



chased them on the museum's behalf. When, last January, Hammer's absurd demands of LACMA (he essentially wanted the museum to rename itself the One and Only Armand Hammer Collection) were not met, he retaliated by reneging on his promise: the whole collection would go elsewhere or, better yet, like Norton Simon and J. Paul Getty (who built a museum overlooking the ocean that is open by appointment only), Hammer would start his own museum. And that's what he's doing.

"Hammer's actions were outrageous," says one longtime observer of the Los Angeles art scene. "It's gotten to the point where the collectors are becoming the stars." In fact, this has been true for some time, what with the Sculls and the Saatchis and the De Menils achieving prominence for their prescient taste and purchasing power. Except that Los Angeles, in its typically extreme way, has taken the concept of the collector-as-star farther than ever before. "The collector is now the critic, the collector is now the producer," says one such collector. "The collector is now the whole big deal. That's what's so great about collecting art as opposed to collecting great big dollar signs."

But where L.A. collectors get screwy is in the matter of display. In Los Angeles it's not enough simply to own a great collection—everyone else has got to know you own a great collection. Armand Hammer has started building his museum in Westwood next to the headquarters of his company, Occidental Petroleum. Michael Ovitz, the president of Creative Artists Agency and arguably the most powerful man in Hollywood, had a temperature-controlled wing added onto his house for the sole purpose of showcasing his art. Dennis Hopper had an art loading dock built onto his Venice house. Douglas S. Cramer, executive producer of *Dynasty* and *The Love Boat*, built an 8,000-square-foot "art warehouse" at his ranch near Santa Barbara where, upon written request, civilians may view his collection. Sylvester Stallone keeps a good part of his collection in Santa Monica, in a building he calls The Vault: Salles, Boteros (Botero "speaks to me," Sly told a recent visitor) and Frederic Remingtons hang side by side with Sylvester Stallone originals. And Eli Broad, who made his fortune in construction and insurance, established a foundation in 1981 and recently purchased a 24,000-square-foot building in Santa Monica,

scheduled to open this fall, that will be devoted to "Broad Foundation art work, with exhibitions changing every six months."

Broad's spokesman strenuously denies that the foundation is a museum, maintaining that it is, rather, a "study center." But the Broad Foundation sounds remarkably like a museum—rotating shows, a permanent collection, a full-time curator. Museumesque, yes, but like all the L.A. vanity museums, the Broad Foundation suffers from one stunning limitation: the collection is spotty. "A collection that spans the last 20 years, or a collection that is all Impressionist, or a collection that has been based on buying one work per artist, is a collection. It is not a museum," says a member of the LACMA board. "You can't be a great city without museums, but this trend is ridiculous."

Such talk does not discourage Frederick Weisman. MOCA would love to house his collection, but Weisman isn't interested. With him, it's all or nothing. Since, he says, no museum is large enough to show his entire collection, donating it to a museum is out of the question. Like Hirshhorn and, more recently, Armand Hammer, Weisman tried to move his collection to the Greystone Mansion, but in 1986, after two years of negotiations with the Beverly Hills City Council, he withdrew from the deal because then-Beverly Hills mayor Charlotte Spadaro opposed giving him a 55-year lease. It seems that Dona Solomon, a financial backer in Spadaro's political campaign, had repeatedly tried to buy the 18 acres of undeveloped land around the Greystone. Then Weisman hired Henry T. Hopkins, a former director of the San Francisco Museum of Art, and a full-time staff of four, including a publicist, to oversee his collection. He spends about \$3 million a year acquiring new works for his museum-in-the-making.

In the last year Weisman had been talking to UCLA about giving him a museum. He would pay the building costs (\$8 million) and the operating costs (\$1 million annually), but the deal fell through. Weisman has considered offers from other cities—even Paris—but he wants to stay in Los Angeles. "Fred Weisman is a product of this city," says a close friend. "What other city would tolerate him? In what other city could a Fred Weisman exist? Fred can't leave L.A. Anyplace else, he'd just be another guy with a Toyota dealership." ▶



TEST YOUR LOS ANGELES ART SCENE IQ

(CLUE: NO, MOCA IS NOT AN ICE CREAM FLAVOR) • BY ARNOLD FOERSTER

Twenty-five years ago, when a typical citizen of Los Angeles would brightly suggest to a companion over Sunday brunch, "Let's visit the museum this afternoon and take a look around," he invariably meant he wanted to see who had been added to the effigies of Mae West, Boris Karloff and Marilyn Monroe on display at the Hollywood Wax Museum.

In 1988 a typical Los Angeleno who suggests a visit to the museum probably means exactly the same thing. Some tastes never change.

But not for want of trying. For those actors, talent agents, Toyota distributors and assorted social climbers who are playing the very serious, very competitive, newly frenzied art-collecting game, however, Los Angeles now has a remarkable total of four new or newish art museums. In addition to Henry E. Huntington's baronial estate in the smoggy enclave of San Marino, which has been around forever, there is The Norton Simon Museum of Art (which, as the Pasadena Art Museum, had gone belly-up in the early 1970s because it had offered too much Marcel Duchamp and not enough Salvador Dali to keep the Wax Museum crowd agog), the Museum of Contemporary Art in smoggy downtown, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art in the smoggy mid-Wilshire area and the J. Paul Getty Museum in never-smoggy Malibu.

As the richest museum since Ludwig I of Bavaria built the Glyptothek in

Munich, the Getty can well afford to buy real air to breathe. Alas, air is the chief component of the collection too. Even though the Getty has been sending bagmen to the castles of every ailing dowager and bankrupt aristocrat on the Continent, the haul of masterpieces has remained a relative trickle. New collections don't necessarily come with new museums. And those that do can be just as frightening, now that everyone in L.A. who has ever bought a painting has likewise announced plans to build a shrine to his own impeccable taste.

With the universally noted exception of the Simon collection, which sticks close to the high notes (until 1986 it included a sexy bronze sculpture of a dancing Shiva reputed to have been, shall we say, borrowed-without-permission from—and subsequently returned to—India), the museums of Los Angeles lack a certain, uh, *depth*. Of course, California got started late in the art-amassing business. And William Randolph Hearst, the first big-time shopper in the neighborhood, had a better eye for giraffes and starlets than for medieval panel paintings.

What continues to fuel the boom? Cash, of course. In the last two years every magazine capable of producing four-color separations has published stories on the museum boom in the undisputed capital of the Pacific Rim. What we want to know is whether you've been paying attention.

1. The most famous painting in southern California is undoubtedly Gainsborough's *Blue Boy*. It hangs in

- a. Sherman Oaks Galleria
- b. Space Mountain
- c. The Henry E. Huntington Art Gallery
- d. The Gene Autry Western Heritage Museum

Answer: c

This was an easy one, just in case you prefer Salvador Dali to Marcel Duchamp.

2. AT&T made one of the largest grants ever for a show by a living artist when it forked over \$850,000 for the recent **David Hockney** retrospective at the LACMA.



When asked if that wasn't an awful lot of money for a single show, an AT&T vice president mused:

- a. "Yes, and they damn well better be grateful."
- b. "Maybe—let me check with my supervisor."
- c. "No—it wouldn't even buy a minute's worth of advertising on a Super Bowl telecast."

Answer: c

3. The journalist whom museum directors fear most as a public commentator in L.A. is

- a. the *Los Angeles Times*'s William "Am I Dead Yet?" Wilson
- b. the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*'s Christopher "Wiseass" Knight
- c. the *L.A. Weekly*'s Peter "They Threw Me Outta New York" Frank
- d. *The Hollywood Reporter*'s George "Take No Graft" Christy





Answer: *d*

As gossip columnist for *The Hollywood Reporter*, Christy writes for the eyes of the new money that pays new museums' bills. If black-tie galas don't regularly get at least a mention in his column, *The Great Life*, a museum director's days are numbered.

4. Last June, LACMA played host to several important events, including

- a. a show featuring the palatial homes of Newport, Rhode Island
- b. Andrew Wyeth's Helga paintings
- c. a tribute to Milton Berle
- d. all of the above

Answer: *d*



5. Shamelessly self-aggrandizing Occidental Petroleum mogul Armand "No Nobel Peace Prize" Hammer reneged last Febru-



ary on nearly two decades' worth of public pledges to donate his collection of Old Master paintings to LACMA because, he says, he was "shocked" to discover that the museum had hung his paintings in galleries named for other benefactors. The bequest *actually* fell apart because he had just had his already gassy ego further pumped up by

- a. lunch at Spago with LACMA's director,

Earl A. "Why Do They Call Me Rusty?" Powell III

b. a sycophantic board of trustees who didn't seem to care that Hammer had given \$54,000 in illegal campaign contributions to Richard Nixon

c. a group of star-struck, autograph-seeking museumgoers who also think Charlton Heston painted the Sistine Chapel ceiling

d. a sellout by J. Carter Brown's National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., which agreed for the first time to set aside a group of galleries exclusively for one man's collection

Answer: *d*

When Andrew Mellon decided to get the IRS off his back by founding the National Gallery in 1936, he declined to have the museum named in his honor. Mellon knew that setting egos in concrete would hamper future gifts. Last year, though, the National Gallery abandoned this noble policy in a deal with Hammer for a slew of his Old Master and twentieth-century drawings. Housed in a separate group of galleries, "The Armand Hammer Collection" consists exclusively of art donated by the former business associate of Muammar al-Qaddafi. (A small chapel has been constructed just to house a Hammer-subsidized Raphael drawing of the Madonna.) Thus emboldened, Hammer demanded that LACMA capitulate in similar fashion. The museum declined.

6. Which of the following privately developed Los Angeles collections has not been lost as a bequest to the art-poor LACMA?

- a. the Norton Simon collection (Old Master and Impressionist paintings and sculptures, Indian stones and bronzes)
- b. the Walter Arensberg collection (Dada and surrealism)
- c. the Frederick Weisman collection (modern and contemporary art)
- d. the Edward G. Robinson collection (Impressionists and modern art)
- e. the Hirshhorn collection (modern and contemporary art)
- f. the Hammer collection (Old Master and Impressionist paintings)
- g. the Gilbert collection (big silver tureens, huge candelabra, sterling canapé trays, etc.)

Answer: *g*

7. The most outrageous fake ever to have been spotted in the galleries of Malibu's J. Paul Getty Museum is

a. the disputed ancient Greek sculpture, the Getty Kouros (ca. 450 B.C.)

b. the controversial Dieric Bouts painting *The Annunciation* (ca. 1450)

c. Thomas Hoving (dates unknown)

Answer: *c*

The evidence is overwhelming that both the Kouros and the Bouts are real. Not so the evidence on Thomas "Harlem No Longer on My Mind" Hoving. The former Met director has



waged a vigorous campaign to discredit the Getty Museum in any way possible, including leveling accusations that a number of its high-priced acquisitions are fakes. The Museum Director Without a Museum has never forgiven the Getty for not hiring him as boss. Instead the job went to the highly regarded John Walsh—a former Hoving underling at the Met who quit because of Hoving's P. T. Barnum-style management there.

8. Glamour architect Richard Meier got the job designing the new \$300 million J. Paul Getty Center for the Arts and Humanities in Brentwood by promising to

- a. completely change his architectural style
- b. stop sleeping with Hollywood starlets
- c. apologize to the city of Atlanta for The High Museum of Art
- d. answer Harold Williams's (president of the J. Paul Getty Trust) telephone calls

Answer: *a*

9. Which of the following voracious art collectors does not sit on a museum board of trustees in L.A.?

- a. funny guy Steve Martin
- b. even funnier guy Sylvester Stallone
- c. *The Love Boat* executive producer Douglas S. Cramer
- d. Annie producer Ray Stark

Answer: *b*

Martin and Stark are at LACMA, Cramer is at MOCA. A man who loves his Francis Bacon and his Le Roy Neiman just the same, Stallone might be too, uh, democratic for LACMA.

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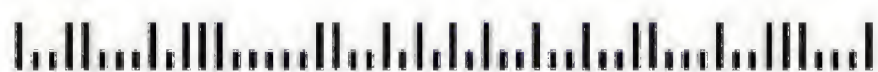
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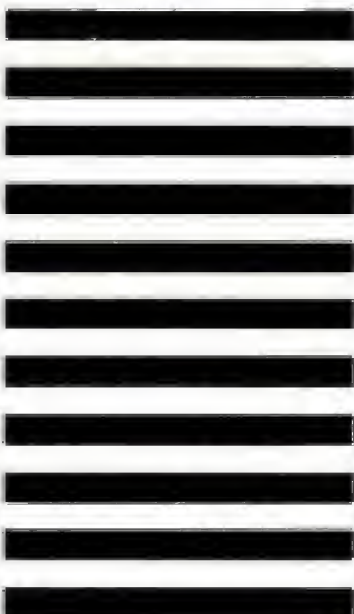
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10. Ed Broida, who made an abortive and very expensive attempt to open his own museum in Manhattan's SoHo after having been an art collector for about an hour and a half, made his fortune in L.A. by

- a. building swinging-singles apartment buildings
- b. being a backup singer on the Sonny and Cher show
- c. winning the California lottery
- d. being a thoughtful and generous human being

Answer: a

11. Who of the following has not, at one time or another, been a trustee of the Norton Simon Museum of Art?

- a. Tom Brokaw
- b. Candice Bergen
- c. Jennifer Jones
- d. Abraham Lincoln



Answer: d

12. Frederick "Never Saw a Painting I Didn't Like" Weisman was once knocked unconscious in a Polo Lounge brawl with

- a. Frank Sinatra
- b. Candice Bergen
- c. Abraham Lincoln
- d. Marcia Weisman



Answer: a



Weisman claimed he overheard obnoxious remarks directed at him from Sinatra's table nearby, and he demanded they stop. In the melee that followed, Weisman was knocked out after being hit on the head with a large stick. Weisman's subsequent lawsuit against Sinatra was eventually dropped, but since the injury, the Toyota dealer's taste in art is said to have plummeted.



13. In the much-repeated "founding myth" of the new Museum of Contemporary Art, the ball is said to have got rolling when collector Marcia Weisman leaned over to Mayor Tom Bradley at a dinner party and told him that a truly great city simply had to have such a place. However, Bradley was already predisposed to the idea, only because

- a. he erroneously thought Marcia Weisman would actually donate a lot of art or money to the enterprise
- b. he thought it would help him become vice president
- c. he needed something besides the Olympics and gang violence to be remembered for by posterity
- d. he had already heard the idea vigorously championed by political pal William Norris and his art-consultant wife, Merry



GREAT ART WHERE YOU LEAST EXPECT IT

THE PIONEERS OF HOLLYWOOD ART COLLECTING • BY ROBERT TRACHTENBERG

Several years ago, long before Japanese insurance salesmen began snapping up the Van Goghs, a group of fictional TV characters acquired several world-famous works of art. The collecting bug hit everyone from immortal Samantha Stephens to Theodore Cleaver. From Renoirs to Wyeths, no expense was spared and no painter considered too minor to grace the living rooms of these latter-day Medicis. But what about today? Where are the Schnabels, Chias and Fischls that rightfully belong on the flatly lit walls of *Who's the Boss?*, *Diff'rent Strokes* and *Growing Pains*? Sagely, television's older stars bought early, long before they had to start competing

with studio executives and Calvin and Kelly Klein at overcrowded auctions and white-wine-soaked gallery openings. One sad note—our catalogue raisonné uncovered a fake: it seems that in pre-Hooterville days, Lisa (*Green Acres*) Douglas had an ersatz Mondrian on the wall of her Park Avenue penthouse. *Darling I love you but give me the real Composition in Red, Blue, and Yellow.*

Artist: Rembrandt van Rijn
Title: *Girl with a Broom* (1651)
Provenance: Crozat collection, Paris, circa 1665; Catherine II, empress of Russia, Hermitage Gallery, Leningrad, 1772; A. W. Mellon, Pittsburgh, for National Gallery of Art, 1932



Provenance Interrupted: 1964–72. Hangs in the entryway of Darrin and Samantha Stephens' home on *Bewitched*
Currently Resides: National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

Iconographic Appraisal: Broom is a sly reference to witchcraft

Artist: Pierre-Auguste Renoir
Title: *Lady at the Piano* (1875)
Provenance: M. Poupin, Paris, →

➔ Answer: d

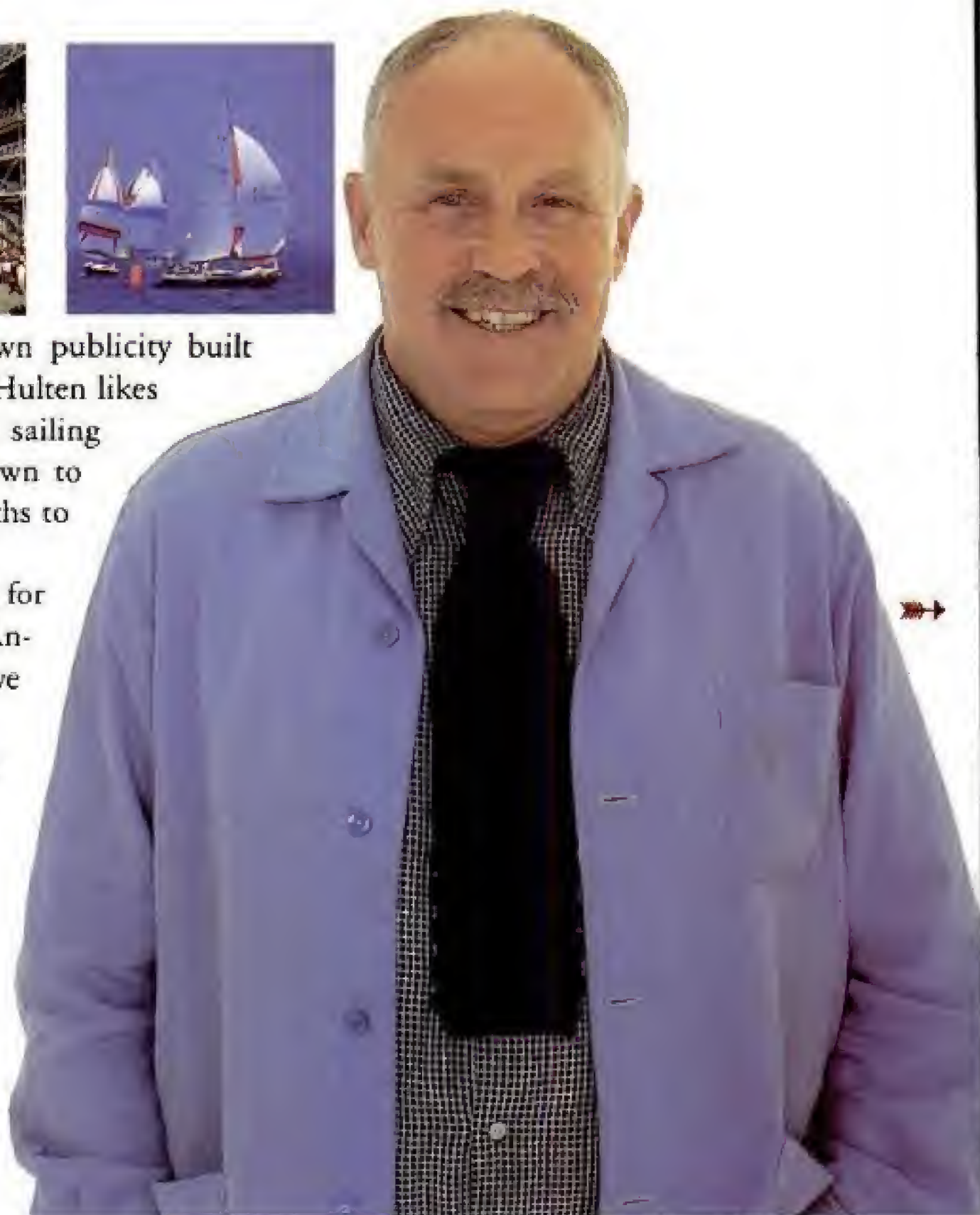
William Norris, who is now a federal court judge, also rounded up donations of \$1 million each from businessmen Eli Broad and Max Palevsky to get things going. He never got much public credit for the MOCA launch, though, because dinner-party gossip is always more powerful than historical fact. Bradley did, however, appoint Merry Norris to the city's Cultural Affairs Commission.



14. When Swedish-born Pontus Hulten was named MOCA's first director, the fanfare focused on how the upstart new museum had stolen him away from Paris's Centre Georges Pompidou (Beaubourg). Hulten was perfect for a modern-art museum in southern California because



- a. L.A. is the town publicity built
- b. the only thing Hulten likes more than art is sailing
- c. Swedes are drawn to sunshine like moths to a flame
- d. he was looking for work, and Los Angelenos will believe anything
- e. all of the above



➔ 1876; Durand-Ruel Galleries, New York, 1908–11; Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ryerson, 1912–37; The Art Institute of Chicago, 1937

Provenance Interrupted: 1958–66. In Donna Reed's foyer on *The Donna Reed Show*



Currently Resides: The Art Institute of Chicago
Iconographic Appraisal: The imagery celebrates woman as

entertainer—i.e., a TV sitcom is not a comedown for an Oscar-winning film actress.

This painting also appears, perhaps as part of a secret intersuburban lending program, in the Baxter living room on *Hazel* (1961–66), which starred

(Oscar winner) Shirley Booth. There is no record of Hazel ever having been employed by Donna Reed.



Artist: Jan Vermeer
Title: *A Maid-Servant Pouring Out Milk* (1659–60)

Provenance: Buyer unknown, 1696; buyer unknown, 1701; Jacob van Hoek, Amsterdam, 1719; De Neufville, Amsterdam, 1765; J. J. de Bruyn, Amsterdam, 1798; H. Muilman, Amsterdam, 1813; Jan Six, Amsterdam, date unknown
Provenance Interrupted: 1953–64. Hangs in Danny Williams's living room on *Make Room for Daddy*

Currently Resides: The Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam

Iconographic Appraisal: Pouring of milk is symbolic of paternal nurturing, and also


can be construed as a direct metaphor for Danny Thomas's legendary coffee-and-cream "spit take"

Artist: Andrew Wyeth
Title: *Christina's World* (1948)
Provenance: MacBeth Gallery,



New York, 1948; Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1948
Provenance Interrupted: 1966–71. Hangs in Ann Marie's bedroom on *That Girl*

Currently Resides: MoMA
Iconographic Appraisal: Central image of helpless crippled girl lost in field reinforces Ann Marie's failure to achieve fully independent adulthood; placement in bedroom could be a reference to thwarted sexuality ➔



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➔ Answer: e

MOCA's trustees convinced the public that Hulten had abandoned Paris because of the unprecedented opportunity in L.A. In fact, Hulten's contract at Beaubourg was running out and had not yet been renewed. Los Angeles offered a job, the Pacific Ocean and a flame for self-immolation.

15. Pontus Hulten quit the directorship before MOCA ever opened because

- a. he couldn't speak English
- b. he couldn't speak Spanish
- c. he couldn't get funding for a Niki de Saint Phalle retrospective
- d. he couldn't get along with the board
- e. he couldn't afford a slip for his sailboat in Marina del Rey

Answer: d

Hulten's own reputation had been built as a director of two state-run museums—the Moderna Museet in Stockholm and the Beaubourg in Paris. Being a good socialist, Hulten had frequently bad-mouthed the very idea of privately funded museums. When he ended up as director of one and had to beg from self-made millionaires, he cracked.

16. When MOCA paid \$11 million for 80 paintings and sculptures by Mark Rothko, Franz Kline, Robert Rauschenberg, Roy



Lichtenstein, Claes Oldenburg and other works from the famous Panza Collection, the price was far below market value. Who suggested to the MOCA board that the museum should then turn around and sell off a few paintings at full market value to pay for the rest of the collection?

- a. Edwin Meese
- b. Armand Hammer
- c. Mike Milken
- d. MOCA trustee Eli Broad
- e. Candice Bergen

Answer: d

17. When \$1 million MOCA donor Max Palevsky disapproved of architect Arata



Isozaki's newly unveiled design for the museum building, he

- a. graciously championed the museum's stated support for the plan anyway
- b. quietly told a few close friends of his disappointment
- c. privately decided not to support the museum in the future
- d. sued MOCA to get his money back (he later dropped the lawsuit, letting the museum keep the \$500,000 he had already given)

Answer: d



➔ **Artist:** Grandma Moses
Title: *The Old Checkered House in 1860* (1944)

Provenance: Ala Story, New York, 1944; unknown gallery, California, 1969

Provenance Interrupted: 1950–58. In hall on *The George Burns and Gracie Allen Show*

Currently Resides: Unknown private collection

Iconographic Appraisal: Paint-

ing's primitivism evokes Gracie's childlike innocence and/or creeping senility



Artist: Thomas Gainsborough
Title: *Jonathan Buttall: "The Blue Boy"* (1770)

Provenance: Jonathan Buttall; Anon Nesbitt; Hoppner; duke of Westminster; Lord Duveen; Henry E. Huntington, San Marino, California, 1921

Currently Resides: The Henry E. Huntington Art Gallery, San Marino

Iconographic Appraisal: The dandified boy that is the painting's idealized central image comments on show's central conflict between adult expectations



Provenance Interrupted: 1958–63. Hangs in the front hall of the Cleaver home on *Leave It to Beaver*

and childhood realities—here, perhaps, is the "goon" Wally and Beaver fear that their parents would have them become



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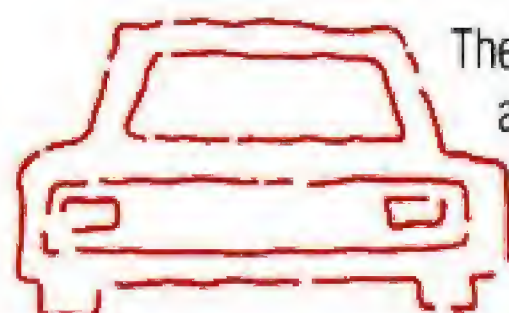
INDIGENOUS ART, INDIGENOUS ARTISTS

HOLLYWOOD'S OWN RENAISSANCE PEOPLE • BY CAREN WEINER

Most of us are specialists, adding our little rivet to the planet's assembly line, then knocking off when the whistle blows. But we are blessed with a few protean souls who work overtime to express their vision of the world. By day they act and sing—but by night *they paint*. And how they paint! Even in the talent-laden Los Angeles art world, their works stand out: words are too clumsy to explain the wonder of Dinah Shore's sunsets and Frank Sinatra's clowns. They and the others listed below are artists in every sense of the word.

ARTIST	MEDIUM	STYLE / SCHOOL	NUMBER OF EXHIBITIONS	RECENT SALES; PRICE PER PAINTING	MESSAGE / REASON FOR PAINTING
TONY BENNETT 	Lithograph, watercolor, oil 	Representational/impressionist	50 gallery shows in the last five years	Six lithographs sold at last exhibition, for \$1,650–\$3,000; watercolors, \$5,500–\$7,000; oils, \$15,000–\$30,000	Has been artistic since childhood
KEITH CARRADINE 	Oil, pastel 	Impressionist	None, but <i>The Moderns</i> director Alan Rudolph used Carradine's adaptation of Van Dongen's <i>Montparnasse Blues</i> as the movie's poster	Not for sale	Painted as a child until he took up the guitar at 17 (sexier); picked up brush again for his role in <i>The Moderns</i> . His publicist says, "He didn't know how much he'd be required to point on camera.... He tries to look as realistic as possible"
TONY CURTIS 	Acrylic, pen-and-ink, watercolor	Fauvist: loose, broad strokes of strong color, line and contrast	About four; he recently donated a nature painting to help promote a forest survival campaign and presented a print of it to UN Secretary General Javier Perez de Cuellar	Pen-and-ink with watercolor highlights, \$3,000–\$5,000; largest acrylics as much as \$50,000; \$2 million worth sold within the last year	Exclusive Curtis exhibitor Marvin Wiseman explains, "It's his way of keeping a diary—a sort of visual diary of his experiences over the last 30 years"
YAN JOHNSON 	Acrylic 	Primitive	One	Sold 15 to 20, for \$1,200–\$10,000, at show in December 1987	Johnson says, "I paint to express my own inner happiness"
ANTHONY QUINN 	Oil, acrylic, mixed media; also sculpts	Representational (self-portraits), abstract geometric	Ten in the continental U.S.; his works are permanently on exhibit in Hawaii	\$10,000–\$275,000; career sales total more than \$20 million	Has drawn and painted since childhood; at age seven he would paint pictures of celebrities and mail them to the subjects, hoping they would send him money
DINAH SHORE 	Oil, watercolor 	Impressionist	About ten	Paintings donated to charity auctions can fetch \$5,000 apiece	Publicist says, "She has a very artistic bent.... Her work is very free-form, very intriguing"
FRANK SINATRA 	Oil 	Abstract/impressionist	None	Donates them; one recent gift to a Washington, D.C., antidrug organization auction garnered \$25,000	Publicist says, "He does it just as a hobby"
ELKE SOMMER	Acrylic, serigraph 	Naive/primitive	"Dozens"	Sold 7 out of 20 paintings at last exhibition; prints go for \$125, serigraphs for \$400–\$600, acrylics for \$3,000–\$9,000	Has painted since childhood; at age five she sent Christmas cards bearing her original woodcuts
SYLVESTER STALLONE 	Oil, acrylic 	Dali-style surrealist	None since a mid-1960s series in assorted Florida bus stations	None donated or sold since Florida exhibitions; in 1964 Stallone sold his acrylic works for \$15	Stallone says, "You might say that art is the purest translation of the soul.... I try to use relatable symbols, but some of them would be considered hard-core—not easy viewing"
JONATHAN WINTERS 	Acrylic, pen-and-ink 	Surrealist	Three, all before 1984	Lithos go for \$250; acrylics, \$3,000–\$5,000. At a 1974 California exhibition, sold all 48 works offered; will sell to fans who write requesting a Winters, <i>any Winters</i>	Winters says, "I'm a visual guy.... When I think of humor, or sorrow or pain, I can see it, and then it's just a matter of transferring that to my paintings"

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INTO RETIREMENT



On January 21, 1989, the 30-car-long presidential motorcades, complete with decoy limousine, that occasionally choked Los Angeles's boulevards during the Reagans' visits will become merely a memory. But *ex-presidential* motorcades, shortened to about ten cars, will become daily events here, delighting citizens and illegal aliens alike as they convey Ronald and Nancy toward the next function in what promises to be three months' worth of welcome-home dinners. 🍷 The sequence of public

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and private balls, dinners and fetes, as many as 100 in all, will begin before Ron's term of office ends. This New Year's Eve, the *Daily Racing Form*-owning former ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Walter Annenberg, will, as he has these past eight years, play host to the Reagans and a gang of about 50 other right-wing moguls and Palm Springs cocoanuts for a party at his county-size estate, "Sunnylands." After that it's open season on the Reagans.

Those almost certain to be hosting or attending luncheons and dinners for Ron and Nancy include such old friends as entertainment tycoons Lew Wasserman and Jerry Weintraub; Nancy's confidante, Betsy Bloomingdale; relatively honest former attorney general William French Smith and his wife; former national security adviser William "I Don't Know Who Zimbabwe Is" Clark; druggist Justin Dart; car dealer Holmes Tuttle; political adviser and pet-of-Nancy Stuart Spencer; and the remarkably unindicted Ed Meese. A number of these old cronies pooled \$2.5 million to buy the Reagans their new house in Bel Air, where toasts will brighten many an evening. Adding brio to the general mafficking of Ron's return to Hollywood will be fellow former actors Charlton Heston, Jimmy Stewart, Bob Hope and Fred MacMurray.

And every charity and movie premiere in town will also be in on the Reagan hunt. "Up until now," says a prominent party organizer, "the height of wonder was to get someone like [MCA chairman] Lew Wasserman to serve as 'honorary chairman' of your event. But now, and since the Reagans are like royalty, we have an idea that what we'd like to do for really top-notch local charities [such as The Music Center of Los Angeles County and SHARE Inc., a fund for the retarded and abused] is to have events held 'Under the Patronage of the Ex-President of the United States and Mrs. Reagan.' Nancy would like that language, I think." But of course.

Aside from acquiescing to a few such charity events, the Reagans have quietly expressed the wish that they be entertained through smallish receptions or, in the case of events hosted by old friends, through what's called a "Bel Air evening."

A Bel Air evening is as ritualized as Kabuki theater, and a Bel Air soiree involving the Reaganite gang is especially thin on devil-may-care spontaneity or conversational freshness. At one recent gathering a partygoer got up twice in the course of the evening to call the White House and report to Nancy on what was going on. To the untrained eye, nothing seemed to be going on.

BEL AIR SOIREES INVOLVING THE REAGANITE CROWD ARE ESPECIALLY THIN ON DEVIL-MAY- CARE SPONTANEITY

Women at Bel Air evenings traditionally wear starchy, shimmering Adolfo's and limit their conversation to New Smart Set remarks like "And how!," uttered after every statement by the nearest male. Women generally ignore the other women and fawn over the men, but it's a goofy, California fawning. "With eyes like yours, you should be wearing contacts, not glasses," said the White House-phoning woman to the man on her right during the lobster ravioli. "Eyes like Gable's don't need glasses."

As for the Reaganite men: the young bucks, the hard chargers, like to blast away about the crime scene and security (i.e., the need to be armed at all times), while the older fellows like to recount old-movie plots and screech about how there's plenty of gravy left in the industry and, indeed, in the whole Southland, as industrialists persist in calling Los Angeles. The saving grace of such evenings is that it's perfectly all right to arrive 45 minutes late and to leave immediately after the first toast in which a guest—any guest—is described as a national treasure. If you don't leave then, you may actually be grateful when Marvin Hamlisch finally appears by the blue pool, amid the Malibu torches, and starts tinkling the ivories. Isn't he great? And how!

It's no wonder that the presidential children usually decline invitations to these dinners (reconciliations with Michael, Patti and Ron Jr. are apparently not on the Reagans' agenda for the nineties). They've seen and heard it all before: Nancy smiling wistfully; the other diners soft-mouthing their dactyls of self-congratulation; and the president roaming into one of those long anecdotes that have him overseas during World War II (he wasn't) or witnessing one of the scenes of the triumph of the individual over society's knocks that he likes to report as real events to his dinner companions, though the events are lifted from *Kings Row* or *Knute Rockne, All American*.

But it won't all be partymania on the limousine routes. The Reagans are expected to pursue a more modest social schedule once the welcome-wagon visits are over. "I think they'll be doing a lot of typical ex-presidential stuff then," says former special assistant to the president Morgan Mason, who now owns a restaurant in Brentwood. "And I think they'll also try to live a typical Bel Air life-style once things calm down."

That means languor. Fred Ryan, the president's



current director of scheduling and future chief of staff, knows how to keep things light. Ron will wake up in the Reagans' rented house in Bel Air at 8:00 a.m., enjoy two soft-boiled eggs or some bran with the *Los Angeles Times*, then maybe head outside for a little light gardening in the company of his dozen or so Secret Service men. He will also likely resume his several-minute-long radio commentaries, the ones that made him so popular in the seventies. (Although *The Love Boat* is no longer in production, television producers are already angling to sign him for a show—any show.) Occasionally Ron may run up the coast to Ventura County for some sort of vague ceremony at the 115,000-square-foot Ronald Reagan Presidential Library and Center for Public Affairs. Lunch—a little thawed hamburger soup; some relaxation in the pool (but not for *too* long—Reagan's doctors want to prevent a fourth outbreak of skin cancer); a vodka tonic or a glass of wine; then an evening with friends watching *The Wizard of Oz*, or dinner at a favorite, tired restaurant such as Chasen's or Matteo's.

(Restaurant owners have been pondering how to handle the check for an ex-presidential party. The protocol seems to be that on a first visit to a restaurant by either the ex-president or the ex-first lady, the owner should offer to pick up the tab. On subsequent visits it's perfectly okay to present the bill to the chief of staff. The Secret Service men will receive a separate bill. Local police will also, if requested, accompany the Reagans on their excursions, and asking them to pay is bad form. But neither should the cops be fed.)

Nancy will be more active than Ron. When she's not on the phone, she and her handful of Secret Service agents will shop and lunch. Nancy is expected to continue to accept clothing and furnishings gratis. Alas, her old cobbler, Carlo Celoni, no longer manages Gucci, and her favorite couturier, Amelia Gray, has gone out of business; but plenty of Rodeo Drive merchants, such as Miss Donohue at I. Magnin, are ready, if not willing, to fill the fashion gap.

Nancy is eager to get back to hitting the shops in Beverly Hills, Glen Centre and Newport Beach in the giddy, girlish company of Betsy Bloomingdale, Marion Jorgensen, Harriet Deutsch, Mary Jane Wick, Jean Smith and others of the helmet-hair set who maneuver their own Rolls-Royces with alarming verve. One wonders why someone who had inhabited the White House would be so eager to get back together with a gang of elderly Beverly Hills/Bel Air ladies.

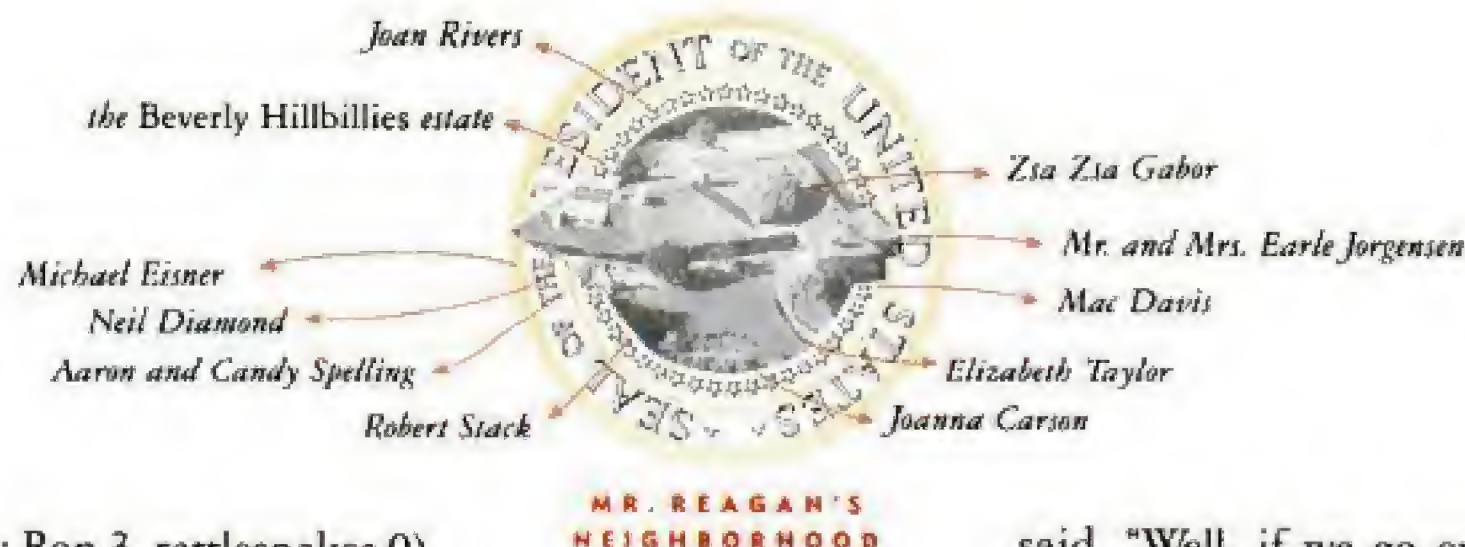
NANCY IS EAGER TO REJOIN THE HELMET- HAIR GANG WHO HIT THE SHOPS ON RODEO DRIVE

Well, the simple fact is that for most of these women, the daily lunches at places like the Bistro Garden in Beverly Hills and The Ivy on Robertson Avenue, bordering decorator-shop-glutted West Hollywood, allow the gals to compare notes on the big job in their lives: managing, manipulating and second-guessing their husbands. Ultimately, they are a gang of aging show girls, and the daily lunch and shopping spree are for them what the few minutes in the dressing room between cues are for actresses in a long-running show—a chance to loosen the stays and talk with a few of the very few in the world who have undergone a similar experience. In Bel Air, life is a full-time acting job.

Now that it's no longer necessary for Nancy constantly to play the role of the nation's Top Visiting Nurse, however, she will start to cut back on some of her uncharacteristic charity efforts. But she will pursue the Just Say No game with renewed vigor: she wants to sponsor an eponymous clinic and research center for the addicted. However, the Hospital for Republicans—sorry, Eisenhower Medical Center in Rancho Mirage—already has the Betty Ford Center, so Nancy will have to look elsewhere. What could be better than the University of California at Los Angeles Medical Center, just a quick jog away from the Reagans' new home? The center already features an eye facility named after the late Dr. Jules Stein, boss of MCA (Music Corporation of America) and the manager of Reagan's blind trust during his term as governor.

Nancy has another project she's been brooding about, one that involves evening the score with tattletales Don Regan, Larry Speakes and even that old companion of crisis, Mike Deaver. The Reagans had not planned to write about their White House tenure, but their anger and irritation with the Bad Servants are such that Nancy, at least, now plans to write a personal account setting the record straight. That means a lot of speaking into ghostwriters' tape recorders in the Bel Air living room and in the den of their ranch, Rancho del Cielo.

The Reagans will retreat to the 688-acre Santa Ynez ranch, 100 miles northwest of Los Angeles, on weekends. As we know from the photo ops of the last eight years, Ron loves going there to watch the stars; ride his horse; hack away at underbrush; watch the goldfish in his man-made pond, Lake Lucky; and occasionally just stomp a rattlesnake to



death (the score at last count: Ron 3, rattlesnakes 0). Nancy frets up in the mountains as she grimly jounces along on her horse, No Strings. Widely disliked movie producer Ray Stark and his wife have a ranch close by, but there isn't anything to *do* up in the mountains. Nancy will visibly brighten when she can return to Bel Air and the cocktail life.

Why, by the way, does a wealthy ex-president of the United States—one worth several million dollars—need to live in a rented house? Well, it seems that 20 of Ron's friends incorporated themselves as Wall Management Services Inc. and just up and bought him a house. The consortium is headed by Holmes Tuttle and metals magnate Earle Jorgensen; among the stockholders who each contributed \$156,000 to meet the sale price are, it is believed, William French Smith, Betsy Bloomingdale, Armand and Harriet Deutsch and several others of the very old gang. The original notion may well have been that the Reagans would live in it free of charge, but to preserve the proprieties (Always! The proprieties!) they will pay a rent estimated to be about \$10,000 a month. Indeed, they are already doing so.

Nancy wasn't pleased by her gift house at 666 St. Cloud Road (the landlords quickly changed the number to 668 to avoid the satanic vibrations for a president whose own name—Ronald Wilson Reagan—is three six-letter words). In fact, she continued to house-hunt in Bel Air, Brentwood and Pacific Palisades. But Ron amiably accepted the present. After all, this won't be the first time the Reagans have lived in a home purchased for them by cronies: during the gubernatorial years, an obliging gang of political pals (including the recurring Tuttle, Jorgensen and Smith) bought a \$150,000 house in East Sacramento and rented it to the Reagans when Nancy turned up her nose at the charming gingerbread Victorian governor's mansion.

What is initially bewildering is not that the Bel Air rental deal is legal (a federal inquiry by the Office of Government Ethics declared it so) but that the Reagans' friends would take it into their heads to buy them a house in the first place. This strange postpresidency enterprise is based on an insight best formulated by the late Oscar Levant, no Bel Air socialite, who declined an invitation to dine at the White House during Truman's administration. Asked why he turned down the Trumans, Levant

RON LOVES GOING TO RANCHO DEL CIELO TO RIDE, STARGAZE AND STOMP RATTLE- SNAKES TO DEATH

said, "Well, if we go over to their place, we'll just have to have them over here some night."

What the Wall Management social mavens have done, simply put, is ensure that they'll always be invited—the new arrangement effectively makes the landlords nobles, hidalgos in the new court of Reagan. To further ensure its own exclusive entrée, the group bought one of the few places in Bel Air that is unsuitable for large-scale entertaining. One thinks of Bel Air as a staggering array of palazzi, haciendas, tofts and châteaux. Certainly the Reagans' home is surrounded by such properties, including the \$13 million Kirkeby Estate, where *The Beverly Hillbillies* was filmed.

But the Reagans' house itself is comparatively...dinky. It will be difficult to fit in the requisite 50 yards of leather-backed books, let alone have an American Film Institute fete for 5,000. The site is a modest one and a half acres, surrounded by neighbors with good security systems (Joanna Carson lives down the road; Joan Rivers, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Elizabeth Taylor are all nearby) and currently—that is, before Nancy brings in the wrecking ball—has three bedrooms, six bathrooms, a sun room, a butler's pantry, a kitchen, three servant's rooms, a three-car garage and a heated pool. The house is, in fact, so small—so small—that it is only suitable for parties of 20. Guess who's coming to dinner?

The Wall Management folks are likely to make out pretty well all around: in the eyes of local real estate agents, the house was a steal. "Essentially the \$2.5 million covers the land," says one prominent Bel Air broker. "They got the house for free. I'd guess they're going to tear the house down, or else just use it for a couple of years. It's a small suburban home in a neighborhood of \$15 million estates."

Exactly. But it's a small suburban home that shortly will have once been lived in by southern California's favorite ex-president. And when he and Nancy decide that it's too small for all their various obligations, for the hypnotic round of parties and personal appearances, the marketing of Ron the Republican icon, one can only imagine the selling price the landlords might get for the property.

Unless, of course, Ron decides to buy it, as he has an option to do at the end of his three-year lease. And then it would be churlish of the owners to charge their favorite son—a president, for gosh sake—more than the price they paid. Which wouldn't be the first time that Ronald Reagan, supposedly the creature of his society pals, used them when they thought they were using him. Isn't he great? And how! ☺



GIORGIO ARMANI HAS GONE FORMAL AT ZELLER TUXEDOS.

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233-0507

a panoramic pictorial history

AMERICA'S GREAT HOUSE

rom the intangible stuff of adolescent dreams and passions, the lord of this manor created an empire. This house—this extraordinary home—is his crowning achievement, a latter-day Alexandria for a latter-day Alexander, an estate of baronial splendor that reflects not just the wealth but the truly regal tastes of the man himself. If ever a place was not just a place but a state of mind, this place is that place. A California Monticello, a garden of earthly delights, a hospice of unsurpassed lavishness, a home away from home for the mighty, the talented and the endowed, the men and women whose names will surely fill the textbooks of tomorrow. Some call this place Shangri-la. Some call it The Swinger's Answer to Camp David. Most just call it The Mansion. **I** Built in 1927 by the son of a southern California tycoon, Holdenby Lodge, as it was then known, is a replica of an English country manor—a fusion of Gothic/Tudor genius that lent its name as well as its beauty to the district of Los Angeles upon which it stood: Holmby (as Holdenby is pronounced) Hills. An architectural triumph, yes, but nothing more—nothing more, that is, until 1971, when Holdenby Lodge became... The Mansion. **I** Come. It is Sunday night, and the lord of the manor and his subjects await. Come, enjoy his unimaginable generosity. Come, mingle with the greatest of America's greats. Come, pass through his massive oaken doors and hear philosophers debating contemporary issues, behold great thespians recalling their moments of triumph in the limelight, see Linda Lovelace do it with a dog...



YOU ARE HERE



INSIDE THE CLASSIEST PLACE ON EARTH

An up close
and personal and
absolutely factual
tour of the
Playboy Mansion
West

1 HUGH M. HEFNER, variously known as Hef or Ner, the Big Bunny himself, Pepsi in hand, wearing tasteful satin pajamas and robe to match the blue velvet dining room draperies. It's Hef who sets the tone for what one happy visitor has called "the pleasantly permissive sexuality that pervades this special place." And when first surveying The Mansion and its fabulous grounds, which have taken their place in history alongside Xanadu and Graceland, it is Hef who is said to have demanded, "Where the hell are my lily pads?!" **2 KIMBERLY CONRAD** is Hef's current Special Lady as well as his fiancée—which means she has

a lock on being named Playboy Playmate of the Year, an honor that will translate into \$100,000, a luxury car and a press conference at which she can tell the world how she owes it all to one incredibly special man. And who's Hef to disagree? "I'm a caring guy," he has said in a moment of introspection. **3 AL GOLDSTEIN** pays tribute to high-rent visionary Hef by presenting him with unique objets d'art. Here Al carries in a pair of freestanding Hef-esque pajamas, dipped in Lucite and lit from within. Typically a Goldstein gift stays on display for a month or two before dis-

HAHN admires her new, womanly, Hef-financed profile. One of *The Mansion*'s most notorious freeloaders, she lived here while working on a *Playboy* article regarding her happy metamorphosis from all-natural church secretary to silicone-laced media thing. It was on the Mansion tennis courts that 1980 Playmate of the Year **DOROTHY STRATTEN** met beau **PETER BOGDANOVICH**, the director of *They All Laughed*, who claims to have enjoyed a year of "devastating promiscuity" hanging out chez Hef. One brutal murder, two lurid exposés and an ugly lawsuit later, laughter once again happily reigns at this very special playground. Here's an alluring **YANNA WHITE**, sunbathing au naturel — and pourquoi pas? — just the way she used to in the days before her superstardom, back when she was begging Hef to run the lingerie photos she later called exploitative. Porn star **HARRY REEMS** is one of Hef's favorite Monopoly partners. Hef's customized game features money bearing his portrait and playing pieces sculpted in the likenesses of Mansion regulars (and as for Community Chest, well...). Here's the mitten of house intellectual-historian **MAX LERNER**, dressed, as usual, for winter in 90-degree weather and playing Monopoly while having one of the stimulating conversations that contribute to *The Mansion*'s reputation as something far more than just a luxurious pleasure dome. **JONI MATTIS**, 1960's Miss November, is Hef's nighttime secretary. Not only does Joni make sure that Hef never feels like a bizarre recluse, by continually directing Mansion guests to chat him up, but she also decides who gets the very great honor of sitting next to Hef during the movie. And when it comes time for bed, you'll find Joni calling tonight's Special Lady to Hef's side: "Paging Miss April." Who would have thought blue-eyed black woman **WHOOPI GOLDBERG** would become a Mansion regular? Unlike most of Hef's other celebrity pals, Whoopi can be counted on to lend her undiminished star power to even the least special of *Playboy* PR events. Not pictured: **JOHN DANTE** — one of Hef's oldest pals. Lives here, as he once lived in the Chicago mansion. Hef financed many of Dante's failed business ventures, the most recent being an L.A. club named Touch. **MARK SAGINOR** — Hef's personal physician; also ministers to Johnny Carson and Aaron Spelling. **MO GRABOWSKI** and **VALERIE CRAIGIN** — two 50-ish *Playboy* executives whose most important job is keeping *The Mansion* well stocked with potential Playmates. The two compete furiously — hooking Hef up with a Special Lady means job security and increased company clout. Hef likes to keep *The Mansion*'s cats-to-chicks ratio at one to three, which means that for every late-middle-aged demiluminary there are three enticing ladies on hand. Weekly open auditions and group appraisals of sent-in Polaroids fill to overflowing the Mansion ranks of faceless, disposable bimbos. This ensures that every girl in America has a fair chance to realize her dream of rubbing down Chuck McCann! **FRED DRYER** — ex-football player turned Hunter star. He married a Playmate and now brings their small daughter to *The Mansion*. **JAMES CAAN** — the pickup truck he used to drive to *The Mansion* sported a bumper sticker that read, TRY A COWBOY — THEY STAY ON LONGER. **CLINT EASTWOOD** — one of Hef's few real celebrity pals. Keeps his private and professional lives separate by refusing to grant any recent interviews to *Playboy*. Plus regulars **CHUCK WOOLERY**, **JIM BROWN** and **WILT CHAMBERLAIN**. ▶



OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS



1 MASTER BEDROOM. Hef's bed has naked-lady bas-reliefs cut into the head- and footboards, just in case he needs a reminder of his role as America's premier sybarite. At the foot of the bed are twin seven-foot video screens on which Hef watches an average of four movies a day — some, perhaps, featuring canine cult star Rufus. Two low-light video cameras are also on hand, much to the relief of posterity.

2 MASTER BATHROOM. This is where Hef suffered his March 1985 stroke, while sitting on the toilet — in homage, perhaps, to fellow sexy homeowner-shut-in Elvis Presley.

3 OFFICE. This is where Hef works on his "auto"-biography. Bantam paid more than \$1 million for it. Hef employs not one but two ghostwriters, plus a researcher and an in-house pre-editor.

4 GUEST BEDROOM WHERE PETER LAWFORD CAME TO DIE. When the seriously ailing Lawford came to stay with Hef in 1983, Mansion butlers formed a betting pool, the winner of which would be the man on whose shift Lawford died (sadly for the help, Lawford moved out before the big day).

5 LIBRARY. Like many another learned suburban squire, Hef prominently displays a copy of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

6 LIVING ROOM. This is the site of Hef's Sunday screening evenings. Hef also holds mawkish press conferences here at which he exacts sanctimonious revenge against tormentors like Carrie Leigh and Peter Bogdanovich.

7 GREAT HALL. Gateway to *The Mansion*, site of the famed double staircase crowned with a tasteful sculpture of a disembodied vulva. Anatomically confused staff members have dubbed this unique work of art

the "Brass Ass." They leave messages for one another in the opening.

8 THE MEDITERRANEAN ROOM. The Mansion's rather grandiose breakfast nook, complete with fountain. Guests discuss the previous night's dizzying rounds of backgammon and Jacuzzi-ing.

9 DINING ROOM. Dear *Playboy* Advisor: What kind of wine should you drink with Beefaroni? When it comes to a Sunday buffet dinner — not to mention a late-night, post-amore snack! — Hef's all-time favorite foods (even after his 1985 stroke) are pot roast, pork roast, fried chicken and liver and onions. Other Mansion specialties include peanut-butter-and-lettuce sandwiches, Franco-American spaghetti and, according to one member of the *Playboy* family, "the kind of bread that sticks to the roof of your mouth." This room was also once home to one of *The Mansion*'s greatest works of art, Salvador Dali's *Young Virgin Auto-Sodomized by Her Own Chastity*. While *Playboy* corporate president Christie Hefner has sold many Mansion artworks recently (in a move that contributed to the company's slim profit last year), this painting has been spared.

10 ARCHIVES. What color pajamas was Hef wearing the day he decided to run *Playboy*'s historic first "bush" shot in 1969? The Mansion archives feature exhaustive scrapbooks and videotapes that detail every momentous episode of Hef's illustrious life. When Hef tires of his insulated world of genteel prudence, he can dip into the "World's Largest Collection of Pornography" and watch videotapes of junkies and teen runaways having sex.

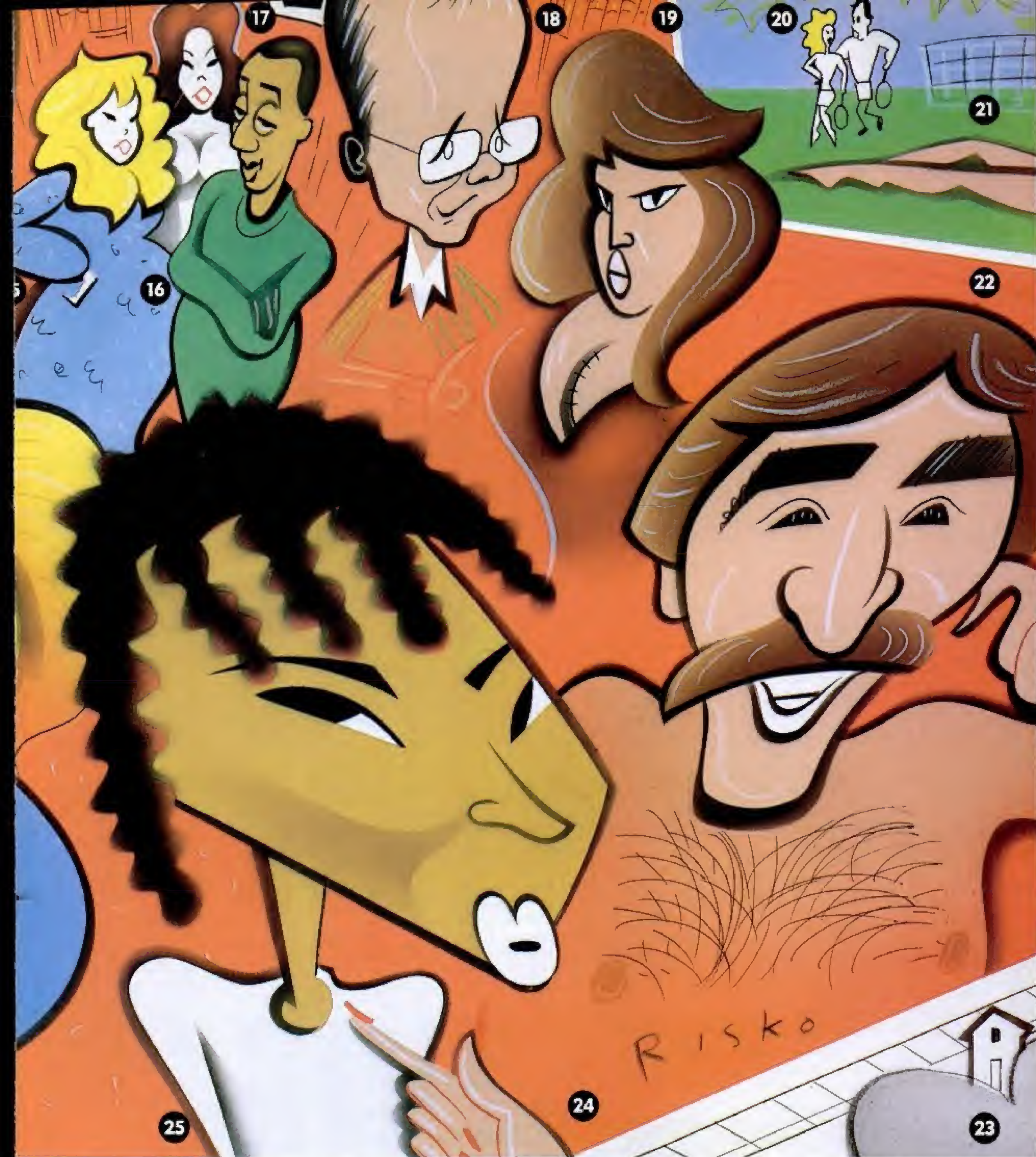
11 THE SWIMMING POOL. Really more of a man-made lake. Teenage girls and men old enough to be their grandfathers frequently swim here au naturel.

12 THE GROTTO. A man-made cave adjacent to the swimming pool featuring an outsize Jacuzzi — in the words of one visitor, "a place of love, peace, and tranquillity." In the words of Peter Bogdanovich, the place where Hef attempted to rape Dorothy Stratten.

13 THE TENNIS COURT. Try out your backhand, enjoy the love game at courtside, or simply marvel at the Dick Van Patten clan in tennis shorts.

14 THE GAME HOUSE. The notoriously competitive Hef has all his video games reprogrammed for easier play. Mansion legend has it that in the seventies Don (Get Smart) Adams stayed up all night trying to beat Hef's artificially inflated Speedway score.

15 THE GROUNDS. Teeming with squirrel monkeys, flamingos and repulsive, gape-mouthed Japanese fish. Bare-chested volleyball-playing women can also be found, damaging their musculature.



all over again"—and glittering "Gate List" members such as **12 CHUCK McCANN** are the reason why. You remember McCann: he's the overweight man on the other side of the medicine cabinet saying "Hi, guy" in those old Right Guard commercials. Maybe the film that Hef's screening tonight will be *The Come Back Trail*, an unreleased movie McCann directed in the seventies that is said to leave Hef and his guests "limp from laughter." Professional roaster **13 JACKIE GAYLE** is another "Gate List" staple. "That Hef has got so much class," Gayle quips, "he even bought his cat a raccoon coat." That Hef, indeed! **14** While

recovering from his third divorce, high-domed actor **14 TONY CURTIS** lived at this happiest of flop-houses for months on end. **15** Hee Haw star, Hef ex and art collector **15 BARBI BENTON**. Perhaps the most special of all *Special Ladies* (her tenure lasted from 1968 to 1976), she and Hef remain on good terms. The needlepoint sampler she made for him still hangs above the library door: BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME. Of course, some prefer the brass plaque on the door of Chicago's original Playboy Mansion: SI NON OSCILLAS, NOLI TINTINNARE—If you don't swing, don't ring! Talking art with

Barbi is fellow collector **16 BILL COSBY** in his trademark nightshirt. Apparently *The Mansion's* delights are a temptation even for America's self-appointed number one Family Man. Perhaps they're discussing the very artistic, very pink-nippled **17 BUST OF BARBI BENTON**—and do we mean bust! Observers noted that the bust was conspicuously absent during Carrie Leigh's tenure, but today it has returned to its place of honor in the library. **18** Mansion regular and once-great screenwriter **18 BUCK (Catch-22) HENRY** is the wit responsible for coining Hef's special, insiders-only nickname Ner. **19** Latter-day Eliza Doolittle **19 JESSICA**



appearing into one of The Mansion's no doubt luxurious closets. 1 While Hef has a soft spot for aging show biz washouts, he maintains his Hollywood up-to-dateness by inviting disdainful Brat Pack stars to participate in Mansion revels. Here 4 EMILIO ESTEVEZ gazes at the amusing Swingin' Seventies-esque scene. 5 The ghost of PETER LAWFORD (see next page). 6 In the mid-seventies former Mansion regular 6 LINDA LOVELACE and canine porn star RUFUS once agreed to put on a show for Hef and his pals, but a duplicitous Linda skillfully avoided actual penetration. Regular date of ex-Special Lady

Shannon Tweed, photo-buff 7 GENE SIMMONS takes a break from his arduous KISS schedule. 8 Why on earth would a woman run around this happiest of domiciles threatening to throw herself off a balcony? Unhappily, stunning ex-Special Lady 8 CARRIE LEIGH once did just that, and in the eye-popping buff to boot. Maybe the budding feminist and future palimony litigant got it into her head that the Mansion way of life had somehow caused her to be "objectified." 9 Who passed out on the floor tonight? Once upon a time it was 9 WARREN BEATTY, who woke up to find a television pitchman, 10 GEORGE PLIMPTON, looming

over him. To Beatty's unfocused eyes Plimpton was a ringer for dead patrician publisher Horace Whigham, and later he was cast by Beatty for the role in Reds. 11 Is he or isn't he? Only Hef's hairstylist, 11 GENE SHACOYE, knows for sure. Said to be the inspiration for Warren Beatty's character in Shampoo—a swinger's swinger—Gene is permanently on The Mansion's "Gate List," one of the roughly 20 B actors, retired athletes and burned-out writers who have 24-hour access to this grandest palace of American individualism. Tommy Smothers once said that if a bomb went off in The Mansion, "they'd have to start show business

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT RISKO

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"TWO GUYS. ONE BLACK. CIA. BY THE BOOK. THE OTHER, WHITE.
LAPD. SLOPPY. MADMAN'S ON THE LOOSE. PLUTONIUM.
CITY HELD HOSTAGE. TWO GUYS TEAMED UP.
ONLY THEY DON'T GET ALONG, SEE."

A SPY Guide to Making Hit Movies the Surefire, Scientific

BUDDY-O-MATICTM

Way¹

Thousands of years ago the Greeks determined that there were only a finite number of human conflicts that served as the basis for all drama. If you've been to a movie in the past year, you've probably noticed that Hollywood, in its tireless quest for the new and the fresh, has managed to boil this number down to one: the Buddy Movie. To save producers millions of dollars in development costs and theatergoers the ordeal of actually watching the current crop of buddy films, noted cinemalogist **BRUCE FEIRSTEIN** has devised a remarkable, pioneering and altogether foolproof technique for plotting, writing and casting Buddy Movies—the Buddy-o-Matic. It's easy: just work your way through the 58-step Buddy-o-Matic process, choosing any of the multiple-choice options available at each step, and you'll have yourself a surefire Buddy Movie treatment.

Our story begins in



psychopathic

of

particularly



reason.⁴⁰ Next, we meet

Los Angeles, ²	Moscow, ⁸
Chicago, ³	Hollywood, ⁹
Detroit, ⁴	Boston, ¹⁰
San Francisco, ⁵	Miami, ¹¹
the Pacific Northwest, ⁶	Saigon, ¹²
New York, ⁷	Beverly Hills, ¹³

where a crazed

serial killer ¹⁴	CIA agent ¹⁹
drug dealer ¹⁵	Vietnam vet ²⁰
arms merchant ¹⁶	Chinese tong lord ²¹
Mafia kingpin ¹⁷	pimp ²²
KGB agent ¹⁸	diamond smuggler ²³

is creating all sorts

by murdering



young nurses ²⁹
young models ³⁰
young bookers ³¹
young female MPs ³²

in a

lurid ³³	bloody ³⁷
vicious ³⁴	misanthropic ³⁸
sadistic ³⁵	titillating ³⁹
grotesque ³⁶	

style, and for no apparent

Richard Dreyfuss, ⁴¹	Mel Gibson, ⁴⁹
Nick Nolte, ⁴²	Judge Reinhold, ⁵⁰
Billy Crystal, ⁴³	Mikhail Baryshnikov, ⁵¹
Jim Belushi, ⁴⁴	Sam Elliott, ⁵²
Mark Harmon, ⁴⁵	James Garner, ⁵³
Dan Aykroyd, ⁴⁶	Treat Williams, ⁵⁴
Tom Berenger, ⁴⁷	somebody named
Willem Dafoe, ⁴⁸	Quaid, ⁵⁵

who

1. The origins of the modern-day Buddy Movie (also known as the postheroic drama) are generally ascribed to a 1969 Twentieth Century Fox production, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, although the archetype had previously been employed by such premodernist comedy teams as Laurel and Hardy

and Abbott and Costello, and the latter-day neo-expressionists Martin and Lewis. While scholars of the genre have failed to reach a consensus concerning the archetype's first appearance, most agree that seminal influences on the form have included William Shakespeare's The Two Gentlemen of Verona, the

mythical tale "Romulus and Remus," the biblical Cain and Abel story and, of course, the postwar Japanese-American classic King Kong vs. Godzilla.
2. Dragnet (Universal Pictures, 1987); Lethal Weapon (Warner Brothers, 1988).
3. Running Scared (MGM,

1986). The city boasts an especially cooperative film commission to expedite shooting.
4. Beverly Hills Cop (Paramount, 1984).
5. The Presidio (Paramount, 1988); 48 HRS. (Paramount, 1982).
6. Shoot to Kill (Touchstone, 1988) winds up in Vancouver; Snakeout (Touchstone, 1987)

takes place in Seattle.
7. Shakedown (Universal, 1988). For northern Manhattan, i.e., Harlem, see Shaft's Big Score! (MGM, 1972) or Uptown Saturday Night (Warner Brothers, 1974).
8. Actually Finland. Moscow does not believe in film

commissions; Red Heat (Tri-Star, 1988) and White Nights (Columbia, 1985) were shot elsewhere.
9. Sunset (Tri-Star, 1988).
10. Currently available.
11. Miami Vice (the current prototypical television buddy-format setting).

→ is a(n)

down-and-out⁵⁶
by-the-book⁵⁷
recently divorced⁵⁸
soon-to-be-retired⁵⁹
wizened, seen-it-all⁶⁰
no-nonsense⁶¹
alcoholic⁶²
wrapped-too-tight⁶³

sergeant⁶⁴
detective⁶⁵
MP⁶⁶
FBI agent⁶⁷
CIA operative⁶⁸
principal dancer⁶⁹

who has just



dog⁷⁸
cat⁷⁹
goldfish⁸⁰
hangover⁸¹
houseplant⁸²
gun⁸³

broken up with his girlfriend⁷⁰
woken up with a hangover⁷¹
screwed up with the police commissioner⁷²
seen his partner get killed⁷³
been dumped by his wife⁷⁴

in the

sloppy bachelor's apartment⁷⁵
middle-class two-family house⁷⁶
slick high-tech loft⁷⁷
tasteful suburban home^{77a}

Los Angeles.² Moscow.⁸
Chicago.³ Hollywood.⁹
Detroit.⁴ Boston.¹⁰
San Francisco.⁵ Miami.¹¹
the Pacific Saigon.¹²
Northwest.⁶ Beverly Hills.¹³
New York.⁷

he shares with a cutely named

somewhere in/outside of

Now, at

military headquarters,⁸⁴
police headquarters,⁸⁵
a diner,⁸⁶
an underground parking lot,⁸⁷

we meet



Richard Dreyfuss⁴¹ Mel Gibson⁴⁹
Nick Nolte⁴² Judge Reinhold⁵⁰
Billy Crystal⁴³ Mikhail Baryshnikov⁵¹
Jim Belushi⁴⁴ Sam Elliott⁵²
Mark Harmon⁴⁵ James Garner⁵³
Dan Aykroyd⁴⁶ Treat Williams⁵⁴
Tom Berenger⁴⁷ somebody named
Willem Dafoe⁴⁸ Quaid⁵⁵

head detective⁸⁸
police commissioner⁸⁹
FBI special agent⁹⁰
ex-Marine⁹¹
CIA bureau chief⁹²

Lou Gossett, who

doesn't like⁹³
is antagonized by⁹⁴
is fed up with⁹⁵



but recognizes his

unique crime-fighting ability,⁹⁶
personal involvement in the case,⁹⁷
penchant for screwing things up,⁹⁸

so he teams him

with

Eddie Murphy⁹⁹ Arnold Joe Piscopo¹⁰⁷
Sidney Poitier¹⁰⁰ Schwarzenegger¹⁰³ Peter Weller¹⁰⁸
Danny Glover¹⁰¹ Bruce Willis¹⁰⁴ Sean Connery¹⁰⁹
Gregory Hines¹⁰² Shelley Long¹⁰⁵ Tom Hanks¹¹⁰
John Hurt¹⁰⁶

and gives them

an order¹¹¹
one last chance¹¹²
a command against
his better instincts¹¹³



to catch the

serial killer¹⁴ CIA agent¹⁹
drug dealer¹⁵ Vietnam vet²⁰
arms merchant¹⁶ Chinese tong lord²¹
Mafia kingpin¹⁷ pimp²²
KGB agent¹⁸ diamond smuggler²³

before the end of



their stakeout,¹¹⁴
seven days,¹¹⁵
the Tet
Offensive,¹¹⁶
the Moscow
Ballet season,¹¹⁷
48 hours,¹¹⁸
the world,¹¹⁹

At first, they

loathe¹²⁰
despise¹²¹
hate¹²²
can't stand¹²³
don't trust¹²⁴
ignore¹²⁵
needle¹²⁶

each other.

Where one is

white,¹²⁷
neat,¹²⁸
clean,¹²⁹
law-abiding,¹³⁰
methodical,¹³¹
angry,¹³²
racist,¹³³
middle-class,¹³⁴
happily married,¹³⁵
an American,¹³⁶

the other is

black,¹³⁷ corner-cutting,¹⁴²
slovenly,¹³⁸ ghetto-bred,¹⁴³
a communist,¹³⁹ trigger-happy,¹⁴⁴
street-smart,¹⁴⁰ horny,¹⁴⁵
impulsive,¹⁴¹ foulmouthed,¹⁴⁶

and they don't

even

eat alike,¹⁴⁷
dress alike,¹⁴⁸
drive alike,¹⁴⁹
listen to the same music,¹⁵⁰

Nevertheless, they go to a(n)

art gallery¹⁵¹ blue-collar
war zone¹⁵² strip joint¹⁵³
Moscow Ballet slime-infested bar¹⁵⁶
premiere¹⁵⁵ brothel¹⁵⁷
busy pier¹⁵⁴ glitzy disco¹⁵⁸



looking for clues to catch

James Remar,¹⁵⁹ Willem Dafoe,¹⁶³
Klaus Maria Brandauer,¹⁶⁰ Dabney Coleman,¹⁶⁴
Gary Busey,¹⁶¹ Gene Hackman,¹⁶⁵
Jürgen Prochnow,¹⁶² James Woods,¹⁶⁶

and in order to prove →

12. Off Limits (Fox, 1988) was actually shot in Thailand. The Republic of Vietnam does not have a film commission; until 1986 this usually meant shooting in the Philippines. However, with the departure of Ferdinand Marcos (who lent the Philippine Air Force to Francis Coppola for Apocalypse Now) and

subsequent political unrest, Thailand, Malibu and the Elstree Studios in London have become the locations of choice for directors seeking to duplicate Saigon and its triple-canopied jungle environs.
13. Beverly Hills Cop II (Paramount, 1987).
14. 48 HRS., Off Limits.
15. Shoot to Kill.

16. Red Heat, Beverly Hills Cop, Running Scared.
17. Beverly Hills Cop II — but even the most dedicated buddies have yet to be able to fully discern the plot.
18. The Pope of Greenwich Village (MGM, 1984), other references too numerous to cite.
19. Red Heat (see also note 15).
20. Archais; mainly used in

1960s Cold War thrillers and any 1980s Robert Ludlum miniseries costarring Jaclyn Smith and Richard Chamberlain.
21. Generic; mainly used in conjunction with movies listed in notes 14, 15, 16, 19.
22. Any film costarring John Lone.
23. With the greater

sensitivity in the late 1980s about black stereotypes, the term young investment banker may be substituted as a synonym. For TV-movies-of-the-week, international white-slave trader will achieve the same purpose.
24. Slightly dated — which may explain why The Presidio did only middling

business.
25. Dead Heat (New World Pictures, 1988), Off Limits.
26. Stakeout.
27. 48 HRS.
28. White Nights.
29. Derived from the Roger Corman-American International Pictures school of film, beginning with The



himself/herself,

Eddie Murphy ⁹⁹	Shelley Long ¹⁰³
Sidney Poitier ¹⁰⁰	John Hurt ¹⁰⁶
Danny Glover ¹⁰¹	Joe Piscopo ¹⁰⁷
Gregory Hines ¹⁰²	Peter Weller ¹⁰⁸
Arnold Schwarzenegger ¹⁰³	Sean Connery ¹⁰⁹
Bruce Willis ¹⁰⁴	Tom Hanks ¹¹⁰

gets into a

fistfight ¹⁶⁷
gun battle ¹⁶⁸
car chase ¹⁶⁹

that leads nowhere but



impresses

Dreyfuss. ⁴¹	Harmon. ⁴³	Gibson. ⁴⁹	Garner. ⁵³
Nolte. ⁴²	Aykroyd. ⁴⁶	Reinhold. ⁵⁰	Williams. ⁵⁴
Crystal. ⁴³	Berenger. ⁴⁷	Baryshnikov. ⁵¹	somebody named
Belushi. ⁴⁴	Dafoe. ⁴⁸	Elliott. ⁵²	Quaid. ⁵³

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Now things get complicated.

It seems—

Richard Dreyfuss ⁴¹	Mel Gibson ⁴⁹
Nick Nolte ⁴²	Judge Reinhold ⁵⁰
Billy Crystal ⁴³	Mikhail Baryshnikov ⁵¹
Jim Belushi ⁴⁴	Sam Elliott ⁵²
Mark Harmon ⁴⁵	James Garner ⁵³
Dan Aykroyd ⁴⁶	Treat Williams ⁵⁴
Tom Berenger ⁴⁷	somebody named
Willem Dafoe ⁴⁸	Quaid ⁵³

has fallen in love with¹⁷¹

James Remar's ¹⁵⁹	Willem Dafoe's ¹⁶³
Klaus Maria	Dabney Coleman's ¹⁶⁴
Brandauer's ¹⁶⁰	Gene Hackman's ¹⁶⁵
Gary Busey's ¹⁶¹	James Woods's ¹⁶⁶
Jürgen Prochnow's ¹⁶²	

has taken

hostage^{171a}



Richard Dreyfuss's ⁴¹	Mel Gibson's ⁴⁹
Nick Nolte's ⁴²	Judge Reinhold's ⁵⁰
Billy Crystal's ⁴³	Mikhail Baryshnikov's ⁵¹
Jim Belushi's ⁴⁴	Sam Elliott's ⁵²
Mark Harmon's ⁴⁵	James Garner's ⁵³
Dan Aykroyd's ⁴⁶	Treat Williams's ⁵⁴
Tom Berenger's ⁴⁷	one of the Quaid
Willem Dafoe's ⁴⁸	brothers's ⁵³

girlfriend,

Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio. ¹⁷²
Maria Conchita Alonso. ^{172, 172a}

And to make matters worse, the pair follows the



killer to a

bathhouse, ¹⁷³
casino, ¹⁷⁴
deserted warehouse, ¹⁷⁵
airplane hangar, ¹⁷⁵
private shooting range, ¹⁷⁶
very expensive restaurant/ brothel, ¹⁷⁷
private country club, ¹⁷⁸
plush Bel Air estate, ¹⁷⁹

where they discover he's not just a crazed psychopathic

serial killer ¹⁴	Vietnam vet ²⁰
drug dealer ¹⁵	Chinese tong
arms merchant ¹⁶	lord ²¹
Mafia kingpin ¹⁷	pimp ²²
KGB agent ¹⁸	diamond
CIA agent ¹⁹	smuggler ²³

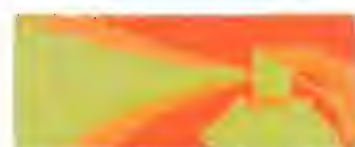
but is really killing the

young nurses ²⁹
young models ³⁰
young hookers ³¹
young female MPs ³²

as part of his twisted,

maniacal ¹⁸⁰
diabolical ¹⁸⁰

plan to control/destroy the



international drug trade. ¹⁸¹
international arms trade. ¹⁸²
international sable trade. ¹⁸³
next presidential election. ¹⁸⁴
Moscow Ballet season. ¹⁸⁵
missing American atomic bomb. ¹⁸⁶
ozone layer. ¹⁸⁷
Far Eastern diamond market. ¹⁸⁸
world and its environs. ¹⁸⁹

Now

there's no way out. ¹⁹⁰
the heat is on. ¹⁹⁰
they're running scared. ¹⁹⁰
they'll shoot to kill. ¹⁹⁰
they're off-limits. ¹⁹⁰
they're on a midnight run. ¹⁹⁰

After a/another



car chase ¹⁹¹
gun battle ¹⁹¹
sex scene ¹⁹¹

with much

destruction of city property, ¹⁹¹
automatic-weapons fire, ¹⁹¹
high-speed swerving and sheet-metal carnage, ¹⁹¹

they run up against

James Remar's ¹⁵⁹	Willem Dafoe's ¹⁶³
Klaus Maria Brandauer's ¹⁶⁰	Dabney Coleman's ¹⁶⁴
Gary Busey's ¹⁶¹	Gene Hackman's ¹⁶⁵
Jürgen Prochnow's ¹⁶²	James Woods's ¹⁶⁶

Wild Angels (1966).

30. Ibid.

31. Ibid; also, Off Limits.

32. The Presidio.

33. Red Heat.

34. 48 HRS.

35. Off Limits.

36. Gorky Park (Orion, 1983).

37. Shoot to Kill.

38. Stakeout.

39. Lethal Weapon.

40. At this point in the story, it is essential that the reason for the killings remain unclear. The killer's motivation (known as the "big secret" or "final plot twist") is always revealed in the last third of the movie — except in the case of James Bond-derived films, in which the "missing American atomic bomb" is always established up

front.

41. Stakeout.

42. 48 HRS.

43. Running Scared.

44. Red Heat.

45. The Presidio.

46. Dragnet.

47. Shoot to Kill.

48. Off Limits.

49. Lethal Weapon.

50. Beverly Hills Cop II.

51. White Nights.

52. Shakedown.

53. Sunset.

54. Dead Heat.

55. In the event one of the Quaid's is unavailable, Bette Midler may be substituted. (See the Disney/Touchstone female variations on the buddy genre, Outrageous Fortune and Big Business.)

56. Nick Nolte, 48 Hours.

57. Dan Aykroyd, Dragnet.

58. Billy Crystal, Running

Scared.

59. Ibid.; also, Brian

Dennehy, Gorky Park.

60. Jim Belushi, Red Heat.

61. Tom Berenger, Shoot to

Kill; also, Willem Dafoe, Off

Limits.

62. Nolte, 48 HRS.

63. Mel Gibson, Lethal Weapon.

64. Ibid.; also, Judge Reinhold,

Beverly Hills Cop II.

65. Nick Nolte, Sam Elliott,

Mark Harmon, Billy Crystal,

Jim Belushi, Dan Aykroyd et al.

66. Willem Dafoe, Off Limits.

67. Sidney Poitier, Shoot to

Kill.

68. Currently available.



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assistant,

Richard "Jaws" Kiel,¹⁹²
Brigitte Nielsen,¹⁹²

who is about to kill either



or

Eddie Murphy⁹⁹ Shelley Long¹⁰⁵
Sidney Poitier¹⁰⁰ John Hurt¹⁰⁶
Danny Glover¹⁰¹ Joe Piscopo¹⁰⁷
Gregory Hines¹⁰² Peter Weller¹⁰⁸
Arnold Sean Connery¹⁰⁹
Schwarzenegger¹⁰³ Tom Hanks¹¹⁰
Bruce Willis¹⁰⁴

but is stopped by either

Richard Dreyfuss⁴¹ Dan Aykroyd⁴⁶ Mikhail Baryshnikov⁵¹
Nick Nolte⁴² Tom Berenger⁴⁷ Sam Elliott⁵²
Billy Crystal⁴³ Willem Dafoe⁴⁸ James Garner⁵³
Jim Belushi⁴⁴ Mel Gibson⁴⁹ Treat Williams⁵⁴
Mark Harmon⁴⁵ Judge Reinhold⁵⁰ somebody named Quaid⁵⁵

Eddie Murphy¹⁹³ Arnold Joe Piscopo¹⁹³
Sidney Poitier¹⁹³ Schwarzenegger¹⁹³ Peter Weller¹⁹³
Danny Glover¹⁹³ Bruce Willis¹⁹³ Sean Connery¹⁹³
Gregory Hines¹⁹³ Shelley Long¹⁹³ Tom Hanks¹⁹³
John Hurt¹⁹³

or

Richard Dreyfuss,¹⁹³ Dan Aykroyd,¹⁹³ Mikhail Baryshnikov,¹⁹³
Nick Nolte,¹⁹³ Tom Berenger,¹⁹³ Sam Elliott,¹⁹³
Billy Crystal,¹⁹³ Willem Dafoe,¹⁹³ James Garner,¹⁹³
Jim Belushi,¹⁹³ Mel Gibson,¹⁹³ Treat Williams,¹⁹³
Mark Harmon,¹⁹³ Judge Reinhold,¹⁹³ somebody named Quaid,¹⁹³

At last, they realize how much they

like¹⁹⁴
need¹⁹⁴
respect¹⁹⁴



each other. And with

time running out,¹⁹⁵
the bomb about to explode,¹⁹⁵
the ballet curtain about
to go up,¹⁹⁵

they use a combination of

street-smarts
police know-how

and



police know-how
street-smarts¹⁹⁶

to appropriate a

cement truck
Greyhound bus
Ferrari Testa Rossa¹⁹⁷

and engage in another

car chase
gun battle¹⁹⁷

through

Harlem,¹⁹⁸ the Third Street tunnel in
the Chicago subway system,¹⁹⁹ downtown L.A.,²⁰⁴
the Moscow park system,²⁰⁰ the atrium of a Hyatt hotel,²⁰⁵
an elevated subway line in the DMZ,²⁰⁶
Brooklyn,²⁰¹ Mardi Gras,²⁰⁷
the Miami Intracoastal the Universal Studios Tour,²⁰⁸
Waterway,²⁰² the Feast of San Gennaro,²⁰⁹
the Golden Gate Bridge,²⁰³ any Chinatown,²¹⁰

where they save

Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio,¹⁷²
Maria Conchita Alonso,^{172, 172a}

kill

James Remar¹⁵⁹
Klaus Maria
Brandauer¹⁶⁰
Gary Busey¹⁶¹
Jürgen Prochnow¹⁶²
Willem Dafoe¹⁶³
Dabney Coleman¹⁶⁴
Gene Hackman¹⁶⁵
James Woods¹⁶⁶

and make Lou Gossett very happy



—but not before the

last scene,
final goodbye,
end of the movie,

in which

Richard Dreyfuss⁴¹ Dan Aykroyd⁴⁶ Mikhail Baryshnikov⁵¹
Nick Nolte⁴² Tom Berenger⁴⁷ Sam Elliott⁵²
Billy Crystal⁴³ Willem Dafoe⁴⁸ James Garner⁵³
Jim Belushi⁴⁴ Mel Gibson⁴⁹ Treat Williams⁵⁴
Mark Harmon⁴⁵ Judge Reinhold⁵⁰ somebody named Quaid⁵⁵

turns to

Eddie Murphy⁹⁹ Shelley Long¹⁰⁵
Sidney Poitier¹⁰⁰ John Hurt¹⁰⁶
Danny Glover¹⁰¹ Joe Piscopo¹⁰⁷
Gregory Hines¹⁰² Peter Weller¹⁰⁸
Arnold Sean Connery¹⁰⁹
Schwarzenegger¹⁰³ Tom Hanks¹¹⁰
Bruce Willis¹⁰⁴

outside a

bar
Porsche
yacht
warehouse²¹¹



and scowls,

"Trust me."
"Can I have my lighter back?"²¹²
"Do svidaniya,"
"You're not of this planet,"²¹³
"Can I have my tanning lotion back?"²¹⁴

before driving into

Los Angeles.² Moscow.⁸
Chicago.³ Hollywood.⁹
Detroit.⁴ Boston.¹⁰
San Francisco.⁵ Miami.¹¹
the Pacific Saigon.¹²
Northwest.⁶ Beverly Hills.¹³
New York.⁷ the sunset.²¹³



69. Baryshnikov. White Nights.
70. Nolte, 48 HRS.
71. Ibid.
72. Ibid.
73. Ibid.
74. Dreyfuss, Stakeout.
75. Crystal, Nolte, Elliott, Belushi et al.
76. Any picture shot in Queens.
77. Any picture shot in

Manhattan.
77a. Lethal Weapon.
78. Known as the Harvey Trait (after the 1950 James Stewart film Harvey), this is considered by screenwriters to be a fast and relatively easy way of giving sympathetic and endearing qualities to an otherwise cardboard character.
79. Ibid.

80. Ibid.
81. Ibid.
82. Reinhold, Beverly Hills Cop II.
83. Ibid.
84. The Presidio.
85. Beverly Hills Cop, Beverly Hills Cop II, Stakeout, Shoot to Kill, 48 HRS., Lethal Weapon, Red Heat et al.

86. A nice change of venue; otherwise, insert "CIA Headquarters."
87. Low-budget films only; the scene can be shot in the parking garage of the hotel where the cast and crew are being housed, or, for pictures made by Universal or Fox, right in the studio's own parking lot. (Note: if the movie is set in Chicago,

at least one scene must be placed in the multistoried indoor parking lot at the base of the Marina Towers, the twin-towered circular buildings at the corner of State Street and the Chicago River.)
88. 48 HRS.
89. Beverly Hills Cop II.
90. Shoot to Kill.
91. Out of Bounds

(Columbia, 1986).
92. When in doubt, this always works; in British films, substitute "MI5."
93. Beverly Hills Cop II.
94. 48 HRS.
95. Running Scared.
96. Lethal Weapon.
97. Lethal Weapon, 48 HRS., Dead Heat.
98. Shakedown, Beverly



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Hills Cop II.
99. 48 HRS.
100. Shoot to Kill.
101. Lethal Weapon.
102. White Nights.
Running Scared. Off Limits.
103. Red Heat.
104. Sunset.
105. See note 55.
106. Only in the gay variation on the theme, Partners, costarring Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt (Paramount, 1981).
107. Dead Heat.
108. Shakedown.
109. The Presidio.
110. Dragnet.
111. 48 HRS.
112. Dragnet, among others.
113. Beverly Hills Cop II, Partners, Shoot to Kill.
114. Stakeout.
115. Lethal Weapon.
116. Off Limits.
117. White Nights.
118. 48 HRS.
119. Known as the 007 Gambit, this is used only in James Bond- or Superman-derived films and requires the establishment of the "missing American atomic bomb" just after the unprecedented-wave-of-gratuitous-violence sequence that precedes the opening credits and begins the film. (For further clarification, see note 40.)
120. Sidney Poitier and Tom Berenger in Shoot to Kill.
121. Peter Weller and Sam Elliott in Shakedown.
122. Mikhail Baryshnikov and Gregory Hines in White Nights.
123. Tom Hanks and Dan Aykroyd in Dragnet.
124. Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy in 48 HRS.
125. Ibid.
126. Richard Dreyfuss and Emilio Estevez in Stakeout.
127. Although listed here for reasons of clarity as single attributes, any combination or mixed usage of these personality traits is acceptable, per the Hope/Crosby rule of mutual antagonism, first cited in the Road to... series (Paramount, beginning 1940) and later perfected in Neil Simon's The Odd Couple (Paramount, 1968). However, in the event a "multiple buddy" format is utilized (known as the Dirty Dozen Formulation or the Platoon Template), each individual character must be given a single, easily recognized quirk/antagonism/stereotype that will put him in constant conflict with other members of his "Buddy Universe."
128. Aykroyd, Dragnet.
129. Estevez, Stakeout.
130. Danny Glover, Lethal Weapon; Belushi, Red Heat; Poitier, Shoot to Kill.
131. Glover, Lethal Weapon.
132. Nolte, 48 HRS.; Gibson, Lethal Weapon; Murphy (all).
133. Murphy (all); Nolte, 48 HRS.
134. Glover, Lethal Weapon; Estevez, Stakeout.
135. Glover, Lethal Weapon.
136. Belushi, Red Heat.
137. Murphy, Hines, Glover, Poitier.
138. Elliott, Shakedown;

Piscopo, Dead Heat.
139. Arnold Schwarzenegger.
140. Murphy, 48 HRS., Beverly Hills Cop.
141. Gibson, Lethal Weapon.
142. Murphy, Piscopo, Schwarzenegger.
143. Murphy, Hines, Glover, Poitier, Schwarzenegger.
144. Gibson, Lethal Weapon.
145. Murphy, 48 Hours; Hanks, Dragnet; Harmon, The Presidio; Hines, Running Scared; Dreyfuss, Stakeout.
146. Murphy, all roles.
147. Dragnet.
148. 48 HRS.

he had previously worked the other side of the street in other, lesser-known buddy variations, such as Streets of Fire (Universal, 1984) and Roadhouse 66 (Atlantic Releasing, 1985).
164. Dragnet.
165. Superman-based films only.
166. When in doubt, James Woods is always the perfect crazed psychopathic Vietnam vet/nervous-twitching-homicidal-maniac-with-a-grudge, nothing-left-to-lose, no-regrets, next-time-it's-the-death-penalty/all-purpose, we-

173. Gorky Park.
174. It can't be too long before Atlantic City establishes a film commission. (It should be noted that all James Bond films have a requisite casino tableau, wherein 007 appears in a white dinner jacket, introduces himself to the villain over a baccarat table by saying "Bond—James Bond" and then proceeds to (a) steal his nemesis's girlfriend and (b) break the bank.)
175. In low-budget films the outside of the soundstage can always be re-dressed to achieve this effect.

Candidate (United Artists, 1962).
185. White Nights (sort of).
186. See note 40.
187. When the revised edition of Buddy-o-Matic is issued in 1992, we're sure we'll have an example. Several.
188. The Presidio.
189. See note 165.
190. At some point in the movie, it's always a good idea to have one of the characters say the name of the film—if for no other reason than to act as a convenient segue into the title song, which, of course, will reinforce ticket sales when

194. The differences between these three are subtle but nevertheless important: in 48 HRS. they respect but don't need each other; in The Presidio they need but don't like each other; in Lethal Weapon they kind of like each other but don't necessarily respect each other. This may seem specious to you, but to the studio head who decided to spend \$10 million making the movie, it made all the difference in the world.
195. In the trade this is known as the ticking clock; it gives the movie a time frame and forces a heightened sense of drama by requiring the buddy team to resolve the problem before the deadline passes.
196. For international pictures in this era of glasnost, the phrases American can-do and Russian brute strength may be substituted according to taste.
197. This is all known as the Rule of Incongruous Transportation. Any vehicle will do, as long as it is completely anomalous. In Beverly Hills Cop II it's a cement truck on Santa Monica Boulevard; in Dragnet, a tank in Bel Air; in Running Scared, a car on the subway tracks. The only exception to this rule takes place in New York City, where nothing seems incongruous.
198. It doesn't matter which, as long as it is bigger, longer, louder and deadlier than the scene described in note 191.
199. Site of climax of Uptown Saturday Night.
200. Running Scared.
201. Reds (Paramount, 1981).
202. The French Connection (Twentieth Century Fox, 1971).
203. Most episodes of Miami Vice.
204. Most Huey Lewis videos.
205. Every nighttime beer commercial.
206. Low-budget films. See note 87.
207. Off Limits.
208. The Louisiana State Film Commission's phone number is (504) 342-8150.
209. Essential in any Mafia/homage-to-Coppola production.
210. 48 HRS. (Just add fog, John Lone is optional.)
211. Using whatever is the most expensive prop or set still standing.
212. 48 HRS.
213. The operative word here is cool. No matter what they say, it must be totally unemotional, completely denying the relationship they've formed. If all else fails, they can always punch each other. (For the perfect realization of this scenario, see the final moments of Rocky II, wherein Rocky Balboa climbs back into the ring with Apollo Creed for a poignant, friendly, man-to-man sparring contest.)
214. Re: the Sunset. No, this is not an homage to John Ford; rather, it is an homage to what should have been the final scene of the most expensive Buddy Comedy of all time—the much-discussed, long-awaited Dustin Hoffman-Warren Beatty Buddy Epic, Ishtar. ☺

TEST-DRIVING THE BUDDY-MATIC™

Our story begins in Beverly Hills, where a crazed, psychopathic Vietnam vet (James Woods) is wreaking havoc and mayhem by murdering young nurses in a particularly sadistic style for no apparent reason.

Next we meet Nick Nolte, a soon-to-be-retired detective—who has just seen his partner get killed and has just been dumped by his wife—in the tasteful suburban home he shares with a cute-named dog somewhere in Los Angeles.

Now, at police headquarters, we meet police commissioner Lou Gossett, who doesn't like Nolte but recognizes his unique crime-fighting ability, so he teams him with Shelley Long and gives them a command, against his better instincts, to catch the nurse-murderer before the end of the week.

At first the two partners despise each other. Where one (Nolte) is neat, law-abiding and methodical, the other (Long) is slovenly, corner-cutting and foulmouthed, and they don't even dress alike (Nolte prefers a crisp suit and tie; Long, dungarees and an old flak jacket) or listen to the same music (Nolte, classical; Long, rap). Nevertheless, they go to a blue-collar strip joint looking for clues to catch Woods, and in order to prove herself, Long gets into a gun

battle that leads nowhere but impresses Nolte.

Now things get complicated. It seems Nolte has fallen in love with James Woods's girlfriend, Maria Conchita Alonso. And to make matters worse, the two partners follow Woods to a bathhouse, where they discover he's not just a crazy nurse-murderer—that it is all part of his twisted, maniacal plan to destroy the ozone layer.

Now they're running scared. After a car chase with much destruction of city property, automatic-weapons fire, high-speed swerving and sheet-metal carnage, the pair runs up against James Woods's assistant, Brigitte Nielsen; she is about to kill Nolte but is stopped by Long. At last the pair realize how much they respect each other. And with time running out, they use a combination of street smarts and police know-how to appropriate a cement truck and engage in another car chase through the Universal Studios Tour, where they save Maria Conchita Alonso, kill James Woods and make Lou Gossett very happy. But not before the last scene, in which Nolte turns to Long outside a warehouse and scowls, "Can I have my tanning lotion back?" before driving into Los Angeles. ☺

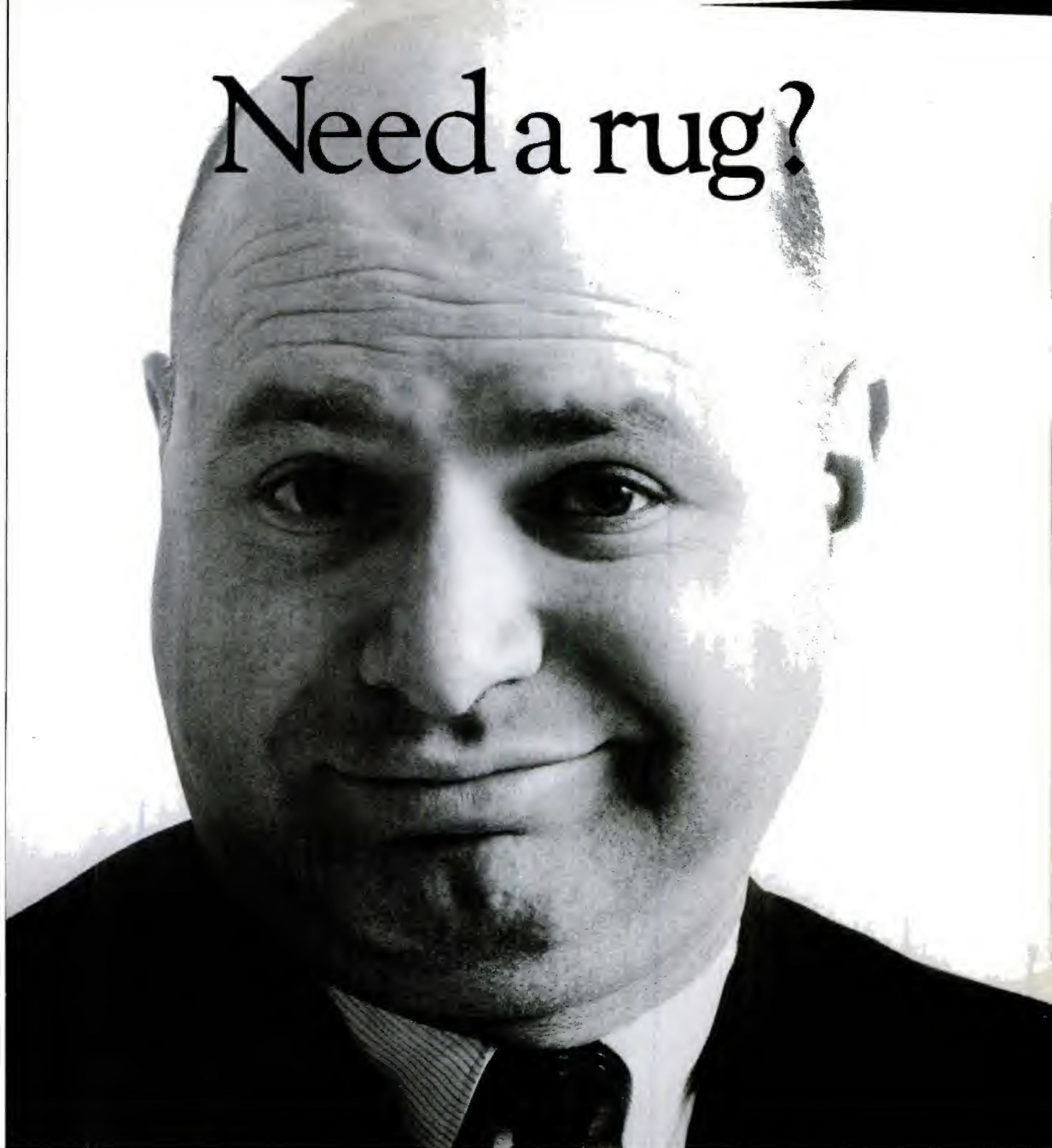
149. Beverly Hills Cop.
150. All of the above.
151. Beverly Hills Cop II.
152. Off Limits.
153. White Nights.
154. Stakeout.
155. Beverly Hills Cop.
156. 48 HRS.
157. Archaic; if scenes of women are necessary, substitute "Playboy Mansion" (Beverly Hills Cop II) or mock-Playboy Mansion (Dragnet) for this entry.
158. A generic nightclub/disco, obligatory for any movie set in Manhattan.
159. 48 HRS.
160. International Espionage films only; he's the European James Woods (see note 166).
161. Lethal Weapon.
162. Beverly Hills Cop II.
163. Although Dafoe enjoyed co-hero status in Off Limits,

understand-because-of-the-way-he-looks, incorrigible hard-case villain.
167. 48 HRS.
168. Off Limits.
169. Sunset.
170. Among buddy-film cognoscenti, this is referred to as the Obligatory Eddie Murphy Fish-out-of-Water White-Baiting Sequence.
171. Stakeout.
171a. Ibid.; also, Beverly Hills Cop.
172. Although neither of these women have actually appeared here, we all think they have; therefore, they're on the list, and thus probably an inspired choice.
172a. In the event that neither Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio nor Maria Conchita Alonso is available, Rae Dawn Chong may be substituted.

176. Beverly Hills Cop II.
177. Sunset, Dragnet, etc., etc.
178. Beverly Hills Cop.
179. Depending on the budget of the film, "plush Bel Air estate" can incorporate all features listed above.
180. A small sociological/semantic insight; before Watergate, all grand schemes were called "diabolical"; after Richard Nixon's resignation in 1974, they all became "maniacal." If you're creating a period-piece Buddy Movie, the correct terminology will help ensure authenticity. (See City Heat, costarring Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds (Warner Brothers, 1984).)
181. Beverly Hills Cop.
182. Beverly Hills Cop II (sort of).
183. Gorky Park.
184. The Manchurian

the Kenny Loggins—Michael McDonald collaboration becomes a hit on Top 40 drive-time radio.
191. These are all mandatory Buddy Movie scenes. Should a producer find himself running low on funds at this point in the film, he should simply approach one of the studios whose last Buddy Movie failed and ask to buy some of the second unit's extra footage. No one will know the difference.
192. Always think international box-office appeal when casting this role.
193. Actually, it doesn't really matter whose life is saved, as long as some kind of ritualistic death-cheating scene takes place to formalize the all-important "buddy-bonding" process. The modern prototype is the Butch Cassidy cliff-jumping scene.

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REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

TELETHONS

EATING

THE STREET

THE WEBS

FASHION

THE INDUSTRY

TOPIC A

HOW TO BE A GROWN-UP



MONKEY

Business



BY IGNATZ RATZWIKZIWZKI

ESQUIRE'S BOB GREENE, A MAN TOO lazy to grow his own hair, was also too lazy to write his own column in June. Apparently unable to think of a new excuse for probing the libidinous impulses of adolescent girls, Greene paid his sister \$14 to do the twist during halftime at the Super Bowl—something he had been invited to do—and write a couple thousand words about it. Greene tacked on a brief introduction and took the rest of the month off.

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

Compared with Greene's usual dictated-on-the-way-home-from-the-airport dis-

patches, his sister's column was—well, to tell the truth, I don't know how it was. The chore of reading *Esquire* is one I long ago delegated to my great-aunt, who savors each month's new glimpse into the ongoing midlife crisis of teensy, balding man-about-town Lee Eisenberg.

Nearly as lazy as Bob Greene is Lewis Grossberger, *7 Days*'s irrepressibly tiresome "Media Person." Grossberger can tease hundreds of words out of an hour of inattentive channel-flipping, and most of a column from a quick skimming of the *New York Post*. Sometimes even this minimal exertion is too much for him. He turned over the final third of a recent column to a helper identified (with Grossberger's flair for sobriquet) as Leg Person. A slouch herself, Leg Person is too lazy to spell words in their entirety: "Revson also sez he expect 2B out of gossip biz in 1 yr." Grossberger has been coasting for a decade now—ever since the *Non-Runner's Book*.

The best thing that can be said about his column is that it isn't the worst thing in *7 Days*. With its unerring nose for last month's news and its eerily cretinous service pieces (how to talk to a stockbroker, how to throw a dinner party, how breasts

"feel"), *7 Days* reads like something put out by journalism students. Have the magazine's editors ever lived in New York? Or do they gaze at it through binoculars as they chug past on the Circle Line?

Anatole Broyard, recently retired from a long career of saying idiotically oblique things in the *Times*, slipped back into harness some time ago with a contribution to the Book Review. Broyard's essay may have set a new record for critical lassitude. With the exception of the phrase "A friend of mine said not long ago," every word belonged to someone else. The friend, Broyard reports, says, "If I could afford it, I'd buy certain books in order *not* to read them but to reject them. . . . As soon as I open it, I *occupy* the book, I stomp around in it. I underline passages, scribble in the margins, leave my mark—in effect I write my own book, a counterversion. . . . I like to be able to *hear* myself responding to a book, answering it, agreeing and disagreeing in a manner I recognize as particularly my own." This friend of Broyard's—is he a weenie, or what?

Speaking of weenies, what has happened to Richard Goldstein, the *Voice's* new reviewer of ejaculations? The first installment of Goldstein's monthly Sex: The Column was so fecund, it posed a danger to ovulating women. The second, on dial-a-porn, was a puzzling comedown. "In two weeks of dirty dialing," he wrote, "I barely cracked a hard-on." Could it have been the heat?

One explanation for this pervasive lethargy is the laziness inherent in reviewing. Many reviewers (including your Reviewer of Reviewers) don't leave their beds to do their work. Other reviewers (such as *Vanity Fair's* cowish James Wolcott) never turn off their TVs. Still others adopt labor-saving devices.

One such reviewer is the *Times's* Christopher Lehmann-Haupt (whom Wolcott has moodily described as "rather upright and foxy"). For Lehmann-Haupt, there are only two kinds of books: those he thinks he'll like but doesn't and those he thinks he won't but does. The first part of a Lehmann-Haupt review spells out his expectation; then, introduced by a paragraph beginning with "But" or "Yet" or even "But despite" or "Yet despite," he explains why he was disappointed/happily surprised. The rest of the review is devoted to the raising or dashing of lesser expectations. A negative conjunction, almost al-

ways the first word of a paragraph, is the fulcrum on which each judgment teeters.

In his review of William Kennedy's *Quinn's Book*, for example, Lehmann-Haupt spent his first paragraph describing how different from all his other novels Kennedy's latest effort is. The second paragraph began, "Yet like those earlier novels. . . ."

The *Buts* were thick from there on out: "But where *Quinn's Book* is most ambitious. . . ." Third-to-last paragraph: "But despite all this hocus-pocus. . . ." Next-to-last paragraph: "But a connection is never really made. . . ." Final sentence: "But at heart it doesn't make much real and satisfying sense." Of the last eight sentences in the review (not including three quoted directly from Kennedy), one begins with "On the one hand" (none begins with "On the other hand") and four begin with "But."

Capitalized conjunctions are Lehmann-Haupt's only rhetorical flourish. His review of Elmore Leonard's soporific *Freaky Deaky* contained paragraphs beginning with "So," "Because," "But," "Yet despite," "And" and "And then"; additional sentences began with "Or," "Still," "But" and "And" (the last three in the final paragraph).

Back in April, the *Times* ran a review of Richard Nixon's creepy 1999. Due to some sort of production error, the review was unsigned: "But however one may regard Mr. Nixon. . . . But Mr. Nixon makes the subject. . . . Yet the Soviet Union must be defeated. . . . But I see that I've slipped. . . ."

Who on earth could have written it?

But not all reviewers are as lazy as Christopher Lehmann-Haupt. Arthur D. Kahn, to name one, is positively indefatigable. Kahn is a historian and the author of a book about Julius Caesar. This book was reviewed by someone named Jasper Griffin in a recent issue of *The New York Review of Books*. In writing his review, Griffin was too lazy to think of anything nice to say about Kahn's book, so Kahn wrote a long letter of protest, which was published in the magazine's bulging self-review column: "From Griffin's review readers do not obtain a picture of the complex investigation in [my] book, an investigation accorded encomiums by distinguished historians." To drive home his point, Kahn quoted two flattering reviews of his book—reviews that Griffin might have quoted himself, had he not been so slothful. Naturally, these accusations stirred Griffin from his lethargy. He went out and found yet another review of Kahn's

work. This review, by someone named Elizabeth Rawson, said that Kahn's book "lacks depth," "fails in its ambitious purpose" and is "too pedestrian to help us understand." Perhaps Kahn's mother—or Judith Crist—could think of something nice to say in response.

Another busy reviewer is *People's* Ralph Novak, the Isaac Asimov of one-paragraph criticism. R.N. (as his opinions are often signed) has the metabolism of a shrew. In a single week not long ago, R.N. reviewed the new movies *Appointment With Death*, *Someone to Love* and *Stormy Monday*; the video anthologies *Don Winslow of the Navy*, *Adventures of Captain Marvel*, *Saturday Night Serials*, Vol. 11, *Atom Man vs. Superman*, Vol. 2 and *Zombies of the Stratosphere*; and the books *Mourner at the Door* and *Ireland*. All this, mind you, in addition to his full-time duties as senior editor.

Let's see, those 3 new movies altogether would take a little over 5 hours to watch; viewing the 5 videos would require nearly 20 hours; the first book (162 pages) would gobble up 2 hours and 42 minutes more, assuming an average reading speed of a page a minute, taking no notes; looking at 250 photographs of Ireland would take, let's say, an additional hour. That's more than 30 hours, not including time spent going to and from screenings—and Novak still hadn't written a word of his ten reviews or shown up at the office.

A disturbing question arises: is there any way to be this busy—except by being extremely lazy?

(Writing, clearly, is not the most time-consuming of Novak's weekly tasks. His mini-essays read like grade-school book reports. Here's the heart of his review of Alan Alda's wimpy *A New Life*: "[Alda's] is the most difficult to watch movie character since Eric Roberts played Paul Snider in *Star 80*, and that guy was a psychotic murderer. This is theoretically a comedy. Alda plays a New York stock trader. He complains about his wife, Ann-Margret, who is divorcing him. He complains about service in restaurants, about his job, about society in general." And so on.)

A recent issue of *People* may provide a clue. In it Novak reviews (just) two record albums and two videotapes. The two record reviews are attributed to Novak alone, but the final inch of the video review is signed by his son Thaddeus, age eight. This subcontracting of opinion-making is getting out of control. ■

Life After JERRY

BY HARRY SHEARER

PERHAPS YOU'RE LIKE ME. NOT the part about picking the skin off my toes—I like to think that's unique. I mean like me in bemoaning the sad decline of the only true American art form—the tele-

TELETHONS from Jerry Lewis's brain about 35 years ago. As it arrived in the big city it got engorged on its own chutzpah, but nothing could take away that raw, earthy urgency, that lovely show business desperation, that all-night pursuit of Just One Dollar More, while expensively maintained personality veneers crumbled before the merciless cameras.

And then, like jazz, the telethon died. Same cause of death: trying to be slick and professional and more like regular show business. Watch the Jerry Lewis Telethon in recent years and you're attending a festival of corporate self-promotion videos: here's Jerry playing golf with the Thompson brothers from 7-Eleven, here's the best-looking black kid the McDonald's people could find. *Where*, true aficionados cry, *can one find*—and I'm going to go heavily Yiddish on you here—the *spritzing, the tumbling, the exquisite misbegas of the classical telethon?*

Well, just like those *Newsweek* covers that announce every five years that COMEDY IS BACK!, I bring good news. The true telethon has been reborn, and its name is Chabad.

The name is an acronym for three Hebrew letters—don't ask me which ones; I don't remember—and it is a charity. Call me a churl, or just an enemy of public television, but a telethon benefiting anything but a charity is like a panhandler who uses the money to actually get something to eat: noble in purpose, maybe, but ultimately boring.

Like most charities, Chabad, which is run by a sect called the Lubavitchers, does

good things. It runs drug-treatment clinics, and it employs rabbis to hang around university campuses and run after Jewish kids who've just been proselytized by Jews for Jesus and proselytize them right back. These are good things. But the best thing Chabad does is this show.

Three cohosts welcome you into the Chabad telethon's homey little set in Hollywood early each September, each a certified *tumbler's tumbler*:

1. Jan (*Treasure Hunt*) Murray, his hair suddenly whiter than Bob Barker's but with all of his Catskills instincts intact. Seltzer water in his veins. Likes to run the show but knows enough to defer to

2. Jerry Weintraub. The name brings chills of awe to show biz insiders. This is the entrepreneur who once packaged a tour that cobilled Frank Sinatra and John Denver. He ran United Artists for about a week two years ago. Now, with several hundred million in capital behind him, he runs the Weintraub Entertainment Group, supplying virtually all of its Weintraub. Takes the time, makes the commitment, wears the yarmulke, even though he's not Orthodox and this isn't temple, because of the charisma and magic of

3. Rabbi Boruch Shlomo Cunin. This man propels this show straight through the envelope of telethons and into a new universe, a cosmos where there is, yes, a Jerry Falwell, and an Oral Roberts, but where these Christian enthusiasts are matched, pixel for charismatic pixel, by a rabbi. As surprising as if a Miss America judge turned out to be a joking, schmoozing imam.

"Rabbi Cunin is not my rabbi," Jerry Weintraub explains, and you understand *immediately* that Jerry is here because Rabbi Cunin is everybody's rabbi, Bill Cosby with tfillin. (Tfillin are little boxes filled, as best I remember, with quotations from Exodus and Deuteronomy. Observant Jews bind these to their left arms and foreheads with leather straps once a day and pray.) Chabad's office in the Fairfax district of Los Angeles once placed a red octagonal traffic sign on the sidewalk in front of the door. It read, STOP! PUT ON TFFILLIN! Now, scant years later, we are witnessing, telethon by telethon, the birth of America's Rabbi.

The proximate cause of the Chabad show was the holocaust. Not the one you're thinking of. Chabad's building near the UCLA campus burned down early in this decade in a fire—a fire, the Rabbi reminds us, of suspicious origin. Three people

died. *That* holocaust. That's the word Chabad uses. Perhaps it can be distinguished linguistically from the event in Europe that slaughtered millions by the use of the lowercase *b*. Anyway, we're way beyond building the new Chabad House by now. We swept by that goal years ago, when the telethon was still just a local delight, providing those few Los Angelenos who don't follow the Lakers with a reason to tune in to Channel 9. Now that the show is seen in New York (September 18, Paragon Channel J, Manhattan Cable Channel V, Cablevision Channel 25), Miami and places like Kentucky, where you might imagine that a spectacle like this would be BFTJ (Bad for the Jews), drug-treatment programs are heavily emphasized as the place where the money goes. But you just know that some Kentucky dollars are paying that rabbi to chase the Jews for Jesus away from the Jews.

A key moment from a couple years back: Jerry Weintraub's wife, the former Jane Morgan, who had a hit 31 years ago singing a waltz called "Fascination," is on-stage answering phones. Jerry wants us to love Jane like he does, so he says to her, "Sing 'em one bar of 'Fascination,' just so they know..." Jane obligingly begins, "It was fascina-a-a-a-ation—" when, after some off-camera commotion, Jerry interrupts: "She's not allowed to sing here." And then to the Rabbi, he apologizes, "She *didn't* sing—it was one little bar!" Women, segregated from men in Orthodox Jewish synagogues, don't sing on this show. Nor, despite Jan Murray's momentary lapse one year, when he nearly allowed himself to be grabbed by Michele Lee, do they hug men. (Rabbi Cunin successfully blocked that embrace, running over and yelling, "No, no, Hasidic, Hasidic!") Men, like the reigning superstar of Orthodox Jewry, Mordechai Ben David—the clothes of a rabbi, the moves of a Damone—men sing. Men hug. And men dance. When the tote board hits its first million, a band tempered in the flames of a thousand bar mitzvahs strikes up, the Rabbi grabs Jan's hand, and the dancing begins. Jan now reliably mimes an impending heart attack until the Rabbi stops making him dance. "If you want to see me die," says Jan, "we'll have to get to 2 million." At \$2.5 million, a dozen rabbis run in from off-camera to form a joyous dancing sea of black.

But you don't have to be Jewish. Jon Voight has become a heart-tugging regular,



and last year Harry Dean Stanton made an appearance that looked like he'd lost a bet. Of course, there's also Allen Goorwitz/Garfield/Goorwitz/Garfield, and there's Ed Ames. For those who thought Ed Ames died when the tomahawk footage was excised from the annual Johnny Carson anniversary show, here he is, revealing a previously undreamed-of Jewishness. Like the NAACP Image Awards, this is a show about pride. *Screw you if you think it's funny when I sing this maudlin, minor-key ballad about Israel*, this show seems to say, as unflinchingly nonassimilationist as the most fervent members of the Jewish Defense Organization — *you're not only going to put up with us, you're going to give us money!*

Now, it is true that you will never see the Rabbi, at midnight, with a bloodstream pumped full of Percodan, begin a tirade about the press, or his "so-called friends in Las Vegas." Render unto Lewis those things that are Lewis's. One does not watch the Chabad telethon to see Jan Murray or Jerry Weintraub or Rabbi Cunin lose control; one watches to see them *be*.

And one gives not just to help others. One of the pure aesthetic pleasures of Chabad-watching is seeing the latest creations of Mr. Agam, who, Jan assures us, is one of the world's great living artists (he designed—and signed—the exterior of Hollywood's Mondrian hotel, formerly *Le Mondrian*). Mr. Agam's regard for the cause inspires him, each year, to create sometimes a plate, sometimes a painting, usually brightly colored, geometric and filled with hidden Stars of David. For \$500, or \$1,800 or a multiple thereof (to Chabad, 18 and its multiples are good luck), Mr. Agam can brighten your home.

In a nod to our diminished attention spans, this telethon takes just six or seven hours, just enough to fit onto one T-120 cassette at slow speed. Dedicated viewers fill the long months between telethons with slo-mo replays of the intricate body-language dance in which Jan, talking into a microphone, bobs and weaves as he tries to keep the Rabbi from grabbing the mike away. In six years, Rabbi Cunin has gone from awe in front of the camera to a raging case of red-light fever. The only vestige of nervousness, one to be cherished, is the Rabbi's habit of picking off pieces of the mike's Styrofoam windscreen as the evening wears on. Though I don't know if it adds to his universality, I, at least, can identify. It's not skin off the toes. But it is unique. ■

Puck AMOK

BY MIMI SHERATON

IN THIS AGE OF HYPE, CHOOSING the most overrated chef in America isn't easy. But one name stands out below all the rest, below even New Orleans's Paul Prudhomme and San Francisco's Jeremiah

EATING

Tower—the pride of Los Angeles, Wolfgang Puck. The Austrian-born, French-trained Puck has mesmerized America's cooks, critics and upwardly mobile eaters with his thin-crust, free-association pizzas, his duck and lamb sausages and his mishmashing of American regional cuisines into dishes that emerge from the kitchen half-baked in every sense of the word.

Inspired by the pizza/pasta "new California" creations of Alice Waters at Berkeley's Chez Panisse, Puck opened Spago in West Hollywood in 1981. He immediately attracted the Los Angeles smart set with a quasi-Italian menu featuring high-carbohydrate dishes with vegetarian flourishes—a menu calculated to appeal to the dietary persuasions of fashion addicts. Especially faddish are delicious-sounding dishes such as "wild rice and corn risotto with grilled quail," "pizza with duck sausage, tomatoes, basil and shiitake mushrooms" and "roasted Alaskan salmon with ginger, black pepper and cabernet butter."

At his other restaurant, the quasi-pan-oriental Chinois on Main in Santa Monica, Puck offers such succulent-sounding entrées as "warm sweet curried oysters with cucumber sauce and salmon pearls," "sizzling sea scallops with potato strings" and "Cantonese duck with plum wine sauce and scallion pancakes."

But don't mistake the menu for the meals. The warm curried oysters can be shriveled and dry, and the salmon pearls (caviar) suspiciously fishy. The sizzling scallops reek of overheated grease and the Cantonese duck turns up stringy, tough

and chokingly sweet in its overreduced plum wine sauce.

At Spago the quail with the reheated, gritty risotto can be half-raw and sinewy, and although the pizzas are usually good enough, the roasted salmon manages the difficult feat of being simultaneously crusty-dry and nauseatingly raw. To make matters worse, service is remarkably slapdash. Nonetheless, the celebrities pile into Spago night after night, attracted by the amiable glitz; famous and quasi-famous people want to eat alongside other famous and quasi-famous people.

These days the boyish, 39-year-old Puck leaves much of the actual cooking to surrogates Hiro Sone and Anne Breuer (Kazuto Matsusaka does the work at Chinois), but he still dresses in chef's whites, sans toque, to greet the regulars who have used a special private telephone number to make their reservations.

Puck's wife, Barbara Lazaroff, hovers about in jangly clothing that complements her husband's culinary concoctions. The maître d', Bernard, reads the trades and seats people according to their current sta-



tus. [Editor's note: In keeping with protocol at industry-favored restaurants in L.A., Bernard won't let you buy a good table; he will, however, take \$20 from you after you sit down as an investment toward getting a better table next time. The definition of a better table is one close to regulars such as deejay apotheosis Casey Kasem, ultra-agent Mike Ovitz and 1970s incarnation Alana Stewart.] At Chinois, Lazaroff did the kindergarten-style painting that graces the menu, and as a final expression of her creative California selfhood, she included one of her poems at the bottom of

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"You are mesmerized by it the same way you can't take your eyes away from a bad car accident."

—*The New Yorker**

"It has no action, no drama, barely even any movement. It's even ripped in some places."

—*The Village Voice**

"It is everything that is bad."

—*Variety**

With reviews like these, no wonder it's the biggest flop in movie history!

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Novel pleasures

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the cover. It begins, "For all things there is a point of balance/A flow of divergent directions that makes a moment of one..." The last line is the one to contemplate: "Yet there is always water at the water's edge." Yes, Barbara. And land too.

Funny thing is, Puck was a good chef ten years ago, when he was becoming famous as Patrick Terrail's partner at Hollywood's then popular, now extinct Ma Maison. If not everything in Puck's nouvelle-classic repertory was distinguished, at least there were tender poached scallops napped with caviar in a creditable puff pastry, a traditionally briny and creamy mussel soup and one of the few duck-with-raspberry combinations that has ever worked.

Then came Spago and the cookbooks in 1981. Then Chinois on Main in 1983. Then the monthly *Good Morning America* appearances, Spago Tokyo in Japan, the *Spago Cooking With Wolfgang Puck* videotape and the line of overpriced frozen pizzas and desserts that taste like wet manila paper. They aren't the worst things you'll ever taste, but they'll do until the worst comes along.

Now Puck is planning outposts in San Francisco, a beachfront restaurant in Santa Monica and—never one to let a trend go untapped—a brewery restaurant in Los Angeles. Worse, his much-publicized success has inspired dozens of wet-behind-the-ears chefs to emulate him. In New York there are the dreadful Melrose and the really dreadful China Grill, just for openers.

Some imitators, however, surpass their inspiration. Despite its tourist-trappy, cozy-old-tavern interior, Parkway Grill in Pasadena, where Hugo Molina does the cooking, offers a happily Puckish savory Italian-sausage pizza, and crisp potato cakes with hot oysters and spicy sausages, tomatillo sauce and a dab of golden caviar. In San Antonio's Fairmount Hotel, chef Bruce J. Auden also out-Pucks Puck: the food is delicious, and the open pizza oven is tended by a female Puck look-alike, her head thrust forward à la Wolfgang and topped with a white cotton engineer's cap.

At Spago itself, the original inspiration is gone, and Puck now presides over a sort of *Hollywood Squares* with food. The only way to enjoy the restaurant is to sit at the bar, have a drink and watch Pia Zadora walk back and forth, proudly wearing her baby daughter on her shoulder like an expensive fox fur. Another classy moment in L.A. dining. ▀

California or BUST



BY JAMES GRANT

IN AND OUT OF THE GOLDEN State, things are getting better and better. Brazil has decided to resume paying interest to its creditor banks, provided the banks lend it the money with which to

THE STREET

make the payments. The business expansion continues rain or shine, and the market in single-family houses in California has been swept by a buyers' panic. In San Francisco, a converted *boxcar* in a good location was recently offered for only \$200,000. Back east, Drexel Burnham Lambert, which built America from scratch, agreed to put its new, half-billion-dollar headquarters in lower Manhattan, allaying the fears of 7 million New Yorkers that the fine old firm would take its capital and reputation to New Jersey.

There were strange, sometimes tragic, occurrences on foreign stock exchanges this summer, but nothing much out of line at the corner of Broad and Wall. In Paris the chairman of the French stock exchange failed in a spin-control situation. He could furnish no particularly plausible explanation for the loss of \$86 million from the exchange's reserve fund or the subsequent cover-up of this faux pas, and so was removed from office. Only \$7 million was missing from the accounts of the Mexican stock exchange, but it was enough to force the resignation of the *bolsa's* director general and prompt a 5.5 percent, one-day decline in the local market index, a panic caused by sellers who evidently had supposed that \$7 million would not be missing from the till.

Money was reported lost in America too—in southern California, in fact—but a benevolent government moved fast to nip any panic in the bud. When a pair of insolvent "thrift" institutions, both in

Costa Mesa, California, suffered a combined capital loss of \$1.35 billion, their depositors were made whole by the Federal Savings & Loan Insurance Corporation, or FSLIC, which itself was recently found to be broke. The bailed-out institutions were an odd pair of ducks. American Diversified Savings Bank had eschewed conventional mortgage lending for investments in windmill farms and a plant that was supposed to produce electricity from cow manure. Authorities had taken over North America Savings & Loan Association just hours after its owner, a dentist, was killed in a one-car accident en route to a meeting at which regulators were expected to lower the boom on him. *American Banker*, the *Variety* of banking, diplomatically called the accident "suspicious." The dentist-banker, incidentally, was driving a Jaguar.

Naturally, the insolvency of the FSLIC, coupled with the chronic losses of the industry it regulates, prompted questions about who is to foot the ultimate stupendous bill. "During 1987, FSLIC had a net operating loss of \$8.6 billion, resulting in a \$13.7 billion deficit—more than double its 1986 deficit," an expert from the General Accounting Office recently testified. However, M. Danny Wall, the hair-free chairman of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, another federal agency, has disputed those numbers, has forecast a rebound for both the regulators and the regulated and has rebuked the financial press for pessimism and stupidity. Nobody speaks as fluently for optimism as Wall himself, so we quote from the official transcript of his remarks before the U.S. League of Savings Institutions: "But this industry represents, as I said up front, an opportunity, these problems as somebody else might say back to my matter of being the optimist who carries a comb and you know it wasn't a small one either, but as an optimist those problems become really opportunities, and I mean that in every sense, it's not a cliché, it's a reality."

Well, it isn't a cliché.

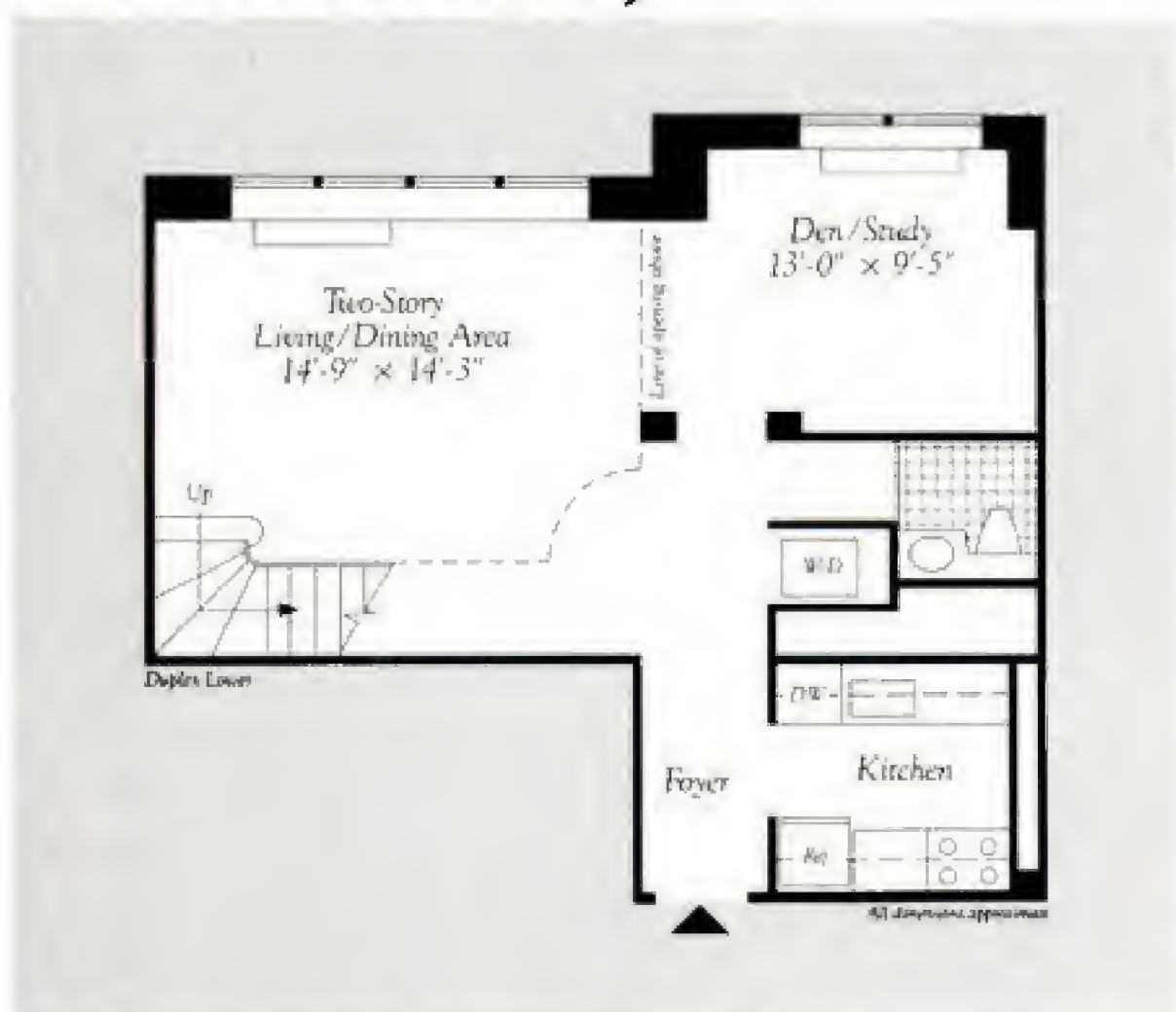
As Wall Street left town for the beach, the stock market was up, the weather was hot, the business expansion was strong and commodity prices were soaring. Glancing over their shoulders, some forecasters projected bull markets, an ozone-depleted "greenhouse" climate and sky-high food prices, culminating in a general price inflation, as far as the eye could see.

There was, in fact, good reason to be-

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lieve that the future will be colder and poorer than the recent past, not hotter and richer. One sensed that prosperity was living on borrowed time when Wall Street economists declared across-the-board business recessions obsolete. The financial markets, so it was said, have foreclosed the possibility of another slump. If the economy should happen to overheat, the theorists reckoned, a rise in interest rates would safely cool it off. Since there need be no bust without an intervening boom, and since there will be no more booms, there will be no more busts, either. Prosperity has therefore become a permanent condition, like George Steinbrenner. Huzzah.

It was hot, though, and pundits projected that the greenhouse effect will inevitably make it hotter. That is all well and good, of course, unless the sun's motion, relative to the solar system's mass center, becomes retrograde next year, thereby ushering in a period of flukily cold temperatures and high volcanic activity, as in the 1630s and 1810s. The journal *Cycles* recently published a provocative essay on just that possibility by the California researcher James H. Shirley.

Shirley didn't dwell on the really important question, i.e., *What would a new ice age do to my portfolio?* Probably the stock market would not do well, or at least not as well as it did when the calendar year contained four distinct seasons, only one of which was winter. On the other hand, interest rates following the last two retrograde solar events, in the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries, did stage a sustained decline, which is some consolation for the late twentieth century's creditor class.

In pre-ice age America, meanwhile, interest rates have been on the rise, but the typical *americano* debtor could thank his lucky stars he didn't owe money to a Soviet bank. Procedures for borrowing 2,000 rubles were recently outlined in punitive detail by the weekly English-language paper *Moscow News*. "And if you decide to sell everything you have and skip town together with your solvent relatives," the paper warned, "the bank will collect your security deposit—500 roubles. Leaving you with 1,500 roubles, but not for long. The bank will have the court issue a warrant for your arrest—and they'll get you wherever you are." Under *glasnost*, you see, the totalitarian state evolves into something even more malign—an international debt-collection agency. ■

Hey, Hey, GOODBYE



BY CHARLES POOTER

CBS BROADCAST GROUP PRESIDENT Gene Jankowski, convivially referred to by his underlings as "The Shithead," seemed unaware that his days were numbered prior to his being punted upstairs by dwarf bil-

lionaire Laurence Tisch. He continued to greet people with a genial "Yo" and visited St. Patrick's Cathedral at 8:30 each morning before

work to pray. Jankowski should now think seriously about arriving there at 8:00 and getting in an extra half hour of good, hard prayer, because Tisch, who had been rather indiscreet about his desire to replace him, clearly intends for the new job to be nothing but an outplacement office where Jankowski can go about the business of Xeroxing his résumé.

In private meetings with station owners at the CBS affiliates' meeting in Los Angeles last June, Tisch blamed the weakness of the upcoming fall schedule in part on Jankowski's penchant for making "blind on-air commitments" to producers, stars and writers without knowing what they had planned. (Grant Tinker's sweetheart deal led to plans for a Wednesday-night lineup that includes his ex-wife Mary Tyler Moore's still-untitled series and *The [Dick] Van Dyke Show*—now, *there's* innovation.) Tisch's familiar, senior vice president Jay Kriegel, had been telling executives at the other networks, *We're just going to have Jankowski be a cheerleader as long as he's here.*

In his eleven years as Broadcast Group president, Jankowski's record as a cheerleader is impressive: Phyllis George; Mariette Hartley; and the prime-time lineup that has dropped CBS to third in the Nielsen ratings for the first time.

His handling of the writers' strike was vintage Jankowski. While NBC's Brandon Tartikoff was scurrying around scheming to get alternative original programming

for the fall season (such as foreign programs with American actors, remakes of vintage shows and so-called reality-based shows, which don't require Guild writers), Jankowski had said he was satisfied with CBS's mix of repeats, news and sports.

Repeats, news and sports. You'd think it would be easy to find someone with a tiny bit more vision, and, in fact, Tisch had feelers out to Disney chairman Michael Eisner, Tinker and MTV founder Bob Pittman before settling on wife-powered CBS News president Howard Stringer. Stringer had been clumsily lobbying Kriegel for Jankowski's job, mostly by laughing—*beb, beb!*—whenever Jankowski's name was mentioned.

Jankowski's strange calm in the days before his "promotion" was at odds with the overall tension at the network. As a supposed cost-cutting measure, unit managers for several CBS news shows have called producers into their offices to question them about telephone calls they've made: since Tisch took over, CBS has kept a record of all calls. Many producers are convinced that leak monitors Stringer and Kriegel (themselves sources for many leaks to the press) are checking producers' phone records against the numbers of TV-beat reporters such as *The New York Times's* Peter J. Boyer and *Newsday's* Kevin Goldman.

Until recently, Dan Rather worried that Richard Cohen, the senior producer fired at Rather's behest this spring, would land the media critic job at *Time*. Wiser heads prevailed at *Time*—the notion of Cohen's writing essays on the decline of standards at CBS did seem a *little* dicey—and Cohen was made a contributor to the magazine, starting this fall, with a mandate to write essays about anything but CBS.

One weirdly paranoid news executive at CBS is *CBS This Morning* producer Al Berman, who was left in charge of finalizing the show's lineup in New York when executive producer David Corvo went to Moscow for the June summit. Offered the chance to book one of Reagan's former national security advisers, watch-accepting Richard Allen, Berman replied:

"Who's Richard Allen?"

The producer, keeping astonishment out of his voice, explained who Allen was.

"Well, okay," Berman said. "But I want two bookers to pre-interview this Allen guy and find out if he is who he says he is."

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How to Look ROUGH

BY ANN HODGMAN

WE WEAR RIPPED JEANS AND BOOTS because that's all we got. We still don't have lots of money, and we wear that cause it comes from the heart. Now that us and Guns 'n' Roses are doing good, you see bands that were wearing

spandex six months ago, I'm not going to mention names, but

FASHION

now they got ripped jeans, Jack Daniel's bottles, Harley shirts, cowboy boots and a scarf. I

mean give me a fuckin' break they were wearing spandex six months ago. That's something I want to say to the readers, especially if you're in a band—be yourself.

—Brent Muscat, of the heavy-metal band Faster Pussycat, quoted in the heavy-metal magazine *Screamer*

Hey! That's something I want to say to the readers too! But I don't think you have a very good attitude, Brent. Although, like you, I'm probably more the ripped-jeans type, I'd definitely wear spandex if I were in a band. In fact, now that I've seen the clothes that are out there for heavy-metal guys like you, I've just about decided to stop being myself anyway.

My new in-a-band self has her outfit all picked out. I'm starting with a studded rubber *bustier*. Rubber doesn't breathe very well, but if I get too sweaty, I can always dry myself off with my King Kong monkey-fur jacket, or I can switch to my black cotton blouse with the transparent nylon spider-web on the back. Black denim miniskirt with rubber stripes, of course, and dagger-print thigh-highs. Skull-buckle boots, a studded leather gauntlet, earrings shaped like brass knuckles or Jack Daniel's bottles (*Even my ears don't fuck around!* they seem to snarl) and my favorite charm bracelet—it has a little dagger, a little pentagram, a little crucifix, a little guitar and a little ax—round off the ensemble. It's those extra touches that make all the difference, I find.

Unfortunately, I was wearing none of the above when I made my first stop at Rockstar—"clothing and accessories for present or future stars"—at 7280 Melrose Avenue in L.A. I walked into the store feeling a little mom-ish. Carrying my legal pad, wearing a sweatsuit and an old, unstudded nursing bra—you know what I mean? But to my amazement, the staff was more afraid of me than I was of them.

The woman minding the store was suddenly fluttering around at my elbow. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Just writing down some descriptions."

"Could you—I think—it's not really—"

"Look, I'm putting my pen away," I finally said, at which she confided that Rockstar had designed clothes for the members of Mötley Crüe, Loverboy, Kiss and Poison. I stayed long enough to notice a CHRISTIAN LAUREN label in one dress. Then I headed over to Dynamite Boutique at 6681 Hollywood Boulevard, home of what its catalog calls "the hottest cloths [*sic*] in all of California!!!"

Here things were easier. The store's owner, Yona Mizrachi, told me to always hand-wash spandex, and he was happy to let me poke around the store.

Most of it was what you'd expect—what Mablen Jones, in *Getting It On: The Clothing of Rock 'n' Roll*, tiresomely describes as "a bit of punk, with its torn garments...integrated into glam and metal's grafting of mucho-macho motorcycle garb of leather and chains onto the flower-power image of anarchy and ecstasy." You know. Shredded satin, fishnet patches, tails on anything that buttoned, zebra stripes, leather and buckles. A touch of Catwoman, a touch of Hitler's-ghost-in-tights. My own favorite was a sleeveless black jacket with a skull-and-crossbones pattern and the warning AS I AM YOU WILL BE—AS YOU ARE I WAS. Was *what*? A jacket?

I want to say right now that *I'm not trying to make fun of these clothes*. The people who wear them look much better in them than in regular garments; their big, big hair rules out the kind of outfits you'd wear to mow the lawn or go to Dunkin' Donuts. Anyone who doubts this need only watch Aerosmith's *Angel* video, in which Steven Tyler suddenly and horrifyingly appears in a trench coat and hat instead of the usual fringed, Elvis-inspired skinny-chest-barers his girlfriend designs for him.

That said, let's make a little fun of heavy-metal hair. We can do this with a

clear conscience, since we're laughing not at its length, the way our parents would, but at the fact that very little of it was actually grown by the wearers.

Tresses may be the only way to describe these fountains of hair. Los Angeles is, of course, the best place on earth to get them. "Have it thick and tall on top, long and full on the back and sides, have it any way you want! Hair Weaving & Extensions for today's Rocker," promises Dermatex Hair Replacement Center (16371 Beach Boulevard, Huntington Beach). "Is your image in need of a major overhaul? Your hair's too thin, too short & totally THRASHED," jeers Cherie Adams. Luckily, she's got the remedy. "It's time for you to rock on over to HAIR MAGIC" (221 North Robertson Boulevard, Beverly Hills).

Okay, let's get \$400 out of the bank and rock on over to one of these places to get a hair extension. Some of our own hair will be made into a thin braid that runs against our scalp from ear to ear. Then a roll of someone else's hair will be sewn to the braid. The thread should be nylon, so the braid won't mildew. (But even mildew would be a small price to pay for avoiding the technique in which the extension is attached with hot wax. The result "feels like a little hard marble," Cherie Adams told me, and it's visible on a windy day.)

If we're lucky, the hair in the extension will come from northern Italy—the source, according to Benjamin Javaherian of Cut Cute (11386 Ventura Boulevard, Studio City), of the best-textured hair in the world. (If we're less lucky, it will come from Asia.) If we've dyed our hair white-blond—and if we're interested in an extension, the odds are good that we have—we'll be absolutely desperate for *blond* northern-Italian hair, so that we can perm it: our own dyed hair could literally disintegrate if it were processed any further. And we will *have* to perm the extension so that it will blend better with our own hair. The extension will last for six months to a year, but it needs to be tightened every four to five weeks. Other than that it's fairly safe, the experts explained, unless a frenzied fan actually rips it off.

That sounds kind of dangerous, though. Maybe I won't be in a band after all. I think I'll be a hair-extension supplier instead. You don't have to deal with all those egos. You don't have to wear rubber. And you get to have a warehouse filled with up to 15,000 pounds of human hair. ☛



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A Boor Named SUE



BY CELIA BRADY

SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT: IF YOU AWOKED one morning to find yourself transformed into an agent (a frightening notion, I know, but please play along), would you try to sign Paul Newman as a client by

THE INDUSTRY

figuratively offering to have sex with him? Would you attempt to romance Robert De Niro by bragging that you give the best "head" in town? And, given the chance, would you promise this same kind of personalized attention to Tom Selleck, Sylvester Stallone or even Pee-wee Herman?

It's been five months since Sue "Ex-Superagent to the Stars" Mengers came out of retirement and went to work at the logy old William Morris Agency. In her previous incarnation as head agent at the West Coast office of International Creative Management (ICM), Mengers, you will recall, represented la crème de la seventies: Hackman, Streisand, O'Neal, Reynolds, Voight, Dunaway. And it was the profound hope of the shortish powers that be at William Morris that by offering Mengers enough money and power, they'd be able to resnag some of her former clients and restore some badly needed star luster to their client roster. The idea was a joint comeback, for Mengers and for the agency.

As of this writing, however, things don't look good for the former Shelley Winters look-alike (who since losing weight now more resembles Sally Quinn). Beg, borrow, blackmail, cajole (even figurative offers of unsolicited sex), Mengers has still not been able to sign any of the major-stars-of-the-seventies on her wish list. And in one particularly bad omen last month, when Mengers discovered Tim "Thank God People Confuse Moody Arrogance With Intelligence" Hutton decided to leave CAA (to which he had earlier fled, after Sue retired from ICM), he opted to return to ICM

rather than re-sign with his former mentor — offers of great "sex" notwithstanding.

(For the record, it should be noted that Mengers has long prided herself on her ability to talk like one of the boys. In Mengers's lexicon, the phrase *giving great head* is, much to the relief of almost everybody in Hollywood, not a reference to sexual favors but rather her own idiomatic expression for "good client service.")

According to various agents and executives, one of Mengers's greatest stumbling blocks may simply be her age. She is 50. In the past, her biggest boosters (and protectors) were executives or producers such as David Begelman, Freddie Fields and Ray Stark. But all three of these gentlemen are past their peak of influence, and to some extent they're all currently regarded as high-priced but out-of-touch dinosaurs who are in the process of settling into the long, dark winter of their careers. Worse still, during Mengers's two-year absence (she traveled and lectured) the whole power structure of Hollywood changed. A new generation took over, and a number of the agents, business managers, lawyers and executives who are currently in power had



been given short shrift by the now svelte Ms. Mengers during her halcyon days. One newly high-powered manager tells a story of Mengers waltzing over to his lunch table recently and introducing herself by saying, "I've always wanted to meet you." It was, in fact, the fifth time they'd met over the past ten years.

In June, Mengers traveled east in an effort to boost the putative morale of William Morris's New York office. And what a cheerleader she was! "This isn't a country club," she declared, in an effort to address one of the biggest complaints about the Morris office's New York operation — the

fact that no one ever seems to be there when Los Angeles calls in the afternoon. "We're a bicoastal company," she told the staff. "It would be nice if somebody was here after 5:30 in the afternoon." At the same time, Mengers also shared her plan to reinvigorate William Morris. "We don't have the stars yet," she explained, "but we do have the directors. And when you've got the directors — you've got the town by the balls."

How's Mike? We didn't want to talk about Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz this month. We didn't want to mention his recent call to Mengers rebuking her for phoning one of his star clients. As it turns out, the star had CAA send Mengers the script for one of her clients to direct. We didn't want to talk about his plans to challenge the *Time*-hyped sports-management firm run by Mark McCormack (Ovitz recently signed Magic Johnson); or his continued rereading of *The Book of the Five Rings* and *The Art of War*; or his plans to step in as the divine arbiter in the Writers Guild strike; or even the special task force he has set up using CAA agents Jon Levin, Amy Grossman and others to create, develop and package movies for CAA's fast-approaching-middle-age star clients.

Nope. We didn't want to tell you about any of this. So you heard it elsewhere.

Trims and Ends: Lower-echelon Disney executives are not pleased with recent profiles of Disney VP Marty Kaplan and his wife, Susan Estrich, who manages Dukakis's campaign, and they're beginning to speculate that if Dukakis wins, Kaplan's next office will be in Washington... If you've been wondering why Sidney (Jaws) Sheinberg was so outspoken — no, maybe the word is *nasty* — in his recent *Manhattan, inc.* profile, the explanation is not that he was trying to ward off potential takeover threats, but, rather, that he was trying to send a message to MCA/Universal shareholders that he is, in fact, man enough to take over for MCA's soon-to-be-retiring CEO, Lew Wasserman. His next move, some say, will be to become more visibly involved in the day-to-day operations of Universal's motion-picture arm, ending recently appointed MCA movie head Tom Pollock's honeymoon. This probably won't put a crimp in the career of Lorraine Gary, the supertalented \$350,000 costar of *Jaws*, *Jaws 2* and *Jaws The Revenge*, otherwise known as Mrs. Sidney Sheinberg. ☛

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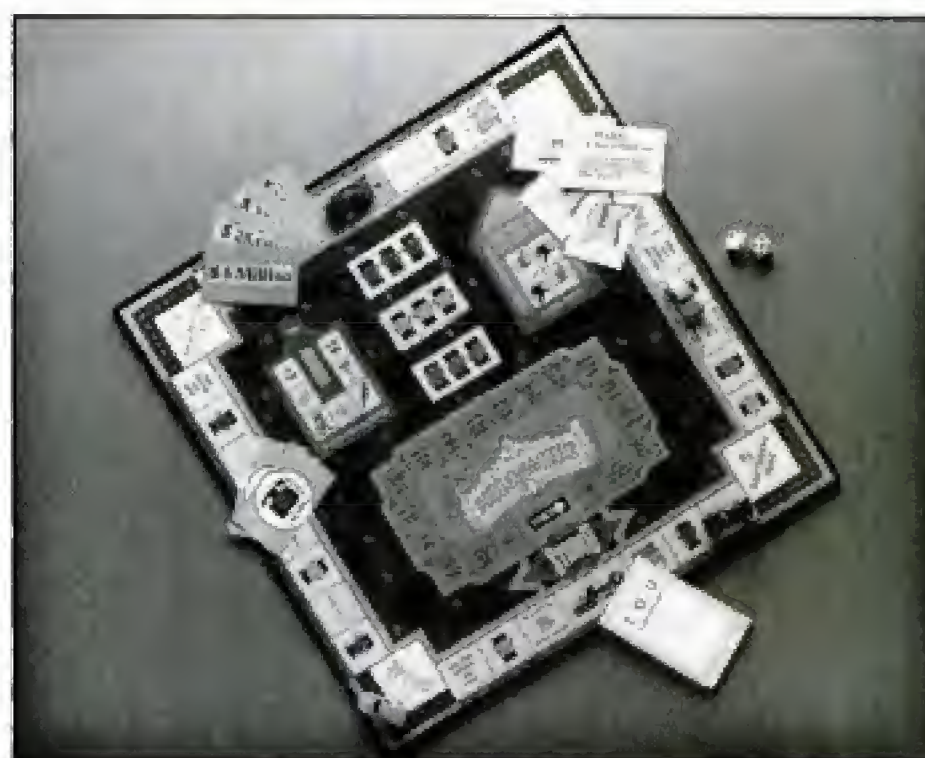


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SP-1



SURREAL

Estate

BY LAURA MEYERS

IF SONNY AND CHER HAD ONCE lived in your house, it would be that much more valuable to you, wouldn't it? Well, wouldn't it? ("It's got eight bedrooms, six baths, a swimming pool and stables, and sometimes, late at night, you can hear ghostly voices singing 'I Got You Babe.'")

TOPIC A Okay, okay. But it *would* make it that much more valuable on the market, especially to other stars; when Los Angeles celebrities get divorced, have a career fracture or simply get the itch to move on, they almost always sell their mansions to other celebrities. During the 1930s and '40s, an era of depressed real estate prices in southern California, the sums involved were small and the profits modest. But now every time Wink sells to Merv or Merv sells to Zsa Zsa, the price seems to double.

Stars on the way up like to buy expensive houses from other stars because it makes them feel like stars on the way up. Many of the estates built in the 1920s and '30s have genealogies that are compressed historical indexes of Hollywood fame. The following houses—all right, *mansions*—have bloodlines longer than most:

1. THE SAM JAFFE HOUSE

In the early 1930s, three decades before he played Dr. Zorba on *Ben Casey*, stage star Sam Jaffe went west to work in films. In 1937 Jaffe hired architect Wallace Neff to design a ten-room house, which cost \$35,000, near the Benedict Canyon estates of David O. Selznick, Ronald Colman and Charlie Chaplin. But while he was busy becoming a leading Hollywood character actor (notably in the title role of the 1939 film *Gunga Din*), the value of his house actually declined. By the time of his 1950 Oscar nomination for *The Asphalt Jungle*, Jaffe's home and 1.25 acres were assessed

at just \$28,390; in 1952 he sold the estate to a woman named Katharine Joyce for \$10,080. (Since 1978's Proposition 13, a house's sale value and assessed value should, by law, be roughly the same; previously the two were only loosely related.)

Joyce restored the house to celebrity ownership by selling it to Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, and by 1958 it was valued at \$35,060. Curtis and Leigh spent the remainder of their overpublicized marriage at the Benedict Canyon house; soon after they divorced in 1962, they sold it to Constance McGrath, known professionally as Constance (*The King and I*) Towers.

McGrath sold the house in 1966 to the then popular Anthony Newley and his then wife, the then unknown Joan Collins. Newley directed Collins in 1969's unforgettable *Can Hieronymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?*, and a year later, after the divorce, Newley sold the house to fellow "Candy Man" singer Sammy Davis Jr. Although he has shifted its title among his various production entities for tax reasons, Davis still owns the house. In 1987 the house and property were assessed at \$600,547, but they are surely worth more; Davis recently used the house as collateral for a \$2.1 million loan.

2. THE ELINOR INCE HOUSE

Before his sensational, still unexplained death in 1924 aboard William Randolph Hearst's yacht—*Did he drink himself to death? Was he shot?*—Thomas H. Ince was one of Hollywood's most powerful producers, known especially for his frantic westerns. So fond was Ince of the Wild West that he acquired 34 acres of undeveloped Benedict Canyon land and built Dias Dorados, a 25-room hacienda, on the property. Its "desert room" had a sand floor and exotic cacti, and it also had a roller rink, a wishing well and peepholes in the ceilings of the guest rooms.

When Ince died, his will forbade his heirs from investing in motion pictures, so his wife, Elinor, turned to real estate instead. She bought silent-film star Corinne Griffith's Tudor mansion in 1927, the same year she sold Dias Dorados for \$650,000 to Carl Laemmle, the founder of Universal Studios. Three and a half acres of the Ince ranch were set aside for Harold Lloyd, who paid \$39,028 to add the land to his neighboring estate. Elinor also sold Ince Studios in Culver City for \$500,000 to Cecil B. de Mille.

In 1928 the Ince Investment Company picked up 153 Benedict Canyon acres—just north of Dias Dorados—from Joseph Schenck's production company. While the land lay fallow Elinor Ince sold the Griffith house to Ronald Colman in 1935 and simultaneously bought Colman's smaller home in Hollywood. And in 1938 she built a 5,400-square-foot house for herself on the Benedict Canyon land.

Just before the war, Elinor decided to move to Pasadena. She sold her two-year-old estate to screenwriter-producer Gene (*Baby Face*) Markey, then married to Hedy Lamarr (his other wives included Joan Bennett and Myrna Loy). The coupling was short-lived, but Lamarr kept the house after the divorce in 1940 and raised chickens on the land. Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall bought Lamarr's holdings in 1946 and adjacent acreage in 1947. That year the property had an assessed value of \$13,070.

In 1952 Bogart and Bacall sold their house and property (about seven acres) to British actor Robert (*Around the World in 80 Days*) Newton. When Newton died in 1956, half the property, sans house, was sold to one Mara Morgan, who sold it back to Bacall (by then Bogart's widow) in 1959. In 1957 Newton's ex-wife, Vera, sold the remaining 3.9 acres and the Ince house to ordinary citizen John Carney. The house's assessed value at the time was \$15,180. In 1963 Bacall also sold her chunk to Carney, who hung on to the reconsolidated estate until 1968, when he sold it to Ann-Margret and her manager-husband, Roger (*77 Sunset Strip*) Smith, reportedly for just under \$500,000.

In 1978 the couple also acquired a neighboring property, the Triple L Ranch formerly owned by screenwriter Kenneth (*No No Nanette*) Englund, for an undisclosed amount. The current assessed value of the entire estate is \$721,628, certainly well below its market value.

3. THE ROY S. GOODRICH HOUSE

Just before the Crash of 1929, Roy S. Goodrich (who was not one of the rubber-processing Goodriches) spent the then considerable sum of \$6,100 to buy two parcels of Bel Air land and paid another \$25,000 to erect a hillside manor. After the Crash, Goodrich sold the house; for nearly the next two decades it fell into the hands of a succession of noncelebrities.

But in 1947 Dick Powell and June Ally-

A man with dark hair and a mustache, wearing a grey t-shirt, stands in the center of the frame. He is looking directly at the camera. Behind him are two large, vertical abstract paintings. The painting on the left is dark with yellow and white brushstrokes. The painting on the right is more colorful with yellow, blue, and red. The background is a white wall.

ROGER HERMAN

ACE

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son moved into the 7,200-square-foot fake English country house, paying a reported \$65,000, though the assessed value was only \$15,960. In 1952 Powell and Allyson sold their home to opera singer John Charles Thomas. Thereafter the house once again passed into unremarkable hands.

Soon after their marriage in 1966, Mia Farrow and Frank Sinatra moved into the house, which was held in the name of one Nathan Gold. But as their marriage began to disintegrate in 1969, they moved out. Sinatra bought back the Trousdale estate he had sold, sight unseen, to Metromedia chairman John Kluge in 1963 (Kluge remarked, "If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for me").

After several intervening owners, Telly Savalas, flush with *Kojak* profits, bought the Goodrich house in 1974 for \$600,000. Savalas lived there until he split from his longtime companion Sally Adams in the late 1970s. She stayed in the house until 1984, and in 1985 Telly sold the house for \$1.3 million.

The buyer was realtor Stan Herman, a former husband of Linda Evans's, who spent \$1.5 million more on landscaping and renovation. In 1987 Herman put the estate back on the market for \$5.9 million. Half a year later he lowered the asking price to \$5.25 million; last March he finally sold it to James Nederlander, the bi-coastal impresario, for \$4.6 million.

4. THE LOUIS ZIMMERMAN HOUSE

Most of the old houses in Bel Air began life as the relatively tasteful estates of rich businessmen such as Louis Seymour Zimmerman, a banking and oil magnate who built his Mediterranean-style home in 1929 and held on to it through the Depression. During the 1930s, when Bel Air opened its gates to movie people, Zimmerman found himself living across from Mervyn LeRoy and down the street from Ernst Lubitsch.

In 1945 Zimmerman sold his 9,095-square-foot house to the first of half a dozen nonfamous owners, and over the years some of the land was subdivided and fell into other hands. By 1960, however, the land had been recombined and assessed at \$12,000; the house was valued at \$28,360.

After Tony Curtis divorced Janet Leigh and married Christine Kauffmann in 1963, he needed a new house; in 1965 he bought the Zimmerman estate. The fol-

lowing year the Curtises acquired a second large estate, the Joseph Schenck mansion in Holmby Hills, for \$300,000. By 1967 they were divorcing; she gave him sole ownership of the Schenck estate and they sold their Bel Air home to Sonny and Cher. Curiously, five years later Tony and yet another wife, Leslie Allen, sold the Schenck estate to Sonny and Cher. When the singers divided communal property during their 1975 divorce, Cher kept the Schenck house and Sonny became the sole owner of the Zimmerman house.

In 1979 Sonny put the house up for sale for \$2.9 million. First Amendment litigant Larry Flynt bought the one-acre estate later that year for \$2.5 million and held on to it until 1986. Flynt then put the house on the market, asking \$4.5 million; a year later he sold it for \$3.5 million to one Michael Moers. (Shortly thereafter, in their new house, Flynt's wife, Althea, apparently drowned in her bathtub.) Moers almost immediately put the estate back on the block, asking \$4.9 million. In 1987 he sold it to chiropractor Uri Sheinbaum for \$4.7 million.

5. THE AL JOLSON HOUSE

Soon after Al Jolson made the first talkie, *The Jazz Singer*, in 1929, his fame peaked. But he and his wife, actress-dancer Ruby Keeler, still felt sufficiently well heeled to acquire 12 acres in the then rural San Fernando Valley. In 1935 Jolson demolished a small house on the property and built a 22-room estate, complete with its own chapel; the estate's value was first assessed at \$28,310.

When Keeler and Jolson divorced in 1939, Jolson, impoverished, was forced to sell his beloved house, then valued at \$27,690, to Don Ameche. In 1946 Ameche sold it to Edward and Christine Goemans, and in 1948 a revived Jolson was able to buy back the estate, then valued at \$33,960, from the Goemanses. He died there four years later.

Jolson's heir, Erle Jolson Krasna, didn't want the house, and the estate was subdivided, sold and resold. In 1972 the part of the original estate containing the house was bought by actress Barbara (*Flamingo Road*) Rush.

Rush kept the house until 1986, when she sold it to Parker (*The Hardy Boys*) Stevenson and Kirstie (*Cheers*) Alley for \$1.3 million. That couple has not divorced, has not subdivided the land and has not torn down the house to build another. ▶

EASY

Street



BY ELLIS WEINER

PROBABLY EVERYONE WHO HAS lived in Los Angeles and left has a theory about the place. I lived there for four years, listening to the white natives pronounce *good* to rhyme with *did* (which we

HOW TO
BE A
GROWN-
UP

may render phonetically as *gid*), and as I gaze back in fond retrospect, I discern these glowing landmarks of memory:

- Writhing and mugging to communicate a book title in a game of charades to my partner, an eerily calm TV writer (and, like his wife, a Scientology devotee) who



had recently completed a big-time, highly paid stint as story editor on *One Day at a Time*. I was actually able to coax from him "Twist Ram Stand Me," or some such, before time ran out. "*Tristram Shandy*!" I yelled, laughing in good-natured frustration. "What's that?" he asked.

- Mentioning to an ABC television development executive that I was working on a novel that would, if all went well, be funny. "Oh," she said, confused. "I thought novels were supposed to be serious."

- Entering, one afternoon, a small neighborhood grocery store in South Pasadena where I used to buy take-out sandwiches. I consulted the hand-lettered sign that an-

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nounced the special of the day, and read EGGPLANT SANDWICH. I turned to the young man behind the counter, a blond moron-Adonis I had never seen before.

"That eggplant sandwich," I said. "Is that eggplant parmigiana?"

He looked away, as though in disbelief at the question. Then came a mild sneer-smile, suggesting that I was knowingly being fussy, nitpicky and unreasonably technical. He shrugged and proudly drawled, "It's *gid*—that's all I know."

At the time, of course, I wanted to choke him. But I see now that he was right. It was all he knew, and it was all he needed to know. In southern California, once you learn what's *gid* and what's *rill bad*, the rest is recreation: great produce, fab weather, hot babes, hunky guys and easy access to desert, beach, mountain and Mexico. The warmest day is almost always followed by a cool, sleeper-friendly night. Your precious potted jade plant, a seemingly impressive ten inches across in New York, is as a puny decorative sprig compared with the splendid six-foot jade bushes common in Los Angeles. Spiky clattering palms, art deco-ish birds of paradise, cilantro at 19 cents a bunch: physically the place is as advertised—perfect.

But then, that's the problem. There is neither a real winter nor a real spring; death is simply not a component of what passes, out there, for the seasonal cycle. You cruise along in sunshine and shirt-sleeves, vaguely sensing that you're getting away with something. Then one day it rains and you experience the amusing, mildly disorienting discovery that for two weeks it's been *February*.

As a result, people really don't "get" death out there, which means they don't "get" the kind of grown-up seriousness that mortality inspires. Not that people themselves don't drop dead, of course. But the deaths of others are perceived as aberrations, a violation of the L.A. ethic, a sore-head's betrayal of the life-style. "*Everything is so nice here!*" is the unspoken attitude. "*You'd have to be crazy to die.*"

Accordingly, even murder in L.A. is weird. Your East Coast killing stems from comprehensible motives: revenge, anger, racism, fear, business strategy. It's deplorable, but essentially understandable, *sensible* violence. In L.A. homicide is performance art in the Psychopathic Baroque style—serial slayings, Stalkers, Stranglers, Mansonian madness.

Los Angeleno disasters are similarly flamboyant. Back east, a high rise goes up in smoke, a DC-10 goes down in flames. Out west, though, calamity is show biz—biblical—mud slides, earthquakes, Industrial Light and Magic brushfires. Under that constant sun, in all that relentless nice weather, surrounded by all that Edenic foliage and those fabulous fruits and vegetables, tragic things happen, but the place has no sense of tragedy—only TV-movie drama.

L.A., to the grown-up, is reality with a substitute teacher: the lesson plan is nominally still in force, but everyone can get away with pretty much whatever they want. In no Los Angeleno institution is this more true than in show business, where all interactions begin with this tacit agreement: *I will agree to believe that you are what you pretend to be, if you agree to believe that I am what I pretend to be.* This code of mutual indulgence is a special boon to all hyphenates: waiter-actors, hairdresser-producers, Malibu groupie-actresses, boyfriends of Malibu groupie-directors, and so on.

Everyone agrees. Everyone pretends. And to the grown-up's mounting disbelief, *everyone believes*. Where there is no sense of tragedy, there is no sobering influence to countervail the grabby, greedy, grasping ego. Everyone, like children, wants only what they want.

Thus my favorite Los Angeles anecdote:

At one point my wife and I thought we would try to buy a certain house. It was owned by a tired posthippie-ish couple, with whom we met to discuss terms. During our chat their son, who looked to be five years old, wanted to watch TV. His mother informed him that his favorite show wasn't on. He began to whine. His mother made consoling noises and summoned him over. And as my wife and I tried to advance the discussion of real estate the woman sat the youth on her lap, unbuttoned her blouse and gave him suck on her breast. And this kid had *teeth*.

My wife didn't miss a beat and gamely continued talking about down payments and owner-carried second mortgages. I, meanwhile, could not help but watch the little boy's face. My look—fascinated, appalled, incredulous—said, *Are you kidding? You're much too old for that! What does your mother think she's doing?*

His look—wide-eyed, unblinking, innocent—answered, *It's gid—that's all I know.* ☷

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SOLICITOUSNESS Paparazzo Ron Galella put his shutter finger right on the nation's fashion pulse when he composed the caption on the back of this photo (*right, top to bottom*) of Casey Kasem and his lovely wife, Jean, at the superprestigious **1988 Nosotros Golden Eagle Awards** at The Beverly Hilton: "It's definitely boob time!" Galella notes. Hubba-hubba, we respond. Boob time, indeed: there's been a definite style emerging from Hollywood lately, and we call it Hooker Fashion—the post-feminist trend toward actually going out in public dressed as a *Cosmo* cover girl, or worse. At the superprestigious **BMI Pop Awards**, Bruce Springsteen precursor and imitator

Bob Seger seems pleased, or at least not embarrassed, to be with his vividly underdressed wife, Annette. Other Eleventh Avenue-influenced Los

Angeles fashion leaders: excessively Nautilusized Cindy (Mrs. Michael Landon) Clerico, at a dinner where Landon received the superprestigious **Children are the Future** award from L.A.'s Free Arts clinic; Michael Jackson impersonator LaToya Jackson, who brought a bit of the West Coast's fully-waterproof-with-no-natural-fibers-anywhere glamour to the already ultraswanky 42nd-birthday party of short-fingered vulgarian Donald Trump at Trump's Castle, his superluxurious keno parlor in Atlantic City; and, in a dopier, downscale mode (more Robyn Byrd than *Lace*), Rosanna Arquette at a superglamorous benefit with Herbie Hancock at Hollywood's ultratasteful Mondrian hotel.



▲ **HIS OWN BEST FRIEND** Clairoxide buff and former producer Allan Carr takes a break as first mate during a very exclusive boating party to get a suntan on his hyperactive tongue and spend some quality time with himself.



▲ At a dinner to honor Barry Manilow with the superprestigious **1988 Humanitarian of the Year award**, Elizabeth Taylor sat at the ready with her clenched, I-love-the-little-people grin, and when swarms of well-wishers hounded the turtle-faced but nonetheless very famous Manilow instead, Liz, *like the true professional she is*, continued to smile, absolutely certain that someone (besides eerily well preserved escort George Hamilton) would come



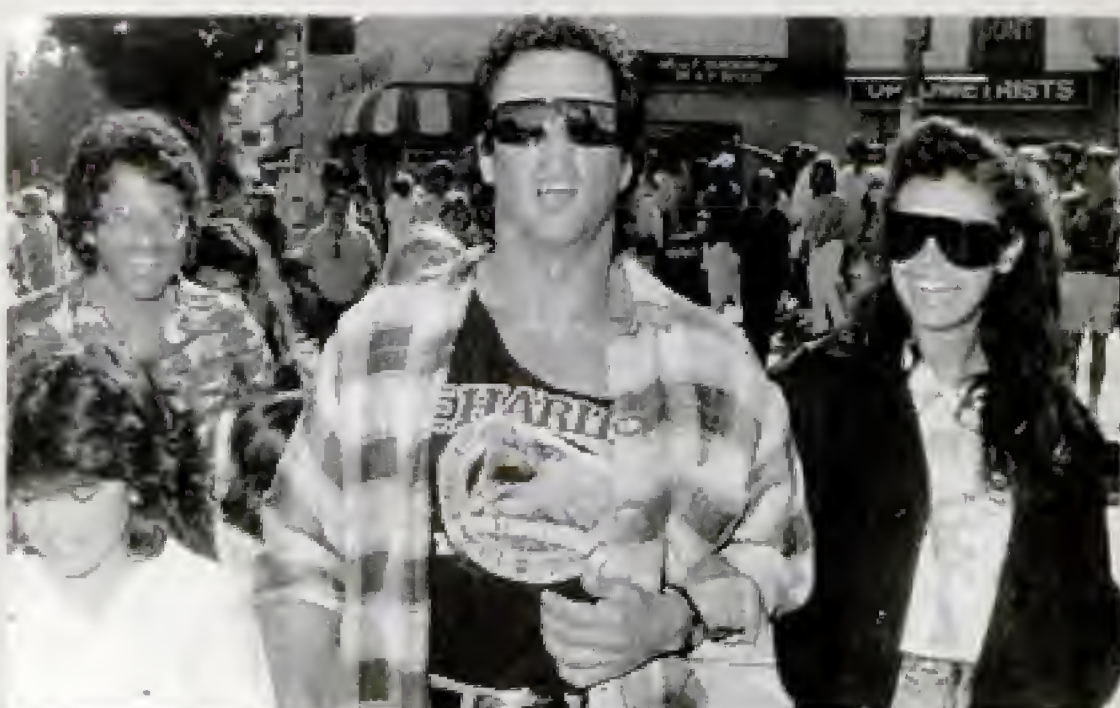
over and tell her how thin she looked....Meanwhile, unindicted junk-bond messiah Mike Milken and Warner Communications boss Steve Ross swapped notes on the pros and cons of expensive toupees (Milken's choice) and expensive comb-overs (Ross's preference).



▲ **A PHOTO OPPORTUNITY** At the superprestigious **FINDIE awards**, middle-aged PR expert Sally Kirkland displayed a becoming shyness before paparazzi: squeezing Yurek Bogayevicz and Dan Ireland; fondling famous writers Norman Mailer and Leonard Maltin; hugging Norris Church Mailer, a fan and, again, Maltin; and, after all the celebrities had evidently escaped, hugging her own shoulder pads.



▲ At the Eddie Cantor Society's superprestigious **Susie Award dinner** at The Beverly Hilton, Jerry "The Day the Clown Cried" Lewis performed an amusing routine—Jerry, Jerry, you absolute crazy nut, you!—that involved biting Du-bonnet girl Pia Zadora on the head, pretending to break a tooth on the singer's skull, and then confusing the living day-lights out of supertalented feral entertainer Sammy Davis Jr.



▲ **STALLONE: THE SEQUEL** Sylvester Stallone takes a walk with his 12-year-old son, Sage Moonblood, and his girlfriend of the instant, *Playboy* Playmate and model-actress-poet Devin DeVasquez (turn-ons: "shopping, candles, honesty"; turn-offs: "smoking, rude people, paying bills, cheapies").

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"Good God," George Bush is said to have said when informed that the president was under the spell of his wife's astrologer. "I had no idea."

But now we know. Is there anything we still haven't quite faced up to at the slow fade of the eighties? We have seen through Ronald Reagan, finally, and we are aware that he may well be succeeded by a man who has served cheerfully in his shadow. We have taken it on board that Earth's ozone layer is leaking, that in Manhattan there are more beggars than mom-and-pop stores....

You know those people on the streets of New York who set off their own car alarms? You're walking along minding your own business and all of a sudden WANG WANG WEEP WEEEP WEEEEP WEYOOOOP!, this cerebellum-shattering noise goes off right next to you, and you think, What have I done?!—What has someone done?! But then you see this guy calmly walking around to the other side of his car, and he has idly—maybe intentionally, maybe he gets off on it—tripped his own car alarm, and he's whistling calmly to himself as he takes his time inserting the right key into the right orifice until the noise stops right in the middle of a WEEP. And life goes on.

So many alarms going off, it's impossible to heed all of them and still lead a full, rich life. And how could you ever find the time to sort out which ones to heed and which not? So it hardly pays to heed any.

The Oblivion Option. I was speaking recently with a person who had just turned 30. I spoke to him of the innocence of American life back in the days of my boyhood, when we could hardly be expected to realize we were imperialists, and Lucy and Ricky slept in separate beds while people watched, and a 6 percent mortgage and a 4 percent savings account kept you ahead of the game, and it seemed there was no way in America but up. This guy scoffed at the whole notion. He didn't believe things had ever really been like that. It came home to me that he was too young to remember innocence.

Still, we need some innocence substitute. We can't sing, "O beautiful for punctured skies." We can't proclaim, "Just Say No to drugs unless you're on a CIA retainer." So we tune things out.

Say there is a bell. Won't we get used to it? I mean, okay, at some cost to our joie de vivre. —R.B.

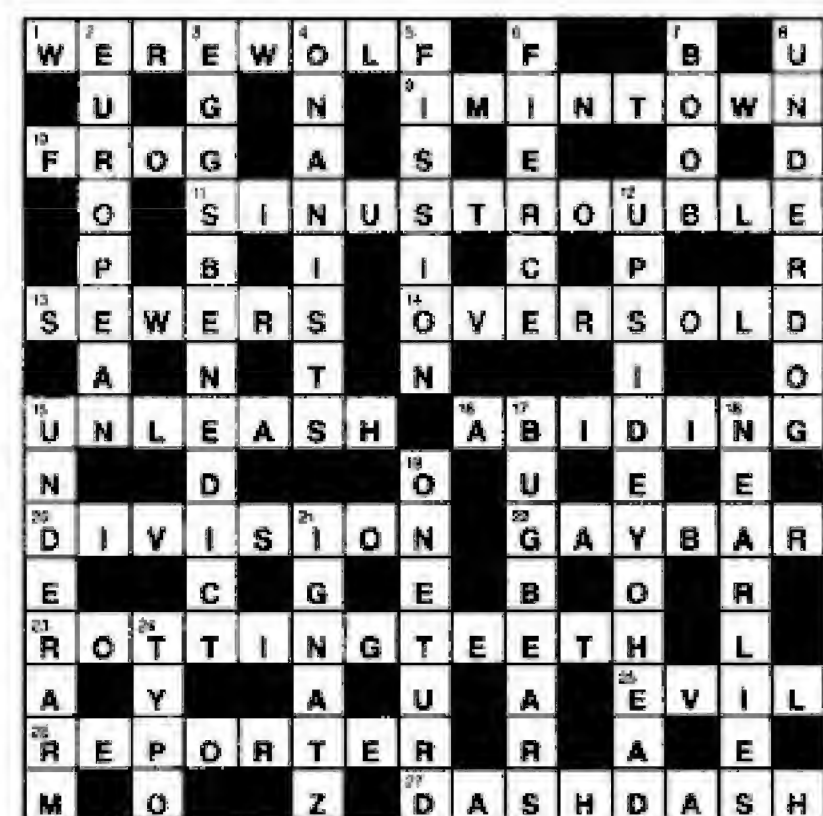
ACROSS

1. We plus flower brought back.
9. I (one), min. (minute), to, W.N. (peaks of Western Nevada).

10. The horny pad of flesh in the middle of a horse's hoof is called a frog. I don't know what the pad of flesh in the middle of a frog's foot is called. Or whether it is ever horny.

15. UN, as in United Nations, and leash. "Release" is the definition.

22. A let is an obstruction, or bar. Now, let me say this: when I served for two weeks as a guest columnist for the *San Francisco Examiner* a couple of years ago, I took it upon myself as a person from Georgia, whence came the case that led to the U.S. Supreme Court's landmark 1986 sodomy-affirming decision...well, I shouldn't say "sodomy-affirming." You will have to bear with me. I hate to introduce into this puzzle a personal note, especially one that may smack of special pleading, but the truth is that I am writing these notes on a computer. I have never worked on a computer before. And my sentences seem strange to me. But that is not your problem. What I was saying is that when I was writing a column in San Francisco, I felt it incumbent upon me to go into the whole matter of sodomy, because I am from Georgia. Which is where *Bowers v. Hardwick*, the big sodomy case, originated. And here is what I concluded: sodomy is whatever sexual practice the law considers loathsome. Sodomy is a loathsome-sounding word. Whereas rape has a racy sort of ring to it. So we ought to call rape sodomy, and rename various between-consenting-adults practices after cities other than Sodom. Some possibilities: new york-ery, dallasm, philadelphia, friscocity.



23. Thing et otter rearranged ("deranged").

26. Re ("about"), port ("left"), ER (abbreviation for emergency room).

DOWN

2. "Continental" is the definition; Europa is the princess abducted by Zeus in the guise of a bull (back in the days when deities did more than pop up at congressional prayer breakfasts), with her tail (last letter) swallowed by EN.

4. If you had any idea what a pain in the mind and fingers it is to wrestle with italics on a Leading Edge computer that you are using for the first time (this does not constitute an endorsement—not yet, by a long shot)...But again, that is not your problem. On, an, is. (abbreviation of island), is (st. backward, or "climbing").

Could I just say a word about this computer thing? (I am off it now, and can speak frankly.) The son of a bitch cost me \$2,400, and it is too hard. Why doesn't it just have a button that says PRINT or ITALICS? You know why? Because it can do too many things. It can...I don't know, tabulate. Send messages to Brazil. I don't want to tabulate. I don't know a soul in Brazil. So why am I messing with a machine that has these capabilities?

Because I don't want to be left behind. I don't want to be an old fart.

But what was Socrates? What is Uncle Sam? A couple of old farts, and mighty snappy ones.

On the other hand, what is Ronald Reagan?

But, by cracky, listen to this: when you have machines that can do too many things, then you've got to come up with innocence substitutes. That's what Ronald Reagan was, till he finally wore thin: an innocence machine. A national drug.

The truth is, the only way to keep innocence going for you is to keep pushing into things you don't know about. And so I become as a little child again in the realm of cybernetics. But you know what we really don't know about? The human heart.

And it can only do two things. (Is that true? I don't know. It just popped out.)

6. "Menacing" is the definition. Fierce sounds like fear with a hiss.

19. Allusion to the expression "That went over like a turd in a punch bowl."

24. Ty Cobb, Po River. ▶

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Hey Hare-Bear, Happy Birthday don't cha know!—Love, L. Caswell.

CRAZY COLLEGE KID SEEKS A WINKER WITH A COFFEE NIP ADDICTION. Must boogie well and love D&A. I need an escort to Dixies. SPY Box 84.

ARE YOU A SWM WITH YOUR OWN DINNER JACKET and a preference for oddly colored drinks & puddle-jumping? Formal impends for nutty blonde, 20, photo a must. SPY Box 85.

***HAPPY BIRTHDAY MIKEY—AKA WUMP!!!—DOR.

Are you over 5' 10"? Tall male, 21, seeks woman to play basketball with, dance with, or enjoy light snacks. SPY Box 86.

RITO WANTS A JOSTLER. Must love Graham Crackers and Iranians. Wants someone to do Roberts with. Desperate! SPY Box 87.

Happy Birthday Rez!! Love, Rito!!

HAYNES: LET'S COCKTAIL. Life is a sea of suburban death seize an olive or float in your bathtub with a dinner tray. Love, bouzing waifs in tarpits.

KATE: Hi. Date me. Pete.

Happy Birthday Marg. Or is it in Oct.?

Happy b-day B.W.

Mazel tov Elissa and Rob! You should only be happy.

SPY Personals... where the REAL action is! Call (212) 925-5509 to get in, be seen and hook up.

HEY BETH! Let's go get Chief Wumpum's, catch one, and then get in your car and drive until we get that squealing feeling—Tatiroanog & Umnumanov.

AJ Thanks for a year's worth of laughs and danger Y.E.

MEMPHIS BRANTLEY—ELVIS LIVES AND SO DO I. CALL ELLEN.

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Crossword Puzzle

THE UN-BRITISH

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

ACROSS

1. We bring posy back to monster. (8)

9. "One minute to peaks of Western Nevada"—just what you don't want to hear from ex-cellmate. (2,2,4)

10. Ugly green thing unshod horse steps on. (4)

11. Hollow difficulty clogs head. (5,7)

13. Needle users are filth ducts. (6)

14. Finished, betrayed: hyped too much. (8)

15. Release world

organization device to control running dogs. (7)

16. Dwelling on enduring. (7)

20. Body of men leads to 5. (8)

22. Happy? Let sodomites (legally speaking) drink here. (3,3)

23. Deranged thing et otter with decadent choppers. (7,5)

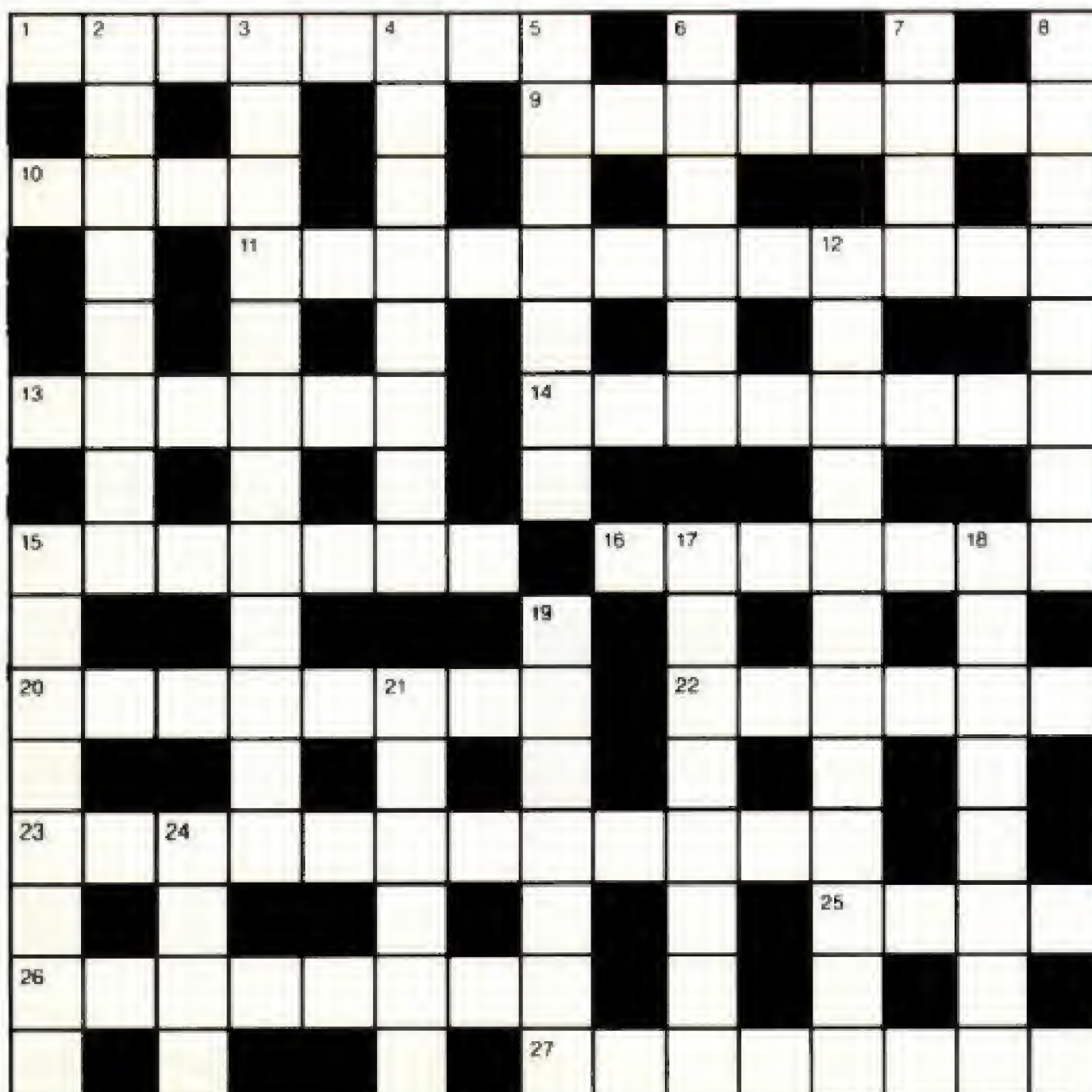
25. Bad to survive wrong way. (4)

26. About left emergency room to dirt-digger. (8)

27. Run, run, blankety-blank. (4-4)



Messing With What's Best Repressed



DOWN

2. Continental princess abducted by bull with tail cut off and swallowed by Ed Norton initially. (8)

3. Humpty Dumpty's betrayer served at brunch. (4,8)

4. On an island, saint climbs to find self-abusers. (8)

5. Number one shortstop, if rising by holocaustal energy. (7)

6. Menacing sounds of fear and snake. (6)

7. Fool with breast. (4)

8. Lower deity turned over by the unfavored one. (8)

12. How you're afraid Mr. T's going to go crazy, you pied shade. (6,2,4)

15. Stint on military preparedness and pit... (8)

17. ...insect against bruises, specters. (8)

18. Marginal truths seen coming up around shaken liar. (4,4)

19. All it takes to ruin a whole bowl of punch on wild North Dakota route. (3,4)

21. Mouse who throws brick wildly, zing, at... (6)

24. ...Krazy might be one in Cobb River. (4)

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 144.

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